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THE TUDOR AND STUART
PRINCESSES

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LADY JANE GREY.

B. 1554.

LIVES
OF THE
TUDOR AND STUART
PRINCESSES

BY THE LATE
AGNES STRICKLAND

AUTHOR OF "THE LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND"
"THE LIFE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS," ETC. ETC.

WITH TWO PORTRAITS

REVISED EDITION



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ORIGINAL PREFACE TO THE TUDOR PRINCESSES.



THE lives of the Princesses of the Royal Tudor lineage, including "Jane the Queen" and her sisters the Ladies Katharine and Mary Gray, are here for the first time presented collectively in chronological order. They are followed by that of the Lady Eleanor Brandon, Countess of Cumberland, the second daughter of Mary Tudor, Queen-dowager of France, by her marriage with Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. On her posterity, failing that of the Lady Frances, Marchioness of Dorset, the fatal heritage of the regal succession of England had been entailed by the despotic will of Henry VIII., confirmed by Act of Parliament in his reign, and after his death by the illegal deed of settlement wrung from his son Edward VI. in his dying illness.

This important and much required chain of royal female biographies commences with the birth of the beautiful Mary Tudor, youngest surviving daughter of Henry VII. and his consort Elizabeth of York. A rich amount of fresh inedited historical matter is embodied in the life of this princess and those of her posterity. The rupture of her contract with the Prince of Spain,¹ after she had worn publicly his ring of solemn betrothal and borne the title of Princess of Spain; her state marriage to the aged and infirm Sovereign of France, Louis XII., with all its pomp and pageantry; her splendid but brief royal wedlock, her briefer widowhood, and hasty love-match with the king her brother's representative at the court of France, the Duke of Suffolk, the object of her early affection, are circumstantially recounted here.

The base, unkingly manner in which Henry VIII. played on the conjugal tenderness of his young, inexperienced sister, till he terrified her into surrendering into his greedy hands the rich store of jewels and plate lavished upon her by her late royal husband, quaintly described by her as "my winnings in France," to purchase his forgiveness of Suffolk's presumptuous marriage with her, is fully shown in the holograph letters of him, whom a recent eloquent panegyrist has eulogised

¹ Subsequently the world-renowned Emperor Charles V.

as the most noble and generous of men, imputing all his crimes to his patriotic love of England.

Highly curious carved busts of Mary Tudor, the royal widow of France, and her second husband, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, remain as bosses in the Lady Chapel of Southwold Church in Suffolk, of which the Dukes of Suffolk were especial patrons. Woodcuts¹ from these interesting time-honoured relics of the past will be found in this work. It may be observed that Mary Tudor wears, in a modified form, the widow's veil, which royal etiquette required her to retain as Queen-dowager of France, even after her second marriage.

The Lady Margaret Clifford, Countess of Derby, granddaughter of the Queen-dowager of France and the Duke of Suffolk, was the last surviving of the princesses of the royal Tudor lineage on whom the regal succession was entailed. The events of the Lady Margaret's life have never been previously recorded, either in history or biography. Cautious silence, respecting the false accusation and long imprisonment of this last of the kindred female victims of Queen Elizabeth's jealous state policy, fettered the pens of contemporary annalists; nor have the historians of the House of Stanley done aught to raise the cloud in which the destiny of this lady has hitherto been involved.

Even in the family archives of her noble representative, the Earl of Derby, enquiry has vainly been made for letters and memorials of her, from whom he derives the blood of the royal Tudors. The biography of this ill-treated lady will be found replete with interest, and affording a striking picture of the golden days of good Queen Pess.

The volume closes with the life of Lady Arabella Stuart, who by her marriage with young William Seymour, the grandson of the Lady Katharine Gray and the Earl of Hertford, fondly imagined to unite her claim to the regal succession, as the English-born descendant of the Princess Margaret Tudor, eldest daughter of Henry VII., with that which he, the male representative of Mary Tudor, Queen-dowager of France and Duchess of Suffolk, derived from the will of Henry VIII., an unrepealed Act of Parliament, and the illegal deed of settlement rashly executed by King Edward VI.

¹ The woodcuts are not reproduced in this edition.

ORIGINAL PREFACE TO THE STUART PRINCESSES.

THIS volume, containing lives of the last four Princesses of the royal house of Stuart, forms an appropriate sequel to our *Lives of the Queens of England*, or rather we should say of the *Queens of Great Britain*, into which our chain of royal female biographies expanded, on the succession of James VI. to the sovereignty of the *Britannic Empire*.

The lives of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, and her daughter Sophia, Electress of Hanover, on whose posterity the regal succession of these realms was settled by the last parliament of King William III., have already been given in the "*Lives of the Queens of Scotland and Princesses connected with the regal succession of Great Britain.*"

We have now the honour of introducing the mother of King William III. to the attention of our readers.

She was the eldest daughter of King Charles I. and his consort, Queen Henrietta Maria. She was the first lady who inherited the title of Princess-royal of Great Britain, at her birth, and this she never relinquished.

Her early marriage with the hereditary Prince of Orange, the eldest son and successor of Frederick Henry, Stadtholder of Holland and the United States of the Netherlands, rendered it impossible to write her life correctly without a visit to the Hague. This I cheerfully undertook in the summer of 1869, and after some days' residence in the Hotel Paulez, I enjoyed the honour of a private presentation to her majesty the Queen of the Netherlands, who is without exception the most accomplished lady with whom I ever conversed. Her majesty showed me Vandyck's portraits of the Princess-royal and her consort, William II., and took me into her bedchamber, to see an exquisite miniature of the Princess; but, however beautiful as a work of art, it was devoid of character, and I preferred for my frontispiece¹ a delineation from her portrait by Honthurst, which though decidedly handsome, bears a strong resemblance to her son William III.

I received great kindness from Mr. Campbell, the royal librarian at the Hague, who placed at my disposal several works of unspeakable service to me in my important undertaking—works not to be obtained

¹ This does not refer to the frontispiece of the present edition.

in the British Museum, nor, I believe, in any library in England. Nor must I forget to acknowledge the courtesy I experienced from Mr. Van Sypesteyn, the M.P. of the Hague and secretary of state, who favoured me with a copy of Frederick Henry's autograph rules for the regulation of the household of his royal daughter-in-law. Mr. Sypesteyn, who is engaged in writing the life of the Pensionary de Witt from original documents, assured me that statesman always kept a spy about the Princess-royal, to report her sayings and doings.

So also did Cromwell, as we find from Thurloe's state papers, and the only wonder is that nothing really bad has been reported of her by these worthies. Much new and curious history connected with the exiled royal family of England is, however, thus brought to light.

But while dwelling on the treasures elicited by researches in the archives of the Netherlands, I must not omit to acknowledge the rich stores in the Bodleian library at Oxford, and those in the noble library at Lambeth, nor the unwearied kindness of the Archbishop's friendly librarian, S.W. Kershaw, Esq., F.S.A., to whom I owe very much service and indulgence in the prosecution of the English portion of my task.

The life of the Princess-royal is succeeded by the tearful story of the long captivity and early death of her sister, the Princess Elizabeth, at Carisbrook Castle, where the regicides had the cruelty to send the unoffending orphan children of their King, having deprived the death-stricken Elizabeth of her faithful governess. She only survived eight days after reaching that doleful prison-house. The biography of the beautiful Henrietta, the youngest daughter of Charles and Henrietta Maria, follows, and the history of her ill-assorted marriage with Philip of France, brother of Louis XIV. She was the ancestress, through the marriage of her second daughter, Anna Maria, with the Duke of Savoy, of the rightful King of France, Henry Cinque, and his consort; also of Victor Emmanuel, the present King of Italy, and his son, Prince Amadeus, now King of Spain, all representatives of our Charles I.

We have ventured to include the youngest daughter of James II. among the Princesses of the royal house of Stuart; for although the king her father was deposed from the throne of Great Britain, she was no less royal than the daughters of Charles I. Her life has never before been written, and will probably be read with no less interest than that of the queen her mother, Mary Beatrice d'Este, the consort of James II.

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¹ See "Life of Margaret Tudor" in *Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses connected with the Regal Succession of Great Britain*, vol. i., by Agnes Strickland; and "Life of Lady Margaret Douglas, Countess of Lennox," vol. ii. *ibid.*

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THE STUART PRINCESSES.

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LIVES

OF THE

TUDOR PRINCESSES.

MARY TUDOR.

CHAPTER I.

HITHERTO our lamp of biography, carried along and kept alight with care throughout the difficult path of personal narrative, has been admitted to have thrown some illumination on the dark recesses of history. We trust it will not now fail us when recording the events that befel the illustrious ladies of the second line in our regal succession. Entangled in the meshes of a disputed regal title which fatally interfered with all their hopes of domestic happiness, the lives of these princesses present examples of varied adventures of frequent heavy calamity. In most instances their troubles were borne with patience, and, in some, resignation was united with the highest heroism.

The mother of this branch of the royal family, Mary Tudor, youngest surviving daughter of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York, was born at Richmond Palace, 1498, being seven years younger than her brother Henry, and more than nine the junior of Margaret, Queen of Scotland. She had the same governess, Lady Guildford, as her sister, whom she always called her "moder Guildford." The Lady Mary was the beauty of the House of Tudor, and was generally allowed to be the fairest princess in Europe.

Early in her childhood Sir Thomas More with Erasmus, the visitors of Lord Montjoy, came to the neighbouring palace of Croydon, where they were permitted to see the royal children assembled in the hall. Erasmus¹ observes that while Prince Henry and his sister Margaret held their receptions with premature majesty, the little Lady Mary, a child

¹ Letter of Erasmus

of three years old, was sporting on the floor near her brother Edmund, a babe in his nurse's arms.

From this interview Sir Thomas More drew his description of Mary when he wrote her mother's funeral monody some months afterwards, in which the dying queen is thus represented as bidding farewell to her young family :—

“Adieu, Lord Henry, loving son, adieu
Our Lord increase your honour and estate.
Adieu, my daughter Mary, bright of hue,
God make you virtuous, wise, and fortunate.
Adieu, sweetheart, my little daughter Kate;
Thou shalt, sweet babe—such is my destiny—
Thy mother never know, for bere I lie.”

Mary was soon rendered the youngest child of the royal family by the demise of “the little daughter Kate,” who speedily descended to the tomb of their royal mother.

The young Mary, when in public, appeared under the care of her sister-in-law Katharine of Arragon, Princess of Wales, the widow of her elder brother Prince Arthur. She was present and took her part at the high festival given to Philip the Fair and his consort, when they were the unwilling guests of her father. Accompanied by Katharine, the Lady Mary, a young girl in her ninth year, received Joanna, the regnant Queen of Castile, mother of her betrothed, Charles of Austria. The beautiful child displayed her accomplishments, danced her base-dances, played at tables or backgammon, and did her best to entertain the royal guest during a long day at Windsor Castle.¹ She wooed Philip to dance, who unwillingly broke off his diplomatic converse with King Henry, and said coldly, “he was a mariner, and not attired fit for dancing.” Philip was suffering in his health, and evidently marked for the early death that soon carried him off.²

The venerable press of Pynson has recorded the *fiançailles* of the young Lady Mary Tudor to Charles of Castile.³ The Flemish heralding, by title Toison d'Or, accompanied by a crowd of nobles from the Low Countries, the President of Flanders, and other wise and valuable people, doctors of laws, and provosts of towns, came to see that their young prince was properly betrothed to the fair Mary. The prior of Canterbury received and lodged them at St. Augustine's hall and palace, and Sir Edward Poynings escorted them to London. In the midst of all the ceremonial of introduction to the city, Pynson's venerable tract has a leaf torn out, but they were, it seems, safely ushered into the royal presence at Greenwich Palace.⁴ The Emperor Maximilian treated for his grandson, calling himself tutor, meaning guardian.

¹ Cottonian MS.

² Hall's *Chronicle*.

³ Tract (British Museum) by Richard Pynson.

⁴ *Ibid.*

After Henry VII. had dined with the principal proxy called the Lord of Barg and the Governor of Bresse, at his own table, he retired to his gallery, which was "richly hanged and adorned;" hither entered the young bride Mary, announced as Princess of Castile, chaperoned by her widowed sister-in-law Katharine, Princess of Wales, both accompanied by "a goodly number of fair ladies." From this gallery, which seems to have been open towards the tilt-yard, the princess witnessed joustings for three days, and assisted at the banquets and balls which concluded the evenings, where "the brilliancy of her beauty, her modesty and gravity, and the princely gestures with which she comported herself," were considered truly laudable in a princess who had not seen her eleventh birthday, giving to the Dutch dignitaries present the utmost satisfaction. In the course of these entertainments the Lady Mary received from the ambassadors the jewels sent her by her betrothed and his imperial grandsire. Charles's present was a jewel in the form of a K, for Karolus, composed of diamonds and pearls, in which was written a Scripture text in Latin, saying that "Maria had chosen the good part, which should not be taken from her"—an affirmation not kept to the letter.

The Emperor Maximilian sent his chosen granddaughter an orient ruby surrounded by pearls, and her bridegroom's aunt, the Duchess of Savoy, a goodly balass ruby garnished with pearls. "At the banquet there was no salt, cup, or *layer* [tray or waiter], but was of fine gold, nor no vessel but was richly gilt."¹ Notwithstanding the approval of this vast deputation of Low Country magnates, the *fiançailles* were not completed for six months afterwards, when the young princess received from the proxy of the Archduke Charles, December 17, 1508, the spousal ring, which she wore on the first joint of the ring-finger. Her father Henry VII. paid her dowry of 50,000 crowns to the Emperor Maximilian, but, with his characteristic caution, demanded a pawn for the money advanced, which was given in a cluster of magnificent diamonds of the finest water, valued at twice the sum.²

Henry VII. died in the course of the ensuing year, when a great change took place in the prospects of his younger daughter. He left her the sum of 50,000 crowns for which the Flemish jewel was pledged, in the expectation that young Charles of Castile and Austria would speedily claim the jewel and his brighter bride. Unfortunately for the Lady Mary, the jewel took the fancy of the young king her brother, who frequently wore it on his hat, and showed no signs of willingness to give it up, although frequently urged to do so.

All chroniclers, and even the pages of general history, assert that young Mary of England was attached to her brother's showy favourite, Charles Brandon, before her hand was pledged to Louis XII. of France.

¹ Tract (British Museum) by Richard Pynson.

² Speed's *Chronicle*; Hall.

How this could be is a difficult case to decide, considering the already existing claims on his hand.

The family of Charles Brandon had not the most distant claim to royal or even to noble descent. It was merely in the ranks of the country gentry, possessing, perhaps, some manorial rights in the town of Brandon, situated in an odd angle of West Suffolk, which is even now, with all modern agricultural improvements, irreclaimably afflicted with the plague of barrenness.¹ From this town the Brandons derive their well-sounding name. Sir William Brandon, the grandfather of Charles, according to the Paston Papers, must have been a most profligate savage, being disgraced for his immoral doings by Edward IV. (himself not a person whose aspirations were very high in the scale of morality). His son became, in consequence, a staunch Lancastrian; he met his death from the desperate valour of Richard III., as Richmond's standard-bearer, whom the king hewed down when making his last furious charge to retrieve the fortunes of Bosworth Field. Henry VII., grateful to the memory of the man who, by the interposition of his person, had saved his life, took the infant Charles Brandon from the evil example of old Sir William, his grandfather, and brought him up as a royal ward. The boy was about five years older than Arthur, Prince of Wales.²

When the second son of England, Prince Henry, was born, young Charles Brandon was placed in office near him, and the prince attached himself to him with enduring affection. When Prince Henry became heir-apparent, the career of favour which opened to Brandon seemed boundless. He was one of the tallest and most robust knights at the court of England; but though reckoned remarkably handsome, his healthful complexion and manly figure were, according to the standard of beauty in those days, his chief advantages. Before Henry VIII. grew up, and while the Princess Mary was yet a child, young Brandon had entangled himself in more than one matrimonial engagement. He had married a daughter of Sir Anthony Browne; her he dismissed on some pretence, and married her relative, a widow, Lady Mortimer. The Church obliged him to return to his old love, who died in 1513, leaving him with two surviving daughters. Charles Brandon was soon afterwards engaged to the heiress of Lord Lisle, and was created a baron by that title, in anticipation of the marriage. Suddenly he fancied that "Savoy's bloomy duchess," as Drayton calls Margaret of Austria, was captivated by his address and valour in the tilt-yard, when he went on some diplomatic mission to Flanders, relative to the interminable marriage negotiations with her nephew Charles and the Princess Mary.³

¹ Its only produce is flints. *The Field* mentions that eight gun-flint makers were in full work before gun caps became general. Its flints are the best in the world, and we

trust that man's inventiveness may find a peaceful use for them.

² Hall's *Chronicle*.

³ *Ibid*.

By a reckless act of favouritism, Henry VIII. elevated his beloved Charles to the royal dukedom of Suffolk.

Henry VIII. received, when at Tournay, in the summer of 1513, a visit from the young Archduke Charles of Castile, or Austria, who came accompanied by his aunt, Margaret of Austria, the Dowager of Savoy and Regent of the Netherlands, for the purpose of congratulating him on the fall of that city, taken from their mutual enemy the King of France. The Duchess of Savoy seemed captivated by the appearance and fame of Charles Brandon, who had recently made a dashing sortie almost to Paris gates, and was deemed the hero of the day by his own countrymen and their allies. Henry VIII. was infinitely amused by promoting a love-making scene, when they met at Lille, between his favourite and the fair regent. Exulting in his own command of languages, he acted as interpreter between the duchess-regent and Brandon, greatly delighting in the blunders she made in English: as for the handsome favourite, he could have conquered Paris sooner than have wooed the daughter of the Cæsars in any language she could understand. The king made Brandon kneel before her; he drew from her hand a ring, as if in betrothal, giving her in exchange one of great value; but Margaret replied that "Brandon was no mate for her; and as the ring taken was her official signet, she must have it restored."¹ The following spring, the king, the Princess Mary, the Duchess Margaret, the Archduke Charles, and Brandon were all to meet at Calais for the purpose of concluding the long-negotiated marriage between the princess and the archduke; but the ever-recurring wrangle respecting the diamond fleur-de-luce of the men of Ghent prevented it from taking place. At last, by the diplomatic tricks of her brother, the fair Mary was left utterly penniless. The council of Flanders declared they would gladly receive her to be espoused to their prince, for they knew she was one of the fairest ladies in the world; but, as concerning the articles of her dower, they could not fulfil it without the consent of Ferdinand, King of Arragon, who was minded to marry the Prince of Castile in Spain. Henry would not marry his sister without a settlement or dower being secured to her, and that the Flemish statesmen would not give without her portion; and thus Mary, in the commencement of the year 1514, was repudiated, although she had for some years assumed the title of Princess of Castile.²

While thus situated, the grandest alliance the world could offer was proposed to the Lady Mary. The Duke of Longueville, a French prince of the blood, then a prisoner in England, being captured in the skirmish called the Battle of the Spurs, pointed out to Katharine of

¹ From her own curious narrative, *Chronicle of Calais*. Camden Society.

² Hall's *Chronicle*. The intrigues of Wolsey with the Cores were the cause of the

marriage of Mary with the Prince of Castile being broken off, who was much offended by her transfer to the King of France.

Arragon that her fair young sister-in-law would make an admirable Queen of France. Louis XII. had been recently left a most disconsolate widower by the decease of his queen, Anne Duchess of Bretagne, yet was in great haste to marry, as he was aged, and had no heirs. The negotiation was carried on with rapidity by Queen Katharine and her illustrious prisoner, who had obtained the co-operation of Jane Popincourt, the favourite lady of the young princess.

The result was, that whatsoever manifestation of attachment might have existed between the Princess Mary Tudor and Charles Brandon in the course of the year 1514, was crushed under the intelligence that she must yield her hand to the infirm and homely Louis XII., King of France, whose character and disposition, although excellent, were not likely to outweigh the difference of his sixty years in the estimation of a girl of sixteen. No resistance she could make altered her destiny in the least, for Henry VIII. had ingeniously arranged a method reconciling at the same time his retention of the glittering Flemish pawn, by promising her a splendid dower. Henry had waged war against the King of France on the pretext of forcing him to pay up the tribute of a yearly annuity with which Louis XI. had bought off the unwelcome visitation of Edward IV. at the head of fifty thousand English yeomen. A million crowns were demanded by Henry VIII.; out of this bad debt, Louis XII. agreed that two hundred thousand should be deducted and allowed, as if Henry had paid down the same sum actually left by Henry VII. as his youngest daughter's portion. Thus the diamond fleur-de-lis remained clear gain in the jewel-box of the English king. The bride, meantime, was to be jointured as splendidly as any queen of France, even equally to her predecessor, Anne of Bretagne, a sovereign in her own right.

A lively discussion took place between Henry VIII. and his young sister before she could be induced to accept this capital bargain and her ancient suitor. They came, however, to a compromise, by which the king engaged that, if his sister submitted quietly to be the pledge of peace between England and France on this occasion, she should please herself in the choice of a spouse the next time she bestowed her hand.¹ Henry pacified the princess as crying children are soothed by their nurses with extravagant promises if they will take physic, in hopes they will forget all that was said; but young Mary clung to the promise with Tudor tenacity, and took the first opportunity of acting on the same.

The Duc de Longueville, when he returned to his own country, had undertaken to make a request to his king that when the princess became Queen of France, Jane Popincourt might be retained in her

¹ Lord Herbert's *Henry VIII.*; Groves' *Wolsey*. Likewise the letters of the princess herself, extant in the Cottonian Collection.

service, because she was of all ladies the most trusted and beloved by her. Louis XII. was a good-natured man, but, at the same time, an old politician; he forthwith discussed this request for the beloved Jane Popincourt with Charles Somerset, the Earl of Worcester, one of the ministers of Henry VIII., the ambassador appointed to conclude the matrimonial treaty. The condition of Jane Popincourt's companionship is doubtless alluded to in the following letter of young Mary to her aged spouse, extant in the French archives,¹ which was evidently presented by the Earl of Worcester to the King of France before the *fiançailles*, as the epistle expressly intimates:—

“I humbly commend myself to your good grace. As the king, my lord and brother, is sending ambassadors to you directly, I have desired, entreated, and commissioned my cousin, the Earl of Worcester (Charles Somerset), to tell you some matters from me regarding the espousals now spoken of between you and me. Honour and credit him, monseigneur, as myself. And certes, monseigneur, as I have previously notified to you by our cousin the Duke of Longueville, that thing which at present I most desire and wish is to hear happy tidings of your health and good prosperity, as my cousin of Worcester will tell you at large. Please you, moreover, monseigneur, to use and command me according to your good pleasure, that I may obey and please you by the help of God, who give you, monseigneur, good life and long. By the hand of your very humble companion,

“MARY.”

There were, as will soon appear, some very serious objections to the residence of Jane Popincourt in France as one of the young queen's ladies, although there had been none in regard to her first suggestion of the marriage to the prisoner-of-war Longueville, with whom, it is to be feared, Jane's reputation was somehow compromised, for Worcester owned afterwards that he was startled when the King of France mentioned her to him; but promised to report the request to his master, Henry VIII.

The young princess was, however, suffered to suppose that all her stipulations would be observed, and all the promises made to induce her obedience would be held sacred; she therefore gave her hand quiescently to the Duke of Longueville,² as the proxy for his king, the marriage of procuration taking place at the Grey Friars' Church, near Greenwich Palace, August 25, 1514. Soon afterwards the princess was induced to write the following letter to her unseen spouse, in which she already speaks of herself as his wife. The original is in French:—

¹ Bethune MS.

² Lingard.

"Monseigneur, I commend myself most humbly to your grace. I have received by monsieur, the Bishop of Lincoln, the very affectionate letters you have written me with your own hand, and they have given me infinite joy and comfort. Assure yourself, monseigneur, that nothing equals my desire to see you; and the king, my brother, uses great diligence to speed my passage across the sea, which I hope, by the pleasure of God, will be brief. Meanwhile I supplicate that you will afford me the inestimable consolation of often hearing news of your health and happiness. May the aid of our Creator, monseigneur, grant you a long and prosperous life. From the hand of your very humble consort,
"MARIE."

Louis XII., at the church of his family, the Orleans Valois line, being the Abbey church of the Célestines, in Paris, very solemnly espoused, as proxy for the fair young Mary, the Earl of Worcester, to whom he gave his troth, September 2, 1514, and received the promise, in return, that the young princess should obey him as her lord and master during her natural life¹—a very odd interpolation of the marriage vow. Old Louis became extremely importunate, forthwith, for Henry VIII. to send him his young queen, and all matters were arranged by the English sovereign for that purpose as soon as the stormy autumn would permit Mary to cross the narrow seas. Meantime she received several letters from her affianced spouse, and wrote occasionally to him, epistles much resembling those previously quoted, which present the most favourable specimens of those extant.

King Henry, his queen Katharine, and almost all their court, accompanied the bride to Dover, and took up their residence at their grand castellated palace there, with the intention of expediting her immediate transit to France. But the elements seemed obstinately bent against any such purpose. A succession of autumnal storms set in during the rest of September, which detained the king and the royal family a whole month in Dover Castle; several ships were wrecked on the line of coast beneath their eyes, and not one day promised a safe passage across the narrow seas to the opposite coast. At last the wind proved fair (October 2), when the bride and her attendants were roused up at four in the morning and hurried for embarkation to the beach, where Henry VIII. and his queen came to kiss her and bid her farewell.

Many tears and audible lamentations took place when the young bride of France was torn from the arms of Queen Katharine. They had indeed been companions during much the largest part of Mary's short life. The queen gave her sister-in-law into the personal care of

¹ *Archives Secrètes*, Hôtel de Soubise; Contract of Espousal. The same clause was introduced into the contract of Henry's sister Margaret and James IV.

Sir Christopher Gervase, or Garnish, her own knight. Henry VIII., as he advanced to the edge of the water to take leave of the weeping bride, renewed his promises of giving her leave to marry according to her own good pleasure the next time, and, ostensibly comforted with the thoughts of a happy widowhood,¹ Mary submitted to the weary dignities imposed upon her. Ladies sometimes may wed with these views, but they seldom make them matter of history with the naïve pertinacity of this young Queen of France.

Scarcely had the bride gained the ship in which she was to cross the Channel when the wind began to tune up a loud autumn song, and the waves to dance on all sides to the storm which had, with brief intervals, been roaring since the equinox. All the night of October 2, Mary's ship was seen labouring in the greatest danger, separated from the rest of the fleet. If it were like its representation in the contemporary illuminations, it was a clumsy junk with very short masts, not easy to upset; but it did its worst by grounding near Boulogne early the next morning, where it obstinately stuck on a sandbank.

The forlorn bride had to be lowered into an open boat, completely helpless from sea-sickness. The breakers were dashing high, and wetted her long golden hair, which streamed most disconsolately over her person. The boat could not approach the beach, and the surf was high on the shallows, so that there was no little danger in landing; but Sir Christopher Gervase was fortunately as tall in stature as was suitable to his Christian name. The French, to their great satisfaction, saw the gigantic islander stride through the breakers, which only reached to his waist, bearing their insensible queen in his arms, and in this guise she touched the shores of France, every long bright tress of her hair, and all her garments, streaming pitcously with salt water.² Mary was received at her landing by the Duc de Vendôme, one of the elder princes of the line of Bourbon, who informed her that her royal lord had advanced as far as Abbeville to anticipate the happiness of meeting her.³

While the fair young queen rested at Boulogne, her ancient bridegroom was deep in conference at Abbeville with her brother's resident ambassador. After fully discussing the affairs of Spain and the general policy of Europe, the King of France and the English ambassador touched on the more interesting topic of Mistress Jane Popincourt. The Earl of Worcester was prepared to circumvent all the machinations of that young lady and the Duke of Longueville her friend. He was enabled, by information which he had obtained from his own court, to give the King of France particulars of "her evil life

¹ She recalls this circumstance to him in her own letter. Drayton, either through tradition, or from a sight of her holograph, now in the Cottonian Collection, says the same.

² Hall's *Chronicle*.

³ *Ibid*.

and conversation," of a nature to alarm him. "I would," says Worcester, in his despatch to Cardinal Wolsey,¹ "have showed the King of France the bills signed" (that is, the written testimony of the persons who accused Mistress Jane of impropriety), "but in no wise would he hear more speaking of her." "As you love me," exclaimed King Louis, "name her no more; I would she were burnt!" "For I and my fellows," adds Worcester, "had showed him enow of her ill life." The King of France further observed, "There shall never be put about my wile either man or woman but such as shall be to her contentation and pleasure. As to speaking for the said Jane, it was at the suit and desire of Monsieur de Longueville, who had told me that the queen loved and trusted her above all the gentlewomen that were about her, but if King Henry made her to be burnt he shall do but well and a good deed."²

All this agitation about Mistress Jane Popincourt leads to the supposition that she was a Frenchwoman (for her surname is certainly French or Belgic), that she had negotiated the marriage of her princess by means of the Duc de Longueville during the time of his captivity in England, and that now the matter was completed she was to be driven from her royal lady as not being sufficiently in the English interest.

While the good name of Mistress Popincourt was receiving damage in the preceding discussion, news arrived that the queen had landed. "which was this morning" (October 3), continues Worcester. "Since the king heard thereof nothing can displease him, and he is devising new *collars* [necklaces] and goodly gear for her. There was in his chamber only my lord of Paris [the Archbishop of Paris], Robertet, and I, when he showed me the goodliest and the richest sight of jewels that ever I saw. I would never have believed it if I had not seen it. For I assure you that all I have ever seen is not to compare to forty-six great pieces that I saw of diamonds and rubies, and seven of the greatest pearls that I have seen, besides a great number of other goodly diamonds, rubies, balais, and great pearls. The worst of his second sort of stones he prized at two thousand ducats. For ten or twelve of the principal stones he hath refused for each a hundred thousand ducats. And when the King of France had shown me all, he said 'that all should be for his wife.'"

Another of these Aladdin-like coffers, full of girdles, necklaces, chains, and bracelets, was opened by the royal bridegroom, the contents being viewed and admired with unfeigned enthusiasm by the English ambassador. Jewels have a certain utility as the means of investing

¹ Letter of Worcester to Wolsey, Oct. 3, 1514.—Ellis's *Historical Letters*, vol. i. p. 236, 2nd series.

² Letter of Worcester to Wolsey, Oct. 3, 1514.—Ellis's *Historical Letters*, vol. i. p. 236, 2nd series.

great masses of capital in very small space, but that was not the light in which the politicians of the sixteenth century surveyed them. Grim old warriors and careworn statesmen actually coveted these pretty sparkling things to enrust them on their cloaks and doublets, and to hang them round their necks. Louis XII. was consistent so far with his character for good sense that he dressed very plainly, and only meant his vast store of jewels as playthings for his fair wife, judiciously using them to obtain for him a place in her good graces as far as they would go. "My wife," said Louis XII., merrily laughing, "shall not have these at once, but at divers times, for I will have many (and at divers times) kisses and thanks for them!" "I assure you," continues Worcester, "the king thinketh every hour a day till he seeth her; he is never well but when he hears her spoken of. I make no doubt she will lead a good life with him by the grace of God."¹

The young Queen of France, attended by near relatives, the Lady Anne and the Lady Elizabeth Gray, set forward towards Abbeville, October 4; they were followed by thirty-four female attendants, amongst whom was Mademoiselle de Boleyn, the celebrated Anne, who afterwards, to her sorrow, attained the crown matrimonial of England. The bridal party travelled in horse-litters, or waggons, but when the weather was fine and they were in spirits to assume their full-dress riding suits of crimson velvet, the maiden train mounted their palfreys. The Duke of Norfolk led the way, while the rear was brought up by the young queen's archer-guard and baggage-waggons.² Thus they went forward by easy stages until within four miles of Abbeville. Singularly interesting was this ground to the daughter of the English royal line. To her left hand was the forest of Crecy, skirting the celebrated battle-field of that name; to her right was the village of St. Valery, on the mouth of the Somme, from whence her ancestor the Conqueror sailed to invade England. Yet it is by no means certain that Mary Tudor had a thought to bestow on the glory of her ancestors.

The royal princess's cortège was first encountered by the heir presumptive of France, the Duke of Valois, afterwards Francis I., who then for the first time beheld the princess whom, young as she was, he was henceforth to treat as his queen and mother. From some hints given by the officers of the train of Francis, the attendants of the bride were led to expect a more important encounter before they entered Abbeville. A halt was made, and an elaborate arrangement of travelling toilets took place; the young queen was dressed in her litter, by her ladies, in grand costume, not in very good taste, for the skirt, as well as the bodice of her habit, was as heavily plated

¹ Letter of Worcester to Wolsey, Oct. 3, p. 237, 2nd series.
 Abbeville.—Ellis's *Historical Letters*, vol. i. ² Hall's *Chronicle*.

with goldsmith's work as if it were meant for a suit of armour. As the whole cortège approached the forest of Ardres, they were met by the infirm royal bridegroom, mounted on a stately charger. Mary's cumbrous robes of goldsmith's work impeded her attempt to comply with the etiquette which required her to dismount and offer her consort the homage of the knee. Louis perceived her embarrassment, and entreated her to forbear. He welcomed her kindly and courteously, and having conversed with her for a few moments took his leave, having come in a manner by stealth to look upon her beauty, with which he professed himself enraptured.

CHAPTER II.

THE day of the patron saint of France occurred most opportunely for the royal marriage. On the anniversary of St. Denis, Monday, October 9, at the cathedral of St. Wolfran, Abbeville, the marriage ceremony took place, which made, for the first time since the Norman Conquest, a princess of England Queen of France. A cardinal officiated at the marriage and sang the high mass.

The royal bride retired to her state apartments, and, according to the custom of France, dined privately in a room with certain princesses of the blood, who were seated at the end of her table. The Duke of Valois¹ (Francis I.) entertained all the ambassadors in a separate chamber, while the rest of the queen's train, lords, ladies, and maidens, were sumptuously feasted in the great hall. That very day the King of France commended himself to his young queen's good graces, by gifts of the splendid jewels he had in store for her. "He gave her a marvellous great pointed diamond, with a ruby almost two inches long without foil, which was valued by some of the court at ten thousand marks. The next day the king presented his bride with a remarkable jewel, being a ruby two inches and a half in length and as thick as a man's finger, hanging by two chains of gold at every end."²

These "marvellous gifts" only preceded a measure which nearly broke the young queen's heart. The Duke of Norfolk was anxious to return to England; he therefore, in concert with the King of France, had a council called of the queen's new French officials, to sit in

¹ Sometimes in chronicles, as well as in contemporary letters, Francis is called the Duke of Valois; likewise the Duke of Bretagne, in right of his wife Claude of France, eldest daughter of Louis XII. He is also called *Earl of Angoulême*, which was his

inheritance. In Mary's own letters he is termed the Dolphin or Dauphin, which he never was.

² Letter of Worcester to Wolsey.—*Ellis's Historical Letters*, vol. ii. p. 240, 2nd series.

judgment on the number of the English ladies which were to be retained in her service, and to decide on those who were to return to England. To the consternation of the young queen, she found that all her English ladies (excepting young Anne Boleyn and three more girls of the like age) were warned to make ready to return with the Duke of Norfolk. Her governess, Lady Guildford—"her moder Guildford"—was among these banished friends. No doubt a scene approaching to the tragic ensued at their departure, for Mary, a day or two afterwards, penned two letters, one to her royal brother, the other to the all-powerful Wolsey, earnestly setting forth her wrongs and demanding instant redress. Her epistle to Henry VIII. is as follows:—

"My good Brother,—As heartily as I can I commend me to your grace, marvelling much that I never heard from you since our departing, so often as I have sent and written to you. And now I am left alone, in effect, for on the morn next after my marriage, my chamberlain, with all other men-servants, were discharged. And in like wise my moder Guildford, with other my women and maidens, *except such as never had experience and knowledge how to advertise [advise] and give me counsel in time of need*, which is, it is to be feared, will be more shortly than your grace thought at the time of my departing, as my *moder* Guildford can more plainly show your grace than I can write, to whom I beseech you give credence.

"An' if it be by any means possible, I humbly require you to cause my moder Guildford to repair hither, once again. For else if any chance hap other than well, I shall not know where or of whom to ask any good council to your pleasure nor yet to mine own profit. I marvel much that my Lord of Norfolk would, at all times, so lightly grant everything at their requests here!

"I am well assured that when ye know the truth of everything, as my moder Guildford can show you, ye would full little have thought I should be thus entreated. Would to God that my Lord of York [*Wolsey, Archbishop of York*] had come with me in the room of Norfolk, for then I am sure I should not have been left as I am now! And thus I bid your grace fare well as ever did prince, and [*wishing you*] more heartsease than I have now. From Abbeville, the 12 of October.

"Give greetings to my *mowder* Guildford by [*from*] your loving sister,

"MARYE, Queen of France."¹

Norfolk was singularly unfortunate in his office of escort to the Princess Mary's eldest sister. Queen Margaret Tudor had denounced

his discourtesy and inattention to her interests at the court of Scotland, especially his cruelty in rending from her this same moder Guildford, whose name comes in at the end of every paragraph in the royal letter, which is, by the way, a very good composition, in nothing inferior to those of Wolsey, Sir Thomas More, Margaret of Valois, or any other of her celebrated contemporaries: and this is no slight praise for the ability of a young girl in her sixteenth year, thrown, as the circumstances prove, wholly on her own resources in regard to advice. She could have had no assistance in composition; for Anne Boleyn, though not so young as general history chooses to assert, had few years' experience, and was incapable of giving counsel to her distressed mistress—a circumstance, it will be perceived, the queen alludes to in her letter. Another eloquent epistle was indited by the forlorn bride of France to Wolsey; the commencement recapitulates the same facts of the heart-breaking dismissal of the English ladies, chamberlains, and other officials:—

“My moder Guildford was likewise discharged,” continues the young queen to Wolsey,¹ “by whom, as ye know, the king and you willed me in any wise [always] to be counselled. But for anything that I might do, in no wise might I have any grant for her abode here, which I assure you, my Lord, is much for my discomfort, beside many discomforts that ye would full little have thought! I have not yet seen any lady or *jantelwoman* in France so necessary for me as she is, nor yet so meet to do the king my brother service as she is. And for my part, my Lord, as ye love the king my brother and me, find the means that she may in all haste come to me hither again. *For I had as lief lose the winning I shall have in France as lose her counsel when I shall lack it.* I am sure the noblemen and jantilmen can show you more than becometh me to write concerning this matter.

“And albeit my Lord of Norfolk neither dealed best with me nor with her at this time, yet I pray you always to be good Lord to her. And would to God my brother had been so good as to have had you with me hither when I had my Lord of *Northfolk*. And thus fare ye weal, my Lord. Written at Abbeville, this 12 day of October.

“My Lord, I pray you to give credence to my moder Guildford in my sorrows which she [*shall*] have delivered.

“Your own while I live,

“MARYE.”

Doubtless the young Queen of France expected that the statecraft of Wolsey, the pugnacity of her brother, and the knight-errantry of the chivalry of England, would have all been put in action to effect

the restoration of her "moder" Guildford. She was in her letter astute enough to put in a word on the great utility mother Guildford would have been to her native sovereign, if she were a resident at the French court—a fact that the wise French monarch evidently knew full well, because persons in her station are the most efficient of spies and political agents, for which reason he hastened her departure with the rest of her colleagues.

Hall, the contemporary English chronicler, is pathetic on the subject of the dismissal of Mary's train. It is to be hoped the disasters he recounts are merely flights of his rhetoric. Some of these attendants had remained in the service of the young princess "on scant allowances," hoping that she would be well married some day, and able to provide for them; "others had been at much expense to wait on her to France, and now returned destitute, which many took to heart, insomuch some died by the way returning, and some fell mad."

The very morning on which Mary describes herself distressed, King Louis had presented her with a "wonderful" diamond tablet (or table-cut), with a surprising pearl, quite round, hanging to it. This jewel was the noted one called "*le Miroir de Naples*," which Francis I. afterwards would have redeemed at any price. Louis in the course of that day gave his mourning bride a shower of other costly gems, priceless diamonds and rubies set as rings, which were pressed with gallantry on her fingers whensoever he saw sad looks or tears making their appearance for "moder Guildford," to whom, as will be shown, his French Majesty had taken no slight aversion. "The queen is continually with him," wrote the resident ambassador, Worcester, the day succeeding the doleful parting of her English household, "of whom King Louis maketh as much as it is possible for any man to make of a lady."¹

The King of France lingered at Abbeville, although when he was dismissing my Lady "moder Guildford," he had declared he was desirous of moving onwards to Paris, and that he had agreed with his good brother Henry VIII. that the Duke of Norfolk and the English supernumeraries were not to advance farther than Abbeville. He took a fit of gout, and was glad of the quiet of the provincial town to indulge in the society of his fair young wife, who nursed him in his malady. Her coronation at St. Denis, and the tumultuous rejoicings attending her entry of Paris—the processions, the tournaments, and endless robings and sittings in state for long hours in the open air, however pleasant in anticipation to the young beauty he had wedded, were shrunk from by King Louis with foreboding apprehension.

¹ Letters written by the Earl of Worcester and Dr. West to King Henry VIII.—Ellis's *Historical Letters*, vol. i. p. 234; 2nd serie-

p. 241. "Written at Abbeville, Oct. 13, by your most humble servants and subjects, C. Worcester, N. West."

Queen Mary, with her infirm lord, remained at Abbeville until the last day of October, when his illness permitted him to move forwards to the magnificent abbey of St. Denis, where, in the palace connected with the ecclesiastical establishment, the royal pair waited for the completion of the preparations for her coronation. Here a letter¹ from Wolsey arrived, November 2, dated from Eltham Palace, in which it appeared that the sovereign will and pleasure of Henry VIII. was announced that his beloved sister should not pine for the fostering care of her "moder Guildford."² Dr. West and the resident ambassador took upon themselves to learn whether the old king still remained obdurate against the banished lady, and from the answering despatch may be gathered the real state of the royal minds of husband and wife. Worcester was granted an audience of Louis XII. in private, and the French monarch thus expressed himself regarding mother Guildford :—

"My wife and I," said the King of France, "be in good and perfect love as ever any two creatures can be; we are both of age to rule ourselves" [*she was sixteen, he was sixty*], "and not to have servants that should look to rule her or me. If my wife need of counsel or to be ruled, I am able to do it. But I am sure it never is the queen's mind to have her [Lady Guildford] again. For as soon as she came a *lond* [landed], and also when I was married, Lady Guildford began to take upon her not only to rule the queen, but also that she should not come to me, but she should remain with her, nor that no lady nor lord should speak to the queen but she [Lady Guildford] should hear it. Withal she began to set a murmur and banding [faction] among the ladies at the French court."

No one can blame King Louis for declining the society of such an interloper: few newly-married people would be any the happier for the company of a "moder Guildford," it will be owned. Then proceeded the great King of France to discuss the more delicate points of his young queen's wishes respecting the return of the woman under whose care she had been reared; after affirming with an oath "that no man loved his wife better than he did," his Majesty continued :—

"Rather than have such a woman about my wife, I would liever be without one. I know well when the king my good and loving brother knows this my answer, he will be contented, for in no wise will I have her about my wife. Also I am a sickly body, and not at all times that I would be merry with my wife like I to have any strange woman with her, but one that I am well acquainted withal, afore whom I durst be merry."

¹ Letter of Worcester to Wolsey.—Ellis's *Historical Letters*, vol. ii. p. 243, 2nd series.

² Worcester spells her name "Gilford;" Mary Tudor, "Guldeford;" and West, *Guleford*. They all mean *Guildford*, which

we have followed, lest the reader should be perplexed with the varied orthography; for of all advantages, perspicuity is the most desirable.

An awful idea his French Majesty here gives of the stiff precision of the royal *gouvernante*—no attractive auxiliary to the loves and graces of a royal honeymoon. It must be owned that the inflexibility of the good-natured Louis XII. is remarkably developed in this dramatic description of his home life. However, he would not have been the great man history truly designates him, if he had been afflicted with any propensity to variableness of will and purport. The line of policy he took with his fair bride proves his acute knowledge of the human heart; he gave her the notion that he had wholly set her at liberty, and that it was unsuitable for a queen to have a mistress dictating to her.

"I am sure," continued he to the Earl of Worcester, "the queen my wife is content withal, for I have set about her neither lady nor gentlewoman to be with her for her mistress, but for her servants and to obey her commandments."

"Upon which answer," observes the ambassador, "seeing the King of France would in no wise have the Lady Guildford, I replied to him again, 'So that he was content, I made no doubt but the King's Grace my master would be,' which answer had been well debated ere I gave it."

The conclusion of this despatch turns on a point of great importance to Mary's future destiny. Suffolk, it seems, was preparing to present himself at the scene of her coronation as Queen of France.

When Lord Worcester had an interview with her Majesty, to enquire her mind and pleasure, she thus declared herself:—"My Lord Worcester, I love Lady Guildford well, but I am content that she come not here, for I am in that case that I may be well without her, as I can do whatever I will." "I pray God," adds Lord Worcester, "it may ever continue so to His pleasure."¹

The Duke of Suffolk and the Marquis of Dorset were appointed to deliver letters to the King and Queen of France, at St. Denis, November 3. Thanks were formally tendered from Henry VIII. by these ambassadors extraordinary for the honourable receiving and meeting of the queen, his sister, at her first arrival at Boulogne, especially for meeting her in person before her entrance at Abbeville, as also for the loving and honourable entertaining of her ever since. Louis XII. named the day after that, Sunday, November 5, for the coronation of his bride in the royal abbey of St. Denis. Accordingly, the next Sunday, all was prepared in that stately fane for the solemnity; the queen had not far to travel, but merely to advance with her procession from her royal apartments when the doors were thrown open. An hour before her entrance, the Duc de Montmorency went to the

¹ Letter of Worcester to Wolsey, at St. Denis, Nov. 6.—Ellis's *Historical Letters* vol. ii. p. 247.

lodging of the Duke of Suffolk, and courteously conducted him, before the crowd poured in, to the seat for the ambassadors at the end of the choir, to the right of the high altar.

Those who are acquainted with the locality of St. Denis will know this seat was situated so near the chancel that the persons engaged in the august ceremonial might perfectly be seen from thence, and even be heard to speak. The king's closet window was just over the same, where he appeared, without pomp or state, as a private spectator, to behold his bride receive the crown-matrimonial of France.

Mary was preceded by the great officers of France, bearing her regalia, all being princes of the blood royal—the Duke of Alençon, the Duke of Longueville, the Duke of Albany (lately made Regent of Scotland, and a prince of the blood in right of his mother and his wife), the Duke of Bourbon, and the Count of Vendôme, his brother. The young queen came then, led by Francis Duke of Valois, her husband's heir and son-in-law. First, the queen knelt before the altar of St. Denis, just below the place where the oriflamme of France is still to be seen; here she was anointed by Cardinal De Pré, the same ecclesiastic who married her to Louis XII.; he put the sceptre in her right hand, and the verge of justice in her left. This symbol in France has always the figure of a hand at the summit. The Cardinal put a ring on her finger, and then set the great crown of Jane of Navarre on her head. Francis of Valois led her, thus crowned, up a raised platform to a chair of state prepared for her, which was under the canopy of the throne, by the altar.¹

But the crown of state weighed unbearably heavy on the temples of the young queen, who was perhaps perturbed by the presence of her former lover, stationed near to her seat of grandeur. Francis of Valois, whose admiration of her exquisite loveliness began to be noted in France, relieved her of the weighty diadem, but, at the same time, not to deprive her of the state and dignity appropriate to the ceremony, stood behind her, holding it above her head.² And a noble tableau must the lofty and graceful figure of Francis have made, thus contrasted with the delicate beauty of the English Queen of France, before the eyes of the assembled multitudes of all degrees which thronged from base to clerestory of the glorious minster of St. Denis. "Then began the high mass, *songen* by the cardinal, whereat the queen offered."³ The after-

¹ Letter of Suffolk to Henry VIII. It is actually written by Dr. West or Prior Docwra, the secretaries of the embassy.—Ellis's *Historical Letters*, vol. i. p. 251, 2nd series.

² It was no original idea of Francis, but clearly his office, in case the crown should prove oppressive to the royal brow. Two bishops were appointed thus to support St. Edward's crown, or to hold it on each side,

over the head of the king or queen, if so required. Many illuminations present this scene; among others, a well-known one in the Cottonian Collection, representing the coronation of Edward I. In France this picturesque office was given to the leader of the warlike French chivalry, the first prince of the blood royal, as above.

³ Suffolk's letter.—Ellis's *Historical Letters*.

noon was devoted to diplomatic deliberations with the English ambassadors; but in the evening the queen gave Suffolk and his coadjutors a private audience in her withdrawing-room.

King Louis left St. Denis as early as seven in the morning, for Paris, in order to receive his queen, who was to make her grand entry into that city from St. Denis after her coronation—the proudest day of a French queen's life, if her beauty and grace could bear the critical observations of the Parisians. Mary Tudor departed from St. Denis at nine in the morning; she dined at a village two miles from Paris. The road between St. Denis and Paris at present offers no village of this kind. The afternoon was the time appointed for the entry of the English Queen of France into Paris. The royal dinner-hour was at noon.

Mary incurred some blame for having introduced such a new-fashioned luxurious dinner-time; the king's health had been hurt by it, “for whereas,” says one of his chroniclers, “Louis XII. loved to observe the good old custom of dining at eight in the morning, and going to bed at six in the afternoon, but it now suited his young queen that he should dine at noon, and not go to rest till midnight.” As for his custom of going to bed at six in the evening, it is to be hoped that was in winter, for in summer the very cocks and hens usually sit up two hours later than did his Christian Majesty.

Mary ascended a carriage, called a chaise or chair, in which she sat solus. It was covered with cloth of gold, shot with white, and drawn by two milk-white steeds, with housings of the same tissue, and silver reins and harness. The beautiful queen was crowned with a precious circlet¹ formed entirely of the largest and purest pearls the treasury of France could furnish, without the intrusion of any other gem; by way of contrast, her neck and bust were radiant with inestimable diamonds and other sparkling jewels. Around her car, protecting her person, marched, as their place of right, the royal Scotch archer-guard, under the command of her handsome kinsman the Duke of Albany, already named Regent of Scotland. Immediately preceding them went, to clear the way, a troop of Louis XII.'s German mercenary cavaliers, the renowned lansquenets. Francis of Valois,² heir-presumptive of France, rode before the carriage of the young queen, accompanied by the other princes of the blood royal, being his kinsmen the Dukes of Alençon, Bourbon, Vendôme and Longueville, with whom was the Duke of Suffolk, likewise the queen's first cousin, Thomas Marquis of Dorset, whose young daughter, Lady Anne Gray,³ with Anne Boleyn, had remained among the young maidens left with Mary Tudor, and now followed her car.

¹ Hall's *Chronicle*.

² Hall calls him the Dolphin, others the Duke of Valois; all the English despatches of the ambassadors, the Duke of Bretagne,

which makes him pass for three different gentlemen.

³ Who married Sir Henry Willoughby of Woollaton, Notts.

Scarcely was the queen's procession arranged and moving forwards on the Paris road, when it had to halt to give audience to the Provost of the Paris merchants, who were accompanied by the city archer-guard in coats burnished with gold, ornamented with ships gilt.¹ Then came the other more important Paris provost, he of justice, who is usually confounded with his pacific namesake, to the great mystification of the readers of French history. With this warlike provost of Paris came the counsellors learned in law, the Basoche of the Palais de Justice, the President of the Parliament and all his train, and then the University of Paris, which with priests and students amounted to three thousand persons.²

There is a beautiful manuscript descriptive of all these ceremonials in the British Museum, illuminated by an eye-witness, Pierre Grégoire, who afterwards presented it to Mary herself. He very modestly styles himself, "*Pierre, simple apprentice of the eloquent rhetoriciens, orateurs, facteurs, and compositors of the modern French.*" Pierre Grégoire's clerks of the Basoche chose to greet our fair-faced Mary, sitting before them with her shower of glittering hair outshining the gold about her, as the Ethiopian Queen of Sheba come to visit King Solomon, who of course is Louis XII. This was their canticle, sung as a rondeau :—

"Noble Sabba, dame de renommée,
Est venu voir Saloman très-saige,
Qui la receve d'ung dounce courage
Par sur toutes la prisée et aymée.
C'est la royne de vertus enflammée,
Belle et bonne, virtuese en langage,
Noble Sabba."

Another song, arranged to the fine national French air of *Réveillez-vous*, still survives, though composed, or at least arranged, for the entry of the English Queen of France. The first verse may thus be rendered :—

"Wake, wake, ye hearts asleep!
All ye allied to English powers,
Sing Ave Maria.
The Fleece of Gold,³ the Purple Towers,⁴
The Eagles,⁵ and the Lily flowers⁶
Rejoice in Dame Maria.
Réveillez-vous!
Joy to Lady Maria!"

One specimen of the numerous pageants will suffice. At the gate of St. Denis, over the portcullis, was placed a ship not unlike the Chinese junk that appeared a few years ago on the river Thames. On

¹ The armorial bearing of the city of Paris.

² Hall says these came first, and we think he is right; but we follow Suffolk's letter.—Ellis's *Historical Letters*, vol. i. p. 254, 2nd series.

³ Charles V., as heir of Burgundy and the Low Countries.

⁴ The arms of Castile.

⁵ The Emperor of Germany's banner.

⁶ Louis XII.'s fleur-de-lis.

its three short masts and ladders of rope are four seamen tripping little fat sails; these are meant to be two English and two French seamen, being in the national colours, with *bleu au roi* hoods and jackets for the French. Henry VIII., in the character of Honour, presides over the mainmast, a French man-at-arms is perched on the right masthead, an English knight on the other, one having a blue shield, the other gules. Mary, herself, her bright hair loose and flowing, personates Ceres, with a wheatsheaf large enough to freight the hull of the junk, while King Louis XII., with an amiable smirk and a red face, presents her with a branch of vine purple with grapes. He wears a white nightcap with a red velvet bicorne hat over it, hemmed with gold: a robe of *bleu au roi* velvet, with red undersleeves and a cape of sable fur, a white shirt beneath a gold cordelure tied round his waist, and a rosary of gold beads. Such was the king's ordinary dress. But written on the side of the ship is the word "Bacchus." A very smart young attendant stands behind him in the page's dress of the time, with clubbed red hair, a hat shot with gold, green sleeves, poppy-coloured trousers and bishop's purple gaberdine: on the page's arm is written "Paris." All the four winds are blowing the junk tumultuously. It probably moved and rocked.

Twilight fell before Mary viewed all the pageants and was brought to Notre Dame; she made her offering at that fine cathedral, gloriously illuminated and sitting stately on its island above the Seine. From thence she went by torchlight along the quays of the river to the ancient palace of St. Louis, now called the Conciergerie, where she offered at the Sainte Chapelle.¹ It was six o'clock at night ere she entered that palace "where," says Suffolk, "she did sleep all night, and there was a right great banquet."²

The state reception of his queen by Louis XII. forms, indeed, one of the most interesting of Pierre Grégoire's illustrations.

There is an ancient Gothic hall with lancet-shaped windows; in the distance is set out a board of green cloth, on which are arranged gold and purple bottles, pitchers, and *nefs* for napkins, being the preparations for the "right great banquet" mentioned in Suffolk's despatch. The King of France is seated in state in a very odd-looking sentry-box with a round top. Lions' shoulders and feet, fixed in front, give to this seat the appearance of an arm-chair, but all is very elaborately covered with gold. Louis is robed and crowned, and holds in his left hand the celebrated sceptre called the hand of justice; with his right he receives from the queen, who kneels before him, a small escutcheon, on which is figured the red cross of St. George: perhaps it means to intimate that she presented from her brother the formal ratification of the peace

¹ Hall's *Chronicle*.

² Letter of the English embassy.—Ellis's *Historical Letters*, vol. i. p. 254, 2nd series.

which was just concluded between England and France, of which she was the pledge. Behind Louis stand the princes of the blood and peers of France. The queen's ladies are ranked behind her; she only is kneeling. She is robed in gold tissue, with falling ermine sleeves. Her yellow hair, powdered with gold, is parted over her brow; her black velvet hood, rather square, is ornamented with pearls; the crown of France is over her hood. The whole scene is doubtless the representation of the termination of the queen's progress that day by her reception in that ancient seat of royalty the Palais de Justice, no other than the fatal Conciergerie. "She slept there that night," pursues Suffolk's despatch to her brother, "and the next day she dined at the same palace. In the afternoon she renewed the grand procession of reception, and came with great triumph to the Palace of the Tournelles, where the king is lodged. On Sunday next," continues the Duke of Suffolk,¹ "by the grace of God, the jousts shall begin."

The celebrated tournament at which Suffolk, then in rather a desperate state of mind, was preparing to vent his indignation and lover-like sorrow, by thundering blows on the new subjects of his beloved, was the fourth great public scene in which our Mary had taken part since she landed as Queen of France. Mary steered her queenly course with calmness and self-government amidst the atmosphere of temptation which surrounded her. The plain honest letter of her good husband is still extant to prove his satisfaction regarding her wifely conduct.

During the rest of the week the national antipathies of the English and French nobles, who were to tilt at the coming tournament, swelled to complete animosity, for the courses were run with sharp spears, exactly as in a battle charge: the chroniclers of both countries affirm that "at every course many dead were carried off without notice taken." At the random-tourney² Suffolk "hurt a French cavalier unto death," and the Marquis of Dorset nearly demolished another. "Yet," says the indignant historian, "the Frenchmen would in no ways praise them!" Francis of Valois was wounded in the hand and disabled, and then, it is said, he suborned a gigantic German from his lansquenets to make an end of Suffolk. But as Suffolk was laying about him desperately with the genuine weapons of war, the sharpened spear and keen-cutting battle-sword, and was one of the strongest knights England could boast, there was no reason why the burly German should not receive as good blows as he brought. Indeed, to the great delight of all the English present, the queen not excepted, he got the worst in the encounter. But it seems that the lansquenet was

¹ Letter of the English embassy.—Ellis's *Historical Letters*.

² Hall's *Chronicles*; so written "random-tourney."

a common soldier, and therefore, whosoever had introduced him within the lordly tilting-lists had outraged all the laws of chivalry.

While this "war in little" was thus proceeding—and it lasted three long days—a lofty stage was built for the royal personages. King Louis, who was very feeble and ill, reclined on a couch. Queen Mary stood the chief of the time, surveying the strife between her countrymen and her subjects with intense interest. It was observed that Francis of Valois had assumed the Tudor colours, white and green, while the Englishmen were distinguished wherever they were by the red cross of St. George. The Parisians supposed that their young queen stood to display her magnificent dress and elegant person, of which they never had had so complete a view. "And much they wondered at her beauty," as her enthusiastic countryman Hall takes care to record.

The young queen, left utterly to herself, and, perhaps, alarmed at the spirit of national antipathy which had been remarkably manifested at the very sports intended to celebrate her accession to the throne—matrimonial of France, craved some advice from the English embassy, now on the point of their homeward journey. Although the principal person was the lover from whom her young affections had been torn when she wedded Louis XII., yet, friendless as she was, she had no choice. Assuredly never did royal lady more completely separate the queen and wife from the dross of feminine partiality than did this young girl, when she appealed to the ambassador of her country to right some misunderstandings which she doubted would injure her peace and respectability as Queen of France. The precise nature of her troubles cannot here be defined, for though communicated to her countrymen, Worcester, Dorset, and Suffolk, they were only to be told by word of mouth to her brother.

It appears that the young queen found the domestic usages of France very different from those of England (which, indeed, they are at this day). She had been wholly deprived of the adviser she had leant on from infancy, and had none about her to whom she could apply for advice. It is evident she saw the health of her royal husband breaking up, and found the difference of hours she kept was not such as he had been accustomed to observe. According to her request, her English friends convened Monsieur Robertet (the financier), the Bishop of St. Pol, Brezé, the Governor of Normandy, and above all, the Duc de Longueville, who had proposed and negotiated her marriage; these were the cabinet ministers of Louis XII. She then requested her countrymen of the embassy to ask them "that they would be so good and loving to her as to give her counsel from time to time, how she might best order herself to content King Louis her husband, whercof she was most desirous, because she knew well that

they were the men the king her lord most loved and trusted." They were well pleased, and said "they would report to King Louis what honourable and loving request the queen had made, which would content him very well."

Mary, in order to quiet the lamentations of her English ladies, who had reckoned on making their fortunes as her attendants in France, gave private orders to her goldsmith, William Verner, of Fleet Street, London, to prepare jewelry as gifts among them to the value of 600 gold crowns. A polished ruby and an emerald set in a gold cross, to the value of 200 écus de soleil, were probably destined to soothe the frantic grief of moder Guildford. A fine diamond and a sapphire set in a gold necklace, worth 300 crowns, was for another of the discarded English ladies; a third was given an agnus, in which was set a table diamond the worth of 100 crowns of the sun. The young queen obtained credit with her London jeweller, who duly delivered the goods to the afflicted ladies after their homeward voyage. These jewels were to be shown at the English court, in proof that the ladies had not been dismissed empty-handed. Mary commands her treasurer Curissy "not only to pay Will Verner, but to do it without difficulty." She dates at Paris, November 11,¹ a few days after her coronation and solemn entry. The young queen had been remarkably busy, during the short time of her power, exerting her influence both with her brother in England and her adoring spouse in France, always to induce them to do some good to the unfortunate. She negotiated the ransom, on moderate terms, of François Descars, one of the household of the Duke of Bretagne *her son*, "called the Dauphin;" this was Francis de Valois, afterwards Francis I., who was her son by virtue of his marriage with her husband's daughter Claude, heiress of the sovereignty of Bretagne. Descars had been taken with Longueville prisoner at the Battle of the Spurs; he had been seized by Lord Darcy, who wanted a high ransom for him, and the clever way in which Mary bids 200 or 250 marks for the poor Frenchman's liberty is worth notice. Her lord, King Louis, had set her to mediate thus, and she displays sensible traits of humanity.

Louis XII. bids her remind Henry VIII. that he had duly liberated all the English prisoners at Boulogne "according to the custom of the sea,"² which was, in the feudal ages, that poor shipwrecked folk, flung by the fury of the waves on a hostile coast, should not be treated as prisoners of war. These precious immunities, awarded to suffering humanity, should never be lost sight of by the historian. In one of her letters of mediation for her countrymen in distress, she comes in direct collision with her brother's mighty prime minister, Wolsey. He had seized at Tournay a priest, one Vincent, who had come over

¹ *Archives of France*, in Hôtel de Soubise.

² *Ibid.*

with her dearest lord and grandfather Henry VII., probably when he made his descent at Milford Haven, and had belonged to England ever since. Wolsey had incarcerated him, without cause, in the Fleet Prison, where he had been nearly a year, and had spent or been robbed of all his cash.

Mary boldly asks her brother to command Wolsey not only to release Father Vincent, but to make restitution for his losses, and take him into favour, adding, "and then he will more particularly pray for you and me." She asked of her brother, in the course of the same month of November, provision to maintain one of her discarded English pages, John Palgrave, as a student, probably at the Paris University, where great numbers of young Englishmen, then, had their education.

In some of her letters she complains that her brother does not write to her; but the multitude of her requests, and their nature, was probably the reason. Her dower was not entirely settled, for in the course of her November correspondence she excuses herself to her brother "for being importunate in asking relief for those who had claims on her, because her demesnes had brought her no income yet, nor did she know where they were situated." It was to see this important arrangement effected that Suffolk and the other English ambassadors tarried in France. Suffolk, whose conduct in after life was in too many instances that of an evil tool in the hands of an evil master, conducted himself with truth and discretion in the delicate negotiation the fair queen required. In the conclusion of one of his despatches he alludes to the recent tournament, but in terms so unpretending that no person could have guessed that he had taken and given hard blows sufficient to have rendered himself the hero of it. He thus concludes his letter to Wolsey :—

"My Lord, at the writing of this letter the jousts are done, and blissed be God all our Englishmen sped well, as I am sure ye shall hear by others. And thus I commit you to the Holy Ghost, who ever preserve you. From Paris, the xviii day of November,

"By your assured

"CHARLES SUFFOLK."

About six weeks after Mary's dower was settled to her satisfaction, and the English ambassador extraordinary had returned to her brother, her royal spouse wrote a letter to Henry VIII. on purpose to assure him that his young queen "conducted herself daily towards him in such sort that he knew not sufficiently how to praise her, and that he more than ever loved, honoured, and held her dear."

The letter of Louis XII., dated at Paris, December 28, the theme of

which is chiefly his esteem and admiration for his young queen, was, perhaps, the last he ever wrote. In three days he was with the dead, for his Christian Majesty expired suddenly on New Year's Day, 1515, leaving his young queen a widow after a marriage of only eighty-two days, as disconsolate as could reasonably be expected.

CHAPTER III.

THE Parisians point out several curious edifices in their capital as the veritable residence of La Reine Blanche; consequently, these ancient structures have been all considered as palaces once pertaining to the celebrated Queen-regent of France, Blanche of Castile. Much the historical antiquary marvels at the number of Blanche's palaces, still more at the extraordinary variety in their architecture; but the tradition is verbally true, however the facts on which it was founded may be forgotten. It simply means to say that a queen-dowager of France retired to one of these houses, on the death of her husband, to pass those forty days of deep seclusion during which she wore only white garments, and was called La Reine blanche.

The young queen-dowager of Louis XII. complied with the etiquette of the royal family of France, and retired to pass her blanche widowhood under the immediate protection of the Church. Mary chose for her abode that beautiful little palace, the Hôtel de Cluny, recently rebuilt¹ by her late husband's great prime minister, Cardinal Amboise, and deriving its name from its vicinity to a grand convent of the Cluniac order. This royal demesne was the most ancient seat of government in Paris; it adjoins the imperial palace of the Emperor Julian, his residence when he reigned in the Gaulish province. The noble Roman structure, with his warm baths, still² towers in grand preservation by the side of the Hôtel de Cluny, and is called Julian's Palais des Thermes. There are few visitors of any taste at Paris who have not spent a day or two in the examination of this interesting historical locality, which is situated near the École de Médecine, half-way up that "mountain" where the Revolution of Terror sprang to life. At present, the Hôtel de Cluny is one of the *recherché* show-places of Paris; it is a perfect gem of domestic Gothic architecture, furnished with all domestic articles of the same era. It is doubtful

¹ The Hôtel de Cluny is mentioned in the earlier ages of the Valois dynasty by the same name; therefore Cardinal Amboise only rebuilt it, as Wolsey did Hampton Court. It encloses, indeed, a number of

ancient goods and chattels, yet by no means of one date, for they vary from the fifteenth to the seventeenth century.

² When we saw it.

whether any of this interesting furniture belonged to our country-woman, the young blanche queen, Mary Tudor; but the actual rooms and the exquisite little chapel have echoed her sighs and witnessed all the tumults of her poor oppressed heart, for the traditions of that district of Paris are positive in pointing out the Hôtel de Cluny as her residence when she was the Blanche Queen of France, and as the scene of the romantic events which led to her second marriage.

At the death of Louis XII., his son-in-law and kinsman, Francis de Valois, ascended the throne, under the appellation of Francis I. But the usual reservation was made of the allegiance of himself and lieges, in favour of any posthumous male heir which might be borne to the late Louis XII. by his young widow; and this circumstance explains the singular fashion of white widowhood, which seems to have been rendered customary in France by the accident of each of the three successors of Philip-le-Bel leaving a queen consort, in expectation of bringing an heir to the crown. Of course, the royal widows, having taken their chambers, according to the regal custom, passed many days in the seclusion of their bedchambers, attired in white night-dresses, and thus fixed the fashion for all their successors.

Mary Tudor, however, had no expectation of bringing heirs to the disparagement of Francis I. and good Queen Claude; and, that no question might arise of the kind, the vigilant mother of Francis I., the well-known Louise of Savoy, mounted guard over the proceedings of the Reine blanche in her retirement at the Hôtel de Cluny. The protection of this royal matron was highly requisite for the youthful queen; for, notwithstanding the near connection between her and Francis I. (so near that this young girl called him "her son" on account of his marriage with the Princess Claude, her late husband's daughter), he had availed himself of the power of access to her presence given him by his sacred character of her sovereign and relative, to annoy her cruelly by making love to her. Before her days of white widowhood were expired, she was not only tormented by the avowals of Francis I., but at the same time by his persuasions to bestow her hand on the young Duke of Savoy, brother-in-law to the Duchess Margaret, the object of Mary's intense jealousy in her uncertainty whether Suffolk had not plighted his promise to her.

The dukedom of Savoy, before its union with the kingdom of Sardinia, was usually tyrannised over by its powerful neighbour of France. The staple commodities of the dukedom—silkworms and soldiers—were much coveted by the King of France; one supplied the infant manufactures of the looms of Lyons with material, the other furnished active and hardy mercenaries for war.¹

Mary's dower came from the French domains, and Francis shrewdly

¹ Ellis's *Historical Letters*, p. 121, 1st series.

considered that, if she wedded his neighbour of Savoy, that neighbour's interest would be one with his own. On the side of England, Mary dreaded the renewal of the proposals of her formerly betrothed Prince of Castile. This, of all others, would have been the most distasteful to Francis I.; and no doubt the part he subsequently played in the romance of the young queen-dowager's love-marriage was, in some degree, influenced by his reluctance to see his rival in European empire linked to Henry VIII. by a tie so important as wedlock with that powerful monarch's favourite sister. Thus every prospect threatened the unfortunate Mary Tudor with a marriage as repugnant to her as the one from which death had just released her.

The moment Henry VIII. and his ministers heard of Mary's widowhood, Wolsey wrote an earnest request to her not to promise herself immediately to any one in marriage. She felt insulted by the caution: her reply to it is dated as early as January 10:—

“MARY, QUEEN-DOWAGER OF FRANCE, TO WOLSEY.¹

“My *nanne* [Mine own] good Lord,—I recommend me to you, and thanking you for your kind and loving letter desiring you of your good countenance and good lessons that you have given to me. My lord, I pray you, as my trust is in you, for to remember me to the king my brother, for such causes and businesses as I have for to do. For as now I have no *nother* to put my trust in but the king my brother and you, and as it shall please the king my brother and his council I will be ordered. And so I pray you, my lord, to show his grace—seeing that the king my husband is departed to God (whose soul God pardon). And whereas you advise me that I should make no promise. My lord, I trust the king my brother and you will not reckon me in such childhood! I trust I have so ordered myself since I came hither, that I trust it hath been to the honour of the king my brother and me since I came hither,² and so I to trust continue.

“If there be anything that I may do for you, I would be glad to do it in these parts, I shall be glad to do it for you. No more to you at this time, but Jesus preserve you. Written at Paris, the 10th day of January, 1515 [1514-5].

[Endorsed]

“To my Lord [Archbishop] of York.”

The Savoy alliance was that deprecated by the policy of Henry VIII. and Wolsey. But in the course of a fortnight the irksomeness of the young queen's life became so intolerable, that she wrote earnestly to her brother, entreating him to be pleased to send for her as soon as

¹ Ellis's *Historical Letters*, vol. i. p. 121, 1st series. From Cottonian MSS.; Julius, A. iii. fol. 1.

² The queen repeats this clause, as she does several little words, having written in agitation.

possible from France,¹ "as she was grieved with suits by no means consistent with her honour."

When King Henry² "was advertised of his sister's purpose to return to England, he sent the Duke of Suffolk, Sir Richard Wingfield, and Dr. West, attended by a goodly band of yeomen, to Paris." They wore court mourning for the death of Louis XII., and were charged with a message to Francis I., "declaring that, according to the covenants of the marriage between King Louis and the Lady Marie, sister to the King of England, they were to have the said lady delivered to them with her dower, and they showed their commission for the receipt of her."³ Thus the beautiful Mary was treated much as if she were a bale of broadcloth; but such was the etiquette of the times. The same process took place in the restoration of the young queen of Richard II., and it may be remembered that a regular receipt and acquittance was signed on her re-consignment to her former owners. Francis I. courteously acknowledged "that the marriage articles of Queen Mary left it in her choice to live in England or France, according to her preference, and yet to enjoy her dower." The council of France assigned her her widow's dower, and then the Queen was delivered to the Duke of Suffolk, "*which*," continues the quaint record, "behaved himself so to her that he obtained her goodwill."⁴ Nevertheless her previous motives of action are written in the letters of the acting parties in this romantic drama of reality, and not by the city chronicler. Yet the caprice that led Henry VIII. to send Suffolk to perform the office of receiving his sister's person and effects into his custody is not very accountable, since, according to her repeated asseverations, he knew of their attachment even before her marriage with the King of France. It appears, however, that Suffolk took a solemn oath to the king and Wolsey in the great hall at Eltham Palace,⁵ on the eve of his departure, affirming "that he would not abuse his trust by any particular manifestation of partiality to the young queen consigned to his guardianship." It is true that every ambassador extraordinary, employed on such affairs, had to take a similar oath.

CHAPTER IV.

THE white widowhood of the young Queen-dowager of France expired on February 9 or 10, when etiquette permitted her to assume her sable robes, and admit the light of day and the presence of such persons as had public or official business to transact with her.

¹ Lord Herbert; likewise her own letters.
Cottonian MSS.; Caligula.

² Hall's *Chronicles*.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ *Ibid.*

⁵ Letter of Wolsey to Suffolk; supposed March, 1514-15. Exchequer MS.

Several anxious letters and many strange incidents occurred to poor Mary between the hour of issuing out of her lamp-light seclusion and February 15th, according to the testimony of the written evidence which the devouring flames have spared. Henry VIII. sent her a letter by one of his gentlemen, Clinton, bidding her prepare for a speedy return to England. "An' it were to-morrow," wrote Mary in return, "I would be ready; as for my Lord of Suffolk and Sir Richard Wingfield, and Dr. West, there be two or three that came from the King my son (Francis I.), for to have brought them to him, by the way, as they came hitherward."¹ That is, Francis I. wished to hold a private conference with Suffolk and the rest of the embassy, before they had access to the young queen-dowager, in which purpose he was evidently disappointed.

Mary renews her promise in the course of her letter "not to enter into any matrimonial engagement" (apparently) proposed for her by the policy of France. She insinuates her preference "of returning to her beloved brother, and to be so situated that she never need part from him again. Every day that passed over her she thought was a thousand until she saw him." In this letter she mentions Suffolk, but only officially, nor does she challenge any right to him in the peremptory and earnest tone which a few hours caused her for some reason to assume. She informs her brother piteously that she had been very ill, "diseased with the toothache, and distressing attacks of hysterical weeping; that she had detained his surgeon, Master John, to cure her, and had assured him that his royal master would not be angry at his long tarrying to relieve her sufferings, for at times," she adds, "I wot not what to do; but an' I might but see your Grace I were healed."

The anguish of mind and body she describes to her brother was brought to a crisis in a few hours. The very day after the arrival of Suffolk in Paris, she had an interview with him, as we presume, at the Hôtel de Cluny, for as the historical documents existing give no contradictory evidence,² there is no reason to dispute the local tradition of her residence at this period.

Two English friars meantime had had a conference with her, and their communications had wrought her up to desperation; they had lectured her on her duties, and from their exhortations she drew the intelligence that if she returned to England she would be consigned to another ambitious alliance, as the hand of her former betrothed, Charles of Castile, was still in the matrimonial market. These friars almost maddened her by insinuating "that the reason Suffolk was sent to claim her was because he could better entice her to embark for

¹ Cottonian Collection; Caligula, D. vi. Fragment: Mary Queen of France to Henry VIII. The date is about February 12.

² When she adds a date to her letters it is "Paris;" therefore, as far as it goes, it is confirmatory.

England, instead of which he was in reality instructed by her brother," they assured her, "to land her in Flanders, and give her in wedlock to Charles of Castile." It requires evidence of the existence of some such terrible stimulus, to account for a young girl of seventeen acting with the blunt decision thus described by Suffolk.¹

"When I came to Paris, the queen was *in hand with me* the day after. She said 'she must be short with me and show to me her pleasure and mind,' and so she began, and showed how good lady she was to me, and if I would be ordered by her, she verily would have none but me." It is scarcely possible to render into comprehensible narrative the diction used by Suffolk, because his phraseology is very obsolete, and besides, many hiatus occur from time and fire, although the meaning is plain enough.

"The queen," he says, "had been visited by the friars that day." One he calls Friar Langley, and the other Friar F . . . , perhaps either Forrest or Featherstone, both of whom were ecclesiastics high in the confidence of Katharine of Arragon.

"An' ever I come to England," said the royal widow to Suffolk, "I never shall have you, and therefore plainly an' you marry me not now, I will never have you nor never come into England." Suffolk replied, "You say that but to prove me withal." "I would but you knew well," answered Mary, "at your coming to Paris how it was shown to me." "I asked her," continues Suffolk, "what that was." "The best in France has been with me," replied Mary. Here she clearly indicated Francis I., and from him she had intelligence which added to her excitement. "An' I go to England," continued she to Suffolk, "then I am sent to Flanders, and I would be torn to pieces rather than ever come there." "And with that," pursues Suffolk, "she weeped as never saw I woman so weep."

Suffolk at this pathetic climax did his best to soothe the young queen by affirming, he says, "that there was none such thing, by my faith, and with the best words I could, but in no wise could I make her believe it; and when I saw that, I showed her grace that an' her grace would be content to write unto King Henry to obtain his goodwill, I would be content, or else I durst not, because I had made such and such a promise." This promise was, apparently, the oath he had taken to Henry VIII. at Eltham Palace, before he sailed for France as ambassador.

Suffolk's cautious reply by no means suited the weeping beauty, who replied with the wilful spirit of her race, "'If the king my brother is content and the French king here—the one by his letters and the other by his words—that I should have you, yet will I have the time to my desire, or else I may well think that the words of them in these

¹ Cottonian MSS.; Caligula, D. vi., 1515.

parts [France] and of them from England be true,—and that is, that you are come to tice¹ me hence, to the intent that I may be married in Flanders, which I never will an' I die for it, and so I promised the French king ere you came. Thus, if so be you will not be content to follow after my mind, look never after this day to have the proffer again.' And," continues Suffolk, "I saw me in that case that I thought it better rather to put me at your Highness's mercy than to lose all, and so I granted thereto—and so she and I were married."

A very pithy and terse conclusion to a scene which is of a cast decidedly Shakesperean in character as well as dialogue; for our mighty dramatist, it must be owned, is rather addicted to represent his fair heroines as playing the wooers too much in this style. However, we must be permitted to explain the when, the how, the where of that marriage, which is summed up with soldierlike brevity in the above, "so she and I were married."

It has been noted that the mother of Francis I., Louise of Savoy, mounted guard on the fair royal widow at the Hôtel de Cluny. Now there is a winding staircase which leads from an exquisite little Gothic vestibule, opening on the garden below, the stairs branching from thence right and left; a small landing connects both flights, one leading to the chapel, which is on the second floor, and the other to the state bed-chamber and presence-chamber opposite, where the above historical scene and dialogue was going on between the fair young queen and her lover. Likewise it must be noted that but a few steps divided them from the chapel. Suddenly the mother of Francis I. entered the room from thence and surprised them, absorbed in the most passionate distress. How Mary was weeping Suffolk has best described. The French have the tradition that Louise of Savoy reproached the young queen, in the most intolerant manner, with forgetfulness of her dignity, both as a woman and a princess who had borne the crown-matrimonial of France, and finished by insisting on the lovers adjourning that very instant to the neighbouring altar, where the priests were actually officiating, and then and there Mary and Suffolk were married in her presence. Such is the story current at Paris connected with the Hôtel de Cluny. Its beautiful chapel is always pointed out to strangers as the locality of this royal love-match. The ceremony performed there was probably that solemn plighting of troth to each other, with vows at the altar before a priest, which was frequently treated as a private marriage. No other seems to have passed between Katharine of Valois and Owen Tudor, or with Edward IV. and Elizabeth Woodville. The tradition of the Hôtel de Cluny is not contradicted by any of the copious correspondence extant, but rather confirmed; even the hurried

¹ Meaning "entice." The word, in its contraction, is to this hour in common use among the Suffolk peasantry. Brandon betrays his county by his East Anglian *patois* in other instances.

manner in which Suffolk mentions their espousals leads us to suppose that some very astounding occurrence had intervened. The modern historian of Paris,¹ the most malignant writer that ever dipped his pen in calumny on royalty, has, of course, very evil charges to bring against the young queen, Mary Tudor, during her residence at the Hôtel de Cluny, connected with this mysterious marriage with Suffolk. But allowance must be made for his monomania, for the name, alone, of queen seems crime sufficient in his eyes.

No sooner was the behest of the haughty mother of France obeyed by the lovers than the remembrance of Suffolk's master in England rose in all its terrors to their minds. But they knew him well. The weeping Mary recollected that her aged monarch had endowed her with a vast store of those glittering baubles which were, after all, the leading passion of the king her brother, and, as these baubles were safe from his rapacity in France, she resolved to throw out the bait of making them over to him as the price of his forgiveness of their marriage. The following document,² extant among our archives, was written certainly on the very important day of her marriage with Suffolk; it has been penned with extreme agitation, and drenched in tears, which have added to the illegibility of her trembling characters:—

"Be it known to all manner [of] persons that Mary, Queen of France, sister unto the King of England, giveth freely unto the said king my brother all such plate and vessels of gold as the late King Loys of France, the XII. of that name, gave unto me, the said Mary, his wife. And also by the same presents I do freely gift unto my said brother, King of England, the choice of such special jewels, all that my said lord and husband King of France gave. Unto the performance whereof I bind me by this . . . mine honour, hand, and mind, which my name . . . [utterly illegible, owing to the wetting of the paper by a copious shower of tears]

"Paris, the xii. day of February, the year of our Lord fifteen hundred and fourteen, by your loving sister,

"MARY, Queen of France."

This curious historical paper is endorsed in an ancient court hand, puzzling enough to those who are not aware of the relative positions of the parties, "*A bill of gift made by the French Queen of gold and jewels given her by King Loys.*" Among other minutiae in the verification of such papers, it may be observed that, coarse and harsh as the paper is on which the fair dowager has written the above "bill," it was part of the royal store of stationery, since the watermark bears the arms of the king, being the three fleurs-de-lis.

¹ Dulaure.

dated Paris, Feb. 12, 1514.—Inedited MS.,

² Holograph of Mary the French Queen, Rolls' House, article 785.

Whether by means of his mother, or by other means not revealed, Francis I. heard that some extraordinary occurrence had taken place between the young queen-dowager and the English ambassador. That very evening, before the state audience had been granted to Suffolk, the king sought an interview with Mary, of which she herself is the narrator. The date of the day on which it occurred was the Tuesday before the 15th of February, apparently on St. Valentine's eve—a very suitable season for the events in agitation.

It was the interest of Francis to promote the marriage of Mary with any person in the world rather than with the young Archduke Charles of Castile, then in Flanders. It was the interest of Louise of Savoy, more than any person in France, that Mary should be immediately put out of the reach of Francis I., who was but too much inclined to follow the example of Louis XII. by changing the daughter of his former king and master for a more attractive bride. Louise of Savoy knew that Bretagne, the heritage of her daughter-in-law, the Good Queen Claude, hardly acquired as it was by France, would be reft away if the hand of the king was withdrawn from the daughter of Louis XII. and Anne of Bretagne. This national misfortune was prevented by the opportune entry of the mother of Francis I., the result of her own watchfulness, which was greatly aided by the peculiar situation of the pleasance-garden leading from the ancient Palais de Thermes and the Hôtel de Cluny into the vestibule. Mary's passionate anguish, as described by Suffolk, seems too genuine to be part of a concerted plan, or it might be supposed that the entrance of Louise of Savoy was not entirely the result of accident. It is said that Mary and Suffolk obeyed her imperious orders to marry in silent consternation; one of the twain was, doubtless, in sufficient consternation, the humbly-born Brandon, who thought, perhaps, the present wrath of the French royal family as alarming as that of his distant sovereign.

"Pleaseth your grace," wrote Mary¹ to her brother King Henry, "the French king, on Tuesday night last, came to visit me, and had with me many diverse conversings, among which he demanded of me 'whether I had made any promise of marriage in any place,' assuring me upon his honour, and on the word of a prince, that 'in case I would be plain with him in this affair, he would do for me to the best of his power, whether I were in his realm or out of the same.' Whereunto I answered 'that I would disclose to him the secret of my heart in all humility, as unto the prince in the world, after your grace, in whom I had most trust.' And so I declared to him the good mind, which for divers considerations, I bear to my Lord of Suffolk, asking the King of France

¹ Cottonian Collection; Caligula, B. vi. The letter is somewhat tattered and burnt, but the sense is not difficult to render.

not only to grant me his favourable consent thereunto, but also 'that he would with his own hand write unto your grace, praying you to bear like favour unto me, and to be content with the same.'"¹ Meaning that Francis I. was to request Henry VIII.'s toleration of her lowly wedlock with Suffolk. The young queen does not tell her brother how far, encouraged by the generous conduct of Francis, she opened her entire heart to him, telling all her courtship with Suffolk, and revealing the pass or by-words² they had invented in their wooing to snatch a moment's confidential communication when surrounded by crowds of inquisitive courtiers. Whether such contrivances were resorted to by the lovers in the court of England or of France is not explained; if the former, the young princess must have had a very early initiation into the gallantries of her brother's court; perhaps Jane Popincourt, whose conduct was so much reprobated by the English ambassador Worcester, was answerable for the early attachment the princess manifested for Suffolk.

Mary excused herself for the degree of confidence she acknowledged giving to Francis I., very sagaciously, by telling her brother that by so doing she trusted to be rid of the annoyance and alarm which he had himself repeatedly given her by pleading his own passion, in which, to quote her own pretty words, she says, "Such suit as the French king had made unto me not according with mine honour, now he hath clearly left off. Also, Sire," continued she, "I feared greatly lest in case that I had kept this matter from his knowledge, he might not well have entreated my Lord of Suffolk, and the rather that he might have returned to his former mal-fantasy and suits."

Francis I., perhaps, had only complied with the hyperbolical strain of complimenting all ladies with any claims to beauty, prevalent in his day, for he so far overcame his "mal-fantasy" as to promise to indite letters to Henry VIII. without delay, giving his consent to the immediate union of the fair young dowager and her lover. In truth, the consent of the King of France was by far the most important to Mary, because she had by her marriage become his subject, and a denizen of his realm, from whence she drew a dowry, and to which she had in reality brought no equivalent. Francis I. could have been justified by all laws in force at that time throughout Europe, if, on suspicion that the queen-dowager of his predecessor had plighted herself to an Englishman of humble birth, he had deprived her of the revenue and riches given her by the fondness of her recently-deceased husband. "Wherefore, Sire," continues Mary to Henry VIII., "since it hath pleased the said king to pray of you your favour and consent, I most humbly and heartily beseech you that it may like your grace to bear such favour

¹ Cottonian Collection; Caligula, B. iv.

² Letter of Suffolk to Wolsey.—Cottonian Collection; Caligula, B. vi.

and consent to the same, and advertise the said king by your writing of your own hand of your pleasure." But that was not sufficient. Through several hiatus made by the fire, which devoured so much manuscript history in the Cottonian collections, may be dimly perceived how Mary represents to her brother that it is for his honour not only to consent to her love-match himself, but to oblige all his council and peers "to agree thereto." She exhorts him "eftsoons for all the love it liked your grace to bear me, that you do not refuse, but grant me your favour and consent, in form before rehearsed; the which if you shall deny me, I am well assured to lead as desolate a life as ever had creature, the which I well know shall be my end." Meaning to touch Henry's fraternal tenderness by implying that the desolation she should feel in the foreign convent, which her disappointment would force her to enter, would be the death of her. "Always praying your grace to have compassion of me, my most loving sovereign lord and brother." She dates, as if in conclusion, "at Paris, the 15th day of February," but, ladylike, resumes the subject in a postscript, seeking to awaken in her brother's mind alarm for the danger threatened to his family honour if Francis I. should take new courage to resume his declarations of love: in such case Suffolk, who was her brother's favourite as well as her favoured lover, might come to some harm.

Suffolk next day took up the narrative, and transmitted to his own sovereign and Wolsey how King Francis I. was pleased to amuse himself. Francis appears to have been at St. Germain's, or some place as near to Paris, where he gave the official audience to Suffolk and his coadjutors concerning the restitution to England of the young queen-dowager. After the public and formal reception was concluded, the King of France signified to Suffolk his wish for a private interview. "His grace called me unto him," says Suffolk, in a letter to Wolsey still extant,¹ "and had me into his bedchamber, and said to me, 'My Lord of Suffolk, so there is a bruit [rumour] in this realm that you are come to marry with the queen your master's sister.' When I heard him say so, I answered him, and said, 'I trust your grace will not reckon so great a folly in me, as to come into a strange realm, and to marry a queen of the realm without his knowledge, and without the authority from the king my master.' I assured his grace that there was no such thing, and that it was never intended, either on the king my master's behalf, nor on mine."

Francis I., who was diverting himself by hearing what Suffolk would say, in ignorance of the full confidence which the young queen had bestowed on him the preceding evening, then rejoined: "Since you will not be plain with me, I will be plain with you." "Then," continues Suffolk, "he showed me that the queen herself had broken

¹ Holograph: Suffolk to Wolsey.—Cottonian Collection; Caligula, D. vi.

her mind to him, and that he had promised her, on his faith and troth and by the truth of a king, that he would help her to obtain what she did desire."¹ "Because you should not think," pursued Francis I. to his anxious auditor, "that I bear you in hand, I will say to you some words you have with her privily;" "and so he showed me a *ware word*, the which none alive could tell him but she." Suffolk was as much startled and confounded as the gay young monarch expected, when he found that the by-words under which he and Mary communed, as if in a spoken cipher, were known to him. "I was abashed," continued he, in his letter, "and the King of France saw that, and said: 'Because you shall say that you have found a kind prince and a loving, and because you shall think me no other, here I give you, in your hand, my faith and troth.'" It is probable that the chivalric monarch here gave his hand to Suffolk.

"By the word of a king, then," continued Francis, "'I shall never fail you, but help and advance the matter between you and her with as good a will as I would for mine own self.' And when he had done this, I could do no less than to thank his grace for the great goodness he intended to show to the queen and me." Suffolk, however, did not forget to urge on the consideration of his generous rival "that he was like to be undone, if the affair should come to his master's ears." "Let me alone for that," resumed Francis;² "I and the queen shall so instance your master that I trust he will be content; and because I would gladly put your heart at rest, I will, when I come to Paris, speak with the queen, and she and I both will write letters to the king your master with our own hands in the best manner that can be devised." "My lord," resumes Suffolk to Wolsey, "these were his proper [own] words." The queen, whose intercession Francis I. thus promised to the lovers, must have been his own consort Claude, the young sovereign of Bretagne, who would write to Henry VIII. as a European potentate and his equal. As none of Suffolk's letters are dated, their order can only be guessed by their tenor; and this, just quoted, appears to us the first he wrote home on the subject of his courtship with his royal master's sister, when she was Queen-dowager of France.

According to the schemes Henry VIII. and Wolsey had in hand, it suited them to give some present encouragement to the lovers, who had not owned their actual marriage; for Suffolk had not yet written his narrative to England of the events of February 12, which led to his espousals with the young queen. So the honeymoon ran on delightfully, and Mary thus acknowledged her brother's kind letters:—

¹ Holograph: Suffolk to Wolsey.—Cottonian Collection; Caligula, D. vi. Here the original is much burnt and tattered, but

the sense of what Francis engaged to is correctly stated above.

² Cottonian Collection; Caligula, D. vi.

"My most kind and loving Brother,¹—I humbly recommend me to your grace, thanking you entirely of [*for*] your comfortable letters, beseeching your grace, most humbly, so to continue toward me and my friends as our special trust is in your grace, and that it may like you with all convenient diligence to send for me, that I may shortly see your grace, which is the thing that I most desire in this world, and I and all mine are at your grace's commandment and pleasure.

"At Paris, the 6th day of March, by your loving sister,

[Endorsed]

"MARY.

"To the King's Grace these be delivered."

CHAPTER V.

ALL matters seemed now progressing for Mary as if the warlike Majesties of England and France had nought to do but to join all their energies to guard her from every grief, and to lap her young life in Elysium. Her brother, however, had intentions regarding her altogether in coincidence with his character, and was acting according to the plans of wily gamesters, who suffer their victims to win a little before they pluck them bare.

Wolsey and his king, in truth, had designs on the great wealth with which the fondness of Louis XII. had endowed Mary; but as Henry VIII. could not for shame bargain for his consent to her love-match, immediately in the very face of the free generosity with which Francis I. had agreed to part with all those riches out of his kingdom, and guarantee besides the payment of her dower, they had a fine game to play. It was no wish of Henry VIII. to scare his sister and Suffolk from their union, nor to manifest any anger until it was irreparable. Wolsey, therefore, wrote in reply to Suffolk, that he had discussed his letter with King Henry, "and his grace," he adds, "is marvellously rejoiced to hear of your good speed in the same, and how discreetly you ordered yourself in your conversation with the French king, when he first secretly broke with you of the marriage." "The king [Henry VIII.]," adds Wolsey, "continueth firmly in his good mind and purpose towards you, for the accomplishment of the said marriage, albeit there be daily on every side practices made to the prevention of the same, which I have withstood hitherto, and doubt not so to do until you have achieved your intended purposes."² Who could have distrusted a letter, private although it affected to be, which thus pledged the consent of the king and prime minister, only insinuating that there was opposition somewhere in the cabinet council? Never-

¹ Ellis's *Historical Letters*, vol. i. pp. 121-2, 1st series.—Cottonian Collection; Vespasian.

² Letter of Wolsey to Suffolk.—Rolls' Letter.

theless, Mary and Suffolk took courage, and, deeming the consent of Henry VIII. was granted, avowed their espousals, and lived publicly as man and wife at Paris; and at last, Suffolk had the boldness to write to Wolsey, March 5, 1514-15, announcing their nuptials, and begging his interest to reconcile King Henry to the same. Meantime, the news reaching England by general report, the matter was discussed in council.

Henry VIII. would not acknowledge any private sanction or encouragement given by him to the audacity of the ambassador. Of course, every member of the privy council who had any envy of Suffolk, or any apprehension concerning the heights to which the ambition of that favourite meant to lead him, spoke his mind on the subject with all possible bitterness. Such being exactly the result which Wolsey and his royal master anticipated, the former sat down to express to Suffolk in the following alarming letter, apparently sent early in March, the anger testified by Henry VIII. and his privy council at his proceedings:—

“My Lord,—With sorrowful heart I write unto you, signifying that I have, to my no little discomfort and inward heaviness, perceived by your letters dated at Paris the fifth day of this instant month, how that you be secretly married unto the king's sister, and have accompanied together as man and wife. And albeit you, by your said letters, desired me in no wise to disclose the same to the king's grace, yet seeing the same touching not only his honour, your promise made to his grace, and also my truth towards the same, I could do no less but, incontinent upon the sight of your said letter, declare and show the contents thereof to his grace, which at the first hearing could scanty believe the same to be true.”

Such was Henry VIII.'s mode of acting at the council-board, which was evidently where Wolsey had communicated Suffolk's intelligence; and this letter, so contrary to his preceding private ones, was certainly written as part of the current business of the council sitting. Wolsey affected to take upon himself the blame of having privately patronised the intentions of the lovers. He thus proceeds to say:—“But after I had showed to his grace that by your writing I had knowledge thereof, his grace, giving credence thereunto, took the same grievously and displeasantly, not only for that you durst presume to marry his sister without his knowledge, but also for breaking of your promise made to his grace *in his hand*, I being present, at Eltham; having also such assured affiance in your truth, that for all the world (and to have been torn with wild horses), you would not have broken your oath made to his grace, whence he doth well perceive that he is deceived of the constant and affirmed trust that he thought to have found in you. And, for my part, no man can be more sorry than I am that you have

so done ; and so his grace would that I should expressly write to you, being so *incholered* [angered] therewith that I cannot devise the remedy thereof, considering that you have failed to him, which hath brought you from low degree to be of this great honour, and that you were the man in all the world he loved and trusted best, and was content *that with good order and saving of his honour, you should have had in marriage his said sister*. Cursed be the blind affection and the counsel that hath brought you hereunto, fearing that such sudden and unadvised . . . shall have sudden repentance."

According to Wolsey's subsequent statements, Henry VIII. proposed to cut the knot of his sister's wedlock by cutting off the head of her new spouse¹—for Wolsey afterwards reproached him with having saved his life at this juncture—all which was mere acting on the part of the king, to further his purpose of getting the better price for his consent. There is, notwithstanding, reason to suppose that there were several items which Suffolk never wholly forgave. It was not pleasant to be reminded of his low degree just when he had taken an English princess for his mate, nor to see all these accusations of broken oaths and want of fidelity set forth in array against him as pretexts for stripping him of the wealth, so needful to support the high station he had taken by his ambitious marriage. Wolsey, however, does not close his despatch without opening the scheme in agitation between him and his ever-rapacious master, for gaining a supply of ready money, which their extravagance rendered so needful ; and the subtle prime minister gives a hint that pardon may be extended to the two delinquents for a consideration—that is, if they were willing to make sacrifice of the vast masses of plate and jewels which the young Queen-dowager of France had received from her late royal husband. Wolsey's letter caused both the lovers to write, for the purpose of averting the threatened wrath of Henry VIII., Mary taking all the blame of the marriage on herself:—

"Pleaseth it your grace,² to my great discomfort, sorrow, and disconsolation, but lately I have been advertised of the great and high displeasure which your highness beareth unto me and my Lord of Suffolk, for the marriage between us. Sire, I will not in any wise deny but that I have offended your grace, for the which I do put myself most humbly on your clemency and mercy. Nevertheless, to the intent that your highness should not think . . ."

And here the royal lady's epistle becomes illegible, from the united action of time and fire ; but she seems to exculpate herself from marrying Suffolk out of any low or degrading inclination, and that she had never taken such a step but from the despair into which she was thrown by the two friars, who accompanied the embassy, taking it

¹ Lord Herbert's *Henry VIII.*

² Cottonian Collection ; Calig. a. D. vi. fol. 242.

upon themselves to certify that the council would never consent to the marriage between her and Suffolk; and in her consternation she preferred throwing herself on her brother's mercy, rather than referring the marriage to his inimical council.

"Whereupon, sire," she continues, "I put it to my Lord of Suffolk's choice whether he would accomplish the marriage in four days, or else he should never have had me; whereby I know well that I constrained him to break such promises as he made to your grace, as well for fear of losing me as also that I ascertained [certified] him that by their consent [that of the privy council] I should never come into England.¹ And now that your grace knoweth both the offences of the which I have been the only occasion, I most humbly, as your most sorrowful sister, require you to have compassion upon us both, and to pardon our offences, and that it will please your grace to write to me and my Lord of Suffolk some comfortable words, which should be the greatest comfort for us.

"By your loving and most humble sister,

"To the King's grace."

"MARY.

As to the great sacrifice of treasure and jewels, which the poor young queen was expected to pay for pleasing herself, by wedding the man she loved, she had no thought but gratitude to Wolsey, for having suggested the possibility of her brother's willingness to accept such propitiation.

Notwithstanding the number of interesting letters which still exist, in the Cottonian Collection and other of our English archives, there are evidently many more lost. History, however, from the pens of Lord Herbert and Recorder Hall, declares that, by means of the French queen herself and other great friends, Mary and Suffolk obtained leave to come to England. The real case was that when Mary had expressed her readiness to surrender part or all of her dower, for her brother's permission to return and live in England with Suffolk, Cardinal Wolsey directed her to leave Paris with her husband and move forward to Calais. On this journey they set out April 18.²

From Calais Mary, according to a concerted plan with Wolsey, wrote a letter to be placed before the privy council, as the consent of that body was needful to legalise her marriage. It is, however, clear that the consent or non-consent of Henry's council in the affair was merely to bewilder the young girl, to obtain from her a higher price for consent to her wedlock.

Before Mary left Paris, and in the midst of her anxieties regarding Suffolk, she contrived to keep a vigilant eye on all going forward in

¹ Cottonian Collection; Caligula, D. vi. fol. 242. merely announcing their obedience to his directions.—Cottonian Collection; Caligula,

² Suffolk wrote to Wolsey on April 17, D. vi.

England, likely to compromise the interests of that craving and importunate little world she called her family or household. In behalf of the few English, chiefly belonging to the Church, that remained in her train as Queen of France, she recollected the most distant promise she had ever extorted from Wolsey, and showed the keenest appreciation of benefices and the relative value of their revenues. For John Palgrave, who had so well employed the scholarship exhibition she obtained for him, in the autumn, that he was now Master of Arts, she sued for one of the benefices vacant by the promotion of Dr. West to the bishopric of Ely. For Dr. Denton, her almoner, she claims the following promise of Wolsey, when he was making all things agreeable to her in her journey to France, the preceding year:—

“My lord,” she says, “you remember, I doubt not, that at my last being at Guildford you desired the king, my brother, to give unto my trusty and well-beloved almoner, Dr. Denton, the prebend in St. Stephen’s, which then the dean of the royal chapel, now Bishop of Lincoln, had in possession.” Wolsey had forgotten all his promises, and had given the preferment to his own chaplain—a proceeding by no means tolerated by the young queen, who insisted that Wolsey should desire his chaplain to resign the said prebend “to the behoof and use of my said almoner; and I promise you I will not cease until I have gotten some promotion of the king, my brother, or else of some other person for your said chaplain, which, I trust, shall be worth double the value of St. Stephen’s.” The young queen was very importunate in this matter, it must be owned, but she was excited, doubtless, by the urgency of those around her.

Mary was still at Paris in the beginning of April, as she dates her supplication on behalf of John Palgrave on the third of that month. In fact she lingered with her new husband there, under the protection of Francis I., as late as the 17th of April. Suffolk wrote to Wolsey on the preceding day, announcing their progress to Calais, where they were to wait, according to the wily prime minister’s instructions, until he had negotiated their reception in England by inducing the privy council to recognise their wedlock, which, indeed, it dared not dispute when Henry’s will and pleasure had been decisively spoken. From Calais Mary was to write a letter proper to be laid before the council, the draught or copy of which important epistle she was expected to forward to Wolsey, who, after examination, sent it back to her for fair transcription with his alterations and improvements. In this state the letter was found lately among the miscellaneous documents of the Exchequer in the Rolls’ House.¹ Very curious is the struggle between Mary’s affectionate spirit and loving words to her brother and the awful distance Wolsey deemed it necessary to be observed towards the

¹ Wood’s *Royal Letters*, vol. i. p. 204.

dread Tudor des-pot, even by his favourite sister, as a proper example to the lords of the council.

Mary has written as commencement—

“My most dear and entirely loved Brother,—In most tender and loving manner possible I recommend me to your grace.”

Wolsey, shocked at the idea of tender and loving feelings towards Henry VIII., has scored them out and substituted—

“In most humble manner I recommend me to your grace.”

This curious production, emanating as it did from Wolsey and the young Queen of France as allied powers, thus continues:—“Dearest brother, I doubt not but you have in your good remembrance that, whereas for the good of peace, you moved me to marry with my late lord and husband, King Louis of France, whose soul God pardon! Though I understood that he was very old and sickly, yet for the advancement of the said peace and for the furtherance of your causes, I was contented to conform myself to your said motion, so that if I should fortune to survive the late king, I might, with your good will, marry myself at my liberty without your displeasure. Whereunto, good brother, you condescended and granted, as you well know, promising unto me that in such case you would never provoke or move me, but as my own heart and mind should be best pleased, and that wheresoever I should dispose myself you would wholly be contented with the same. And upon that your good comfort and faithful promise I assented to the said marriage, which else I would never have granted to, as, at the same time, I showed you more at large.”

Mary's allusions to her own determined dislike of one of the most august of those splendid state marriages to which princesses generally passively submit, excite curiosity. Indeed, throughout the whole of her remarkable correspondence it is evident enough that this only rose on Tudor's thorny stem could manifest a will of her own as resolutely as the most violent of her race. Yet it is really an extraordinary circumstance how an attachment for Suffolk, thus steadfast in its character, could have taken root in her mind at her tender age, absolutely environed as he was with claimants on his hand. Probably the young princess knew of none of his engagements, excepting with the wife who was dead, or reported to be dead, or she would never have spoken of him openly in a letter, meant to be discussed by the executive council of the English Government, as she does here:—

“Now that God hath called my said late husband to His mercy, and that I am at my liberty, dearest brother, remembering the great virtues which I have seen and perceived, heretofore, in my Lord of Suffolk, to whom I have always been of good mind, as you well know, I have apprised and clearly determined to marry with him; and the

same, I assure you, hath proceeded only of mine own mind, without any request or labour of my said Lord of Suffolk, or of any other person. And to be plain with your grace, I have so bound myself unto him that, for no cause earthly, I will or may vary or change from the same. So, my good and most kind brother, I now beseech your grace to take this matter in good part, and to give unto me and my Lord of Suffolk your good will herein. Ascertaining you that upon the trust and comfort which I have, that you have always honourably regarded your promise."

No particulars of the young queen's departure from Paris and residence at Calais are to be found, excepting in the few words contained in this letter, from which it may be learned that she left the capital of her friend, Francis I., and advanced to Calais, where she awaited the success of the negotiation concerning the price Henry VIII. was pleased to put upon his consent to her return to England as Suffolk's wife.

It is certain that to retreat back under the protection of Francis would not have been difficult from Calais—less difficult, assuredly, than if she had crossed the sea. Although she trusted her person and that of her lord to her brother's governor of Calais, there is reason to believe that she left her valuables on the French frontier. The words she uses do not bespeak a mind wholly at ease in regard to her personal safety, and from them may be learned, withal, that she only trusted herself there on solemn parole or promise of safe conduct. "I am now come," she continues, "out of the realm of France, and have put myself within your jurisdiction in this your town of Calais, where I intend to remain, till such time as I shall have answer from you of your good and loving mind herein, *which I would not have done but upon the faithful trust that I have in your said promise*. Humbly beseeching your grace, for the great and tender love which hath ever been, and shall be, between you and me, to hear your gracious mind and show yourself to be agreeable thereunto, and to certify me by your most loving letters of the same, *till which time I will make mine abode* here, and no farther enter your realm."

The young queen anxiously presses upon her brother's attention her willingness to give him, she says, "all the dote that was delivered with me, and also all such plate of gold and jewels as I shall have of my late husband's. Over and besides this, I shall, rather than fail, give you as much yearly part of my dower as great a sum as shall stand with your will and pleasure."

It seems downright plunder of Henry VIII. to receive from his helpless sister all she was willing to give rather than the man her heart had elected should be molested; she very piteously implores him "to show brotherly love, affection, and good mind to her in

this behalf, which to hear of," she says, "I *abide* [wait] with most desire."

She does not fail to entreat of him "not to be miscontented with my Lord of Suffolk," taking upon herself the whole blame of her love-match, and answering in a very naïve manner for Suffolk's unwillingness, as she expressly tells her brother, she "in manner inferred to be agreeable to the same, without any request by him made, as knoweth our Lord."

The desire in the sixteenth century for the possession of ready cash or tangible valuables, and the comparative disregard for landed property, was one of the most remarkable features of the era. Possessors of land could readily obtain from their tenants the soundest materials for the sustenance of life, for shelter, warmth, and clothing, but it was not so easy to derive from them any portion of income, in the convenient shape of money.

Henry VIII., from the time he first invested his favourite Brandon with the empty title of Duke of Suffolk, must have planned the appropriation of all the glittering baubles his young sister had earned by her marriage with Louis XII., and even of the yearly income paid her from France by way of dower, for he now remunerated her for this vast mass of personal property by settling on Suffolk's heirs male the great landed estates which had escheated to the crown, after the execution of the unfortunate son of De la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, and Elizabeth Plantagenet, sister of Edward IV. The settlement of these estates was singular, since all authorities declare that Suffolk did not possess them until after his marriage with Henry VIII.'s sister;¹ and yet they were not her appanage but his, since they were successfully claimed in after times by his collateral relatives of the Brandon family. The extreme fondness of Mary, as manifested in her letters, was probably the reason of this preference given to her newly-wedded lord, to her own interests and that of her descendants. Be this as it may, it is evident that these estates had been reserved as an apparent equivalent for the ready cash and valuables, which Mary cagerly sacrificed as the price of her brother's recognition of her love-match.

CHAPTER VI.

THE young Queen-dowager of France was relieved from all trouble and apprehension regarding her negotiation with her brother and Wolsey, about the end of April or the beginning of May. In lovely weather,

¹ The authorities, which are consonant with all modern discoveries of historical antiquaries, are quoted in *Biog. Britannica*, in the discussion of the descent of Suffolk's granddaughter Lady Jane Gray.

wafted by favourable breezes, and on a summer sea, she gaily sailed from Calais with her beloved. In different mood had she landed there, tempest-tossed, and a weeping bride, on the stormy morning of October 3, the preceding autumn.

Mary brought with her all the treasures lavished upon her by her ancient husband—all the round pearls and long rubies, measured by the inch, all the broad tablet diamonds, and sparkling pointed diamonds, now called brilliants—"her winning in France," as she very naïvely terms all she had amassed in her eighty days' queenship.

One diamond of uncommon splendour, called "*le Miroir de Naples*," was much regretted by Francis I., who would have redeemed it at any price;¹ but Mary Tudor carried it off with her to England—a trait of character which neither illustrates her gratitude nor generosity, unless the excuse is allowed that she would be called to close account for every one of these glittering baubles, by her rapacious brother, as part of the ransom of Suffolk's liberty or life. Mary crossed the sea enriched with personal property to the amount of 200,000*l.*, chiefly in jewels of the remarkable kind described in this biography: and a curious question it is to ask what has become of them, and where they are at present?—for jewels are indestructible, and they must be at this moment in some collection or other, bright as when they were "the winning" of the young queen-duchess.

Henry VIII. received his sister with as much heartiness, at his Greenwich Palace, as if he had dictated to her the disposal of her hand. He chose, however, that she should be publicly married to Suffolk at the Grey Friars' Church, Greenwich, May 13, when he and Katharine of Arragon graced the wedding. Tournaments were given at Greenwich Palace, in honour of the nuptials. Suffolk became poetical on the occasion, and caused two quaint rhymes, expressive of his advancement and, at the same time, of his humility, to be inscribed on his banner, which lines found great favour in the sight of his royal brother-in-law. They have been often quoted:—

"Cloth of gold, do not despise,
Though thou hast wedded cloth of frieze.
Cloth of frieze, be not too bold,
Though thou hast wedded cloth of gold."²

It scarcely needs explanation that Charles Brandon symbolised his royal bride by "cloth of gold," and himself by "cloth of frieze." It is just possible that his rhyme eventually saved his head.

The expenses of Suffolk's embassies, tournaments, and marriage had been enormous; he owed large sums to the crown, which he expected would have been excused, on account of his marriage with the

¹ Lord Herbert's *Life of Henry VIII.*

² In the contemporary portraits of the Duke of Suffolk and his bride, the Queen-Duchess Mary, in one frame, hand in hand,

these lines are inscribed on his banner. The painting was sold at Strawberry Hill.—*Ellis's Historical Letters*, vol. i. p. 123, 1st series

king's sister. Wolsey called in the money, upon which a violent quarrel ensued between him and the duke, which was never wholly pacified.

Suffolk withdrew his wife into the country, where they took possession of the vast appanage now granted them by Henry VIII. from the property of the De la Poles, Dukes of Suffolk. Among the seats and manors once belonging to Edmund De la Pole, lately executed in the Tower, may be reckoned Mary's favourite residence, Westhorpe Hall, near St. Edmund's Bury, Suffolk; Donnington Castle, the inheritance of Chaucer's granddaughter, the first Duchess of Suffolk; Wingfield Castle, Suffolk; Rising Castle, Norfolk; and Lethering-Butley, in Herefordshire.

When Margaret, Queen of Scotland, visited the court of her brother, May, 1516, her sister, whom she had not seen since her childhood, met her at Greenwich Palace. The festivals and tournaments were again on the grandest and most expensive scale, rendering a retreat into the country for retrenchment necessary. The priest of the Earl of Shrewsbury sends a news-letter to his lord, in which he notes as an item: "June, 1516. The French queen and the Duke of Suffolk be out of the court." And again rumours circulate that Wolsey and the council were severely pressing for the pecuniary debt owed by the Duke of Suffolk to the revenue, when he was parading his empty title, and vying in expense of train and accoutrements with the magnates of France.

In this year the Queen-duchess gave birth to her first child, a boy, to whom the king and queen acted as sponsors. The king bestowed his own name, Henry, on his infant nephew, and subsequently created him Earl of Lincoln.

The king promised to visit Mary and her husband in the autumn at Donnington Castle, and the following letter was written to him by his sister in anticipation of this event:—

"My most dearest and right entirely beloved Lord and Brother,¹—
In my most humble wise I recommend me unto your grace, showing unto your grace that I do [*hear*] by my lord and husband that you are pleased and contented that he shall resort unto your presence, at such time as your grace shall be at his manor of Donnington, whereby I see well that he is marvellously rejoiced and much comforted that it hath liked your grace so to be pleased; for the which especial goodness to him, showed in that behalf, and for sundry and many other your kindness, as well to me as to him, showed and given in divers *causes* [*cases*], I most humbly thank your grace, assuring you that for the same I account myself as much bounden to your grace as ever *swster* [*sister*] was to brother; and, according thereunto, I shall, to the best

¹ Cottonian Collection; Caligula, B. vi.

of my power during my life, endeavour myself, as far as in me shall be possible, to do the thing that shall stand with your pleasure. An' if it had been time convenient, or your grace had been therewith pleased, I would most gladly have accompanied my said lord in this journey. But I trust that both I and my said lord shall see you, according to your grace's word in your last letters unto my said lord, which is the thing which I desire more to obtain than all the honour of the world.

"And thus I beseech our Lord to send unto you, my most dearest lord and entirely beloved brother, long and prosperous life, with the full accomplishment of all your honourable desires; most humbly praying your grace that I may be humbly recommended unto my most dearest and best beloved sister, the queen's grace, and to the Queen off Scottys, my well-beloved sister.

"From Lethering, in Suffolk, the 9 day of September, by the hand of your loving suster,

"MARY, Quene off France."

The young Queen-duchess came to assist in the May festivals, held at Richmond Palace in 1517. These sports were fatally interrupted by the riots raised by the apprentices in London streets, and called Evil Mayday. Mary joined with her sister queens, Katharine of Arragon and Margaret of Scotland, in begging mercy for the unhappy boys. The birth of her eldest daughter occurred a few weeks afterwards, at Hatfield, in the neighbourhood of St. Albans, on July 16, 1517, being St. Francis's Day, in honour of whom the infant was named Frances. The baptism was an interesting ceremony. The royal Katharine of Arragon held the babe at the font; the other godmother was "my Lady Princess," the infant's cousin-german, herself an infant of eighteen months old, afterwards Queen Mary.¹ The godfather was the Abbot of St. Albans. The name of the infant preserved the memory of her parents' gratitude to Francis I., and we fear it was written in the masculine gender, without the feminising *e* for a difference. She presents the first instance of the name as pertaining to any English-woman, but it soon became fashionable.

When Cardinal Wolsey was entertained at Letheringham Hall by the Duke of Suffolk, the Queen-duchess had a fair petitioner, whom she introduced to the powerful premier, encouraging her to tell her sad tale to him. This was "her well-beloved and trusty maid, Susan Savage." The brother of Mary's damsel, Antony Savage, was in some bad predicament, hiding from the wrath of Wolsey, or of Henry VIII., and his affectionate sister, who only knew of his whereabouts, wished to make his peace with Wolsey before he ventured out of his concealment. Wolsey could not deny the entreaties of his royal hostess and the tears of her maid Susan; so, when they beset him in

¹ Lodge's *Illustrations*, vol. i.

the illuminated hall of Letheringham, he promised all things "reasonable" in behalf of Antony Savage.

Notwithstanding her want of ready money, Mary sustained her dignity, tolerably well, on the resources of her landed property, transferring her residence with great pomp in turn to her numerous country seats, where she always assumed the rank and etiquette of a Queen-dowager of France. As a great part of her French income was devoured by her royal brother, the expenses attendant on royal etiquette made poverty a not unfrequent guest. The ladies, gentlemen and priests of her train, who were consequently rather needy, kept a hungry and vigilant cognisance on every contingency likely to benefit them. Very frequently did the Queen-duchess write to Wolsey on these occasions. When she wanted the living of Grafton Flyford, in Worcestershire, worth twelve marks per annum, for her chaplain, she wrote to demand it as a promise made by Wolsey to her chamberlain, Sir Humphrey Bannister, and to her councillor, Henry Wingfield, Esq., in behalf of her chaplain; therefore she had both chamberlain and council, like any other queen, and she dates from the manor of Rising,¹ apparently Castle Rising, near Lynn, so long the abode of her ancestress, Queen Isabel, the criminal widow of Edward II.

Mary strove to counteract by retirement in the country the habitual extravagance of her husband Suffolk's tastes, which were as inordinate for personal finery, for building, and for all costly pleasures as those of his royal master. Appertaining to the grant bestowed by Henry VIII. was a palace in Southwark, either built or rebuilt at an early period of Mary's marriage. It was called Suffolk House, and was situated on the Surrey side of London Bridge. It had two parks along the south bank of the Thames, and a maze or labyrinth, like that at Hampton Court. The name still clings to one of the squalid courts or lanes in Southwark, where the young dowager French queen, Mary Tudor, Suffolk's duchess, once enjoyed the river air among the pleasures of her palace. Before Suffolk House was finished, it appears that Mary had possession of Stepney or Stebenhith Palace, then belonging to the see of London, but anciently considered as one of the palaces of King John. From thence she dates some of her letters to the king her brother.²

Mary the Queen-duchess, as second lady in England, assisted Queen Katharine when she made a royal progress, with a great train of English ladies, to meet the Emperor Charles V. at Canterbury, where Pentecost was kept in right royal state. Here Katharine of Arragon beheld for the first time her nephew, Charles V., and Mary her former betrothed Charles of Castile and Austria, from whom the Cortes and the

¹ Rolls' Letter.

² *Retrospective Review* (new series).

machinations of Wolsey had divided her. All the court ladies were exceedingly curious to observe what effect the dazzling loveliness of Mary—who was only then in her twenty-second year—would have on the fancy of the young emperor; and they were infinitely gratified with the result. “For,” says Lord Herbert, “it was remarked that he beheld her with sorrowful admiration, as if regretful that he had rejected so fair a princess. To his dejection on this account they attributed his entire refusal to dance, instead of the excuse he pleaded, that dancing was inconsistent with his national gravity.”¹

On the very day of the emperor’s departure, Henry VIII., accompanied by his queen, his sister Queen Mary, her husband and the chief nobility of England, sailed from Dover to meet Francis I. at Guisnes, where they all performed parts in the historical pageant called the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

Mary was regarded as the beauty of the courts of France and England at the Field of Gold. In point of rank she was second lady of each realm; and owing to the retiring characters of Queen Katharine and Queen Claude, she had to appear for both. On these occasions she was seen riding on her palfrey between Francis I. and her brother Henry VIII., the most admired person in the scene.²

After all these triumphs and pageants, the war in France involved the Queen-duchess in a series of pecuniary troubles. The first threatening of hostilities between Henry VIII. and Francis I. was felt in the irregularity of her receipts from France. Nor was her own privation the worst feature in the case. Her brother’s officers of the Exchequer were as rapacious in demanding that part of it she had engaged to pay, as if the war had been her fault and not her heavy misfortune. In anticipation of all sorts of troubles, she wrote thus to Wolsey from one of her Suffolk residences—Wingfield Castle, a royal abode of which little more than its stately gateway remains:—

“My Lord,—In my most hearty wise I commend me unto you. So it is, divers of my rights and dues concerning my dote³ in France have been, of late time, staid and restrained in such wise as I, nor mine officers there, may not have nor receive the same as they have done in times past, being to my damage therein, and to their great trouble in many ways, as my trusty servant George Hampton, this bearer, shall show unto you, to whom I pray you give credence in the same. And, my lord, in these and in all others, I evermore have and do put mine only trust and confidence in you, for the redress of the same, entirely desiring you therefore that I may have the king’s grace,

¹ Lord Herbert’s *Henry VIII.*; Bishop Godwin’s *Life of Henry VIII.*

² Herbert; Hall.

³ *Dote* means dower.

my dearest brother's, letters and yours into France, to such as my said servant shall desire. And by the same I trust my said causes shall be brought to such good conclusion and order now, that I shall from henceforth enjoy my rights therein as amplewise as I have done heretofore. An' so it may stand with your pleasure, I would gladly my said dearest brother's ambassadors, being in France, now by your good means, should have the delivery of all these said letters, with their furtherance of the contents of the same, to do that [which] they may do.

"And thus, my lord, I am evermore bold to put you to pains without any recompense, unless my good mind and hearty prayer, whereof you shall be assured during my life to the best of my power, as knoweth our Lord, who have you in His blessed tuition.

"At Wingfield Castle, the third day of August,

"Yours assured,

[Endorsed]

"MARY, the French Queen.

"To mine especial good lord my Lord Cardinal."

The Queen-duchess must have written this letter in the summer of 1522, for the war, though long threatening, did not break out into actual hostilities until the spring of the succeeding year, on the invasion by Francis I. of Charles V.'s Italian acquisitions. Of course a positive cessation then took place of all Mary's French revenue. In the numerous treaties and State papers of her brother-in-law, negotiating peace, the restoration of her dower or dote is most sedulously insisted upon, with all arrears.

CHAPTER VII.

MARY had to play the hostess to her formerly betrothed spouse, Charles V., whom she received and entertained in her newly-built palace of Suffolk House, Southwark. The emperor remained six weeks in England, his errand being to engage himself to Mary Tudor, the eldest daughter of Henry VIII., Princess Royal of England, for whom he would have had to wait many years, and who never promised to possess the personal graces of her aunt.

The Queen-duchess was then the happy mother of two children—a son, Henry Earl of Lincoln,¹ and a daughter. Again Charles the Great was observed to contemplate this beautiful and sweet-tempered princess with increased regret; while she, happy in the husband of her choice,

¹ Bishop Godwin's *Life of Henry VIII.*

coveted not the imperial crown she might have shared with this great sovereign.

A cloud soon after darkened the felicity she was enjoying. About 1524 her appearance at the court of her brother, where she had hitherto shone as the bright particular star, was less frequent, and she was considered to have withdrawn from public life. Some private unhappiness was the cause of the change, evidently connected with the report prevalent that one or other of Suffolk's former wives claimed him, some time before the birth of the Lady Eleanor Brandon, on which account the political partisans of the claims of that lady's descendants loudly affirmed that they were the only legitimate heirs of the House of Tudor. That Suffolk had, in his youth, two wives and one betrothed spouse alive at the same time, genealogists assert. Again, the terrible retribution, both public and private, may be seen to fall on the unfortunate and innocent descendants of those who break the tie which unites the families of the earth. In the case of Margaret Tudor, it was the sin and wickedness of the woman and the queen that injured the legitimacy of her own descendants; while in that of her sister, Mary, it was the former evil doings of her chosen partner, her only loved one, that now rose like a black shadow to mar their wedded happiness. Whether the first Lady Brandon, Anne Browne,¹ or her cousin Lady Mortimer, was the claimant is unknown, but whosoever she might be she did not long survive the assertion of the rival claim on Suffolk's hand, for Lady Eleanor, the second daughter of the Queen-duchess and Suffolk, was universally allowed to have no stain on her legitimacy.²

Mary bore this blight on her happiness with meekness and dignity. She withdrew farther from the ken of the world, and devoted herself to rearing her three children, and doing good in a remote and uncivilised district of her native country.

The war between England and France ceased after the battle of Pavia, when the wise Lady-regent of France made peace with Henry VIII. The second article of the pacification between England and France in 1525 provided that Mary the Queen-dowager of France was to enjoy the full profits of her dower for the future, and to receive the arrears already due to her by half-yearly instalments of 5,000 crowns per annum from her jointure in France.

The peace with France enabled the Queen-duchess to renew her

¹ They were the daughter and niece of Lord Montague, whose mother, the immediate heiress of the claims of the great house of Neville, had been forced into an inferior match by the policy of Henry VII. It was not till 1529 that the claim of Lady Mortimer on the hand of the Duke of Suffolk was invalidated. Cardinal Wolsey had the mar-

riage of his princess confirmed, and the deed remains in the State Paper Office, endorsed by Burleigh's own hand.—State Papers: "Domestic Records, Henry VIII."

² *Conference on the English Succession*, by J. Dolman, 1598. There are likewise passages in Strype and Dugdale which confirm the assertion.

friendship and correspondence with her former favourite attendant, Jane Popincourt, who had long been a resident in Paris, whence she wrote a loving letter to her royal friend, recalling herself to her remembrance, and sending her two fashionable head-dresses for her young daughters. The present was graciously accepted by the Queen-duchess, who wrote a very kind letter in reply, thanking her for the gift.

The plague called the sweating sickness, which passed over England in the autumn of 1527, occasioned the retirement of the court to Tittenhanger, and is notable in history as being the occasion of a temporary reunion between Katharine of Arragon and Henry VIII. In that endemic Mary Tudor, the Queen-duchess, lost her only son Henry, who is supposed to have died at the Southwark palace called Suffolk House. The loss of her boy took all remaining enjoyment from Mary's high and palmy state of worldly felicity; she retired with her daughters Frances and Eleanor to her favourite manor of Westhorpe in Suffolk, seldom approaching her brother's court.

It could not have been a pleasant contemplation for her to behold the deprivations of her earliest friend and good sister-in-law, Queen Katharine, while the female who had been maid of honour to them both was exalted in her place. Neither, peradventure, did the Queen-duchess much approve the manner in which Anne Boleyn vindictively pursued Cardinal Wolsey to his overthrow. Her health was precarious, and prevented her from often approaching the ill-conducted court of her brother, yet she ever and anon craved the visits of his physicians at her own residence in West Suffolk. Her husband could not have shared her home very often, because he constantly occupies a leading part among the stormy occurrences of Henry VIII.'s reign, by insulting and trampling down the falling Wolsey, and behaving with still greater brutality to his royal mistress Queen Katharine.

Sometimes the Duke of Suffolk met with retorts from Wolsey, which had evident allusion to his own former adventures. When Cardinal Campeggio departed from England and postponed the royal divorce, Suffolk made himself conspicuous at council by his zeal for the king's wishes. Starting from his seat and striking the table before him furiously, he swore, while casting a wrathful scowl on Wolsey, "England had never been merry England since cardinals held rule!"

Rising with dignity, Wolsey replied: "Of all men within this realm, you, sir, have the least cause to dispraise cardinals, since but for me ye at this time would have had no head upon your shoulders, and no tongue able to make so much against us who intend ye no cause of displeasure! Ye have lost at friendship ye have re-

ceived at mine hands, which I never before revealed to any one alive!"¹

Cavendish, who either witnessed this dialogue, or heard his master the cardinal relate the incident, adds that Suffolk was struck speechless, and by his silence acknowledged the justice of Wolsey's rebuke on his ingratitude. In fact, we, in these latter times, are aware that if Suffolk had carried on his attack, a letter could have been produced under the hand of his wife, declaring that he owed his life to the friendly offices of Wolsey. For that letter is still extant in the British Museum; it is among the series written by the Queen-duchess at the anxious period of her marriage with Suffolk, and the cardinal had it then in his possession.

While her absent husband was involved in the turmoils agitating the court of England, Mary was looked up to, in the remote province of East Anglia, as if she were a female sovereign. Her name is to this hour remembered in Suffolk, through her exertions in the encouragement of the abbot's great fair, held at Bury St. Edmund's. She came every year with her queenly retinue in state from Westhorpe Hall, entered the town with music, and was conducted to a magnificent tent prepared for the reception of herself and train.

She was present when the Abbot of Bury had his fair proclaimed; she then gave receptions to the country ladies who came to make purchases at Bury Fair, and to be present at the balls in the evenings, where the Queen-duchess presided.

The festive and fashionable department of Bury Fair entirely owes its origin to the younger sister of Henry VIII.; even in that department she did good to the land she lived in. But the grateful traditions of the people point to conduct far more deserving praise; Mary encouraged the staple commodities brought by the industrious Suffolk peasants to that once great and useful mart, Bury Fair. The principal object of her patronage was the now declining and trampled-down manufacture of Suffolk hempen cloth. Bury Fair was likewise a mart for Suffolk cheese.² It is by no means our intention to dilate on the virtues of the latter commodity; but to mention the East Anglian linen cloth, which at that period rivalled in delicacy and durability that of Holland.

¹ Cavendish.

² Flet cheese is proverbially condemned, but in that part of Suffolk called the Wood-

lands Suffolk, one-meal cheese is often sold for Stilton, to which in flavour it bears a strong resemblance.

CHAPTER VIII.

WESTHORPE HALL, the favourite residence of Mary Tudor, remained complete late in the last century, with its chapel, its beautiful painted glass windows, cloisters, and original furniture; it was kept just in the order it used to be when the Queen-duchess held her courts there. About seventy years ago, the demon of destruction passed into the persons who had power over it; Westhorpe Hall was entirely pulled down, and the furniture and materials sold and dispersed. The Queen-duchess kept a grand retinue, and then had a noble income from her French dower. Mary was the guardian of Katharine Willoughby, the heiress of Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, whose mother, the Lady Marie de Salures, was the near relative and favourite friend of Henry VIII.'s noble repudiated queen, Katharine of Aragon. The young lady, Katharine Willoughby, the sole heiress of the marriage of her father with the queen's first Spanish lady of honour, always resided in the family of the Queen-duchess, and became afterwards her successor as the fourth wife of Suffolk. The Queen-duchess was a great benefactress to monastic institutions, especially to the Abbey of Mendham, the remains of which are to be seen in the meadows of the Waveney, in Suffolk. Among the ruins of Mendham Abbey have been found her royal armorial bearings, with two angels supporting over them the crown of France.¹

Her eldest daughter, the Lady Frances Brandon, was growing up very beautiful; she had been elaborately educated, and Suffolk desired to ally her in marriage to the heir of some noble and wealthy house connected with the royal family. With this object in view he fixed upon Henry Gray, Marquis of Dorset, the great-grandson of Queen Elizabeth Woodville by her first marriage with Sir John Gray. Henry had, it is true, been contracted by his late father, Thomas Marquis of Dorset, to Lady Katharine Fitzallan, the daughter of the Earl of Arundel, and was bound to forfeit 4,000 marks, unless he fulfilled his engagement; but as soon as his father was dead he forsook his noble bride, and behaved most undutifully to his mother, the widowed marchioness, in whose wardship he was left. After a while Suffolk wrote to the dowager marchioness, proposing to unite his eldest daughter by the French queen to her son, and that the wardship of the young marquis should be transferred to himself, for the residue of the young noble's minority. The marchioness had no alternative, for Suffolk's proposition was backed by a recommendation from the king, which she well knew amounted to a command.

¹ The engraving is published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

The young marquis became a resident in Suffolk's family. The Queen-duchess was then in very ill health, and in contemplation of a journey to London for better advice, wrote the following letter to her royal brother, King Henry. It has no date, but internal evidence proves it must have been written then :—

“My most dearest and best beloved Brother, I humbly recommend me to your grace. Sir, so it is that I have been very sick and ill at ease, for the which I was fain to send for Master Peter the Fesysyon, for to have holpen me of this disease that I have; howbeit I am rather worse than better, wherefore I trust surely to come up to London with my lord. For an' if I should tarry here I am sure I should never asperge the sickness that I have. Wherefore, sir, I would be the gladder a great deal to come [go] thither, because I would be glad to see your grace, the which I do think long for to do. For I have been a great while out of your sight, and now I trust I shall not be so long again. For the sight of your grace is the greatest comfort to me that may be possible. No more to your grace at this time, but I pray God to send you your heart's desire, and surely to the sight of you.

“By your loving *suster*,

“MARY, the Frenche qu * * *.”¹

The journey was undertaken by the Queen-duchess in March 1533, and the marriage of the Marquis of Dorset and the Lady Frances Brandon was solemnised at that time. But the Queen-duchess, deriving no benefit from the physician, returned to Westhorpe Hall with the bride, her eldest daughter, leaving the Duke of Suffolk and her son-in-law, Dorset, to perform their devoir at the coronation of the new queen, Anne Boleyn, to which they had both received summonses.

Dorset bore the sceptre at Anne Boleyn's coronation, having been previously made a Knight of the Bath; so also was Henry Lord Clifford, the eldest son of the Earl of Cumberland, the betrothed husband of the Lady Elcanor Brandon.

Both her daughters were with their mother at Westhorpe Hall, but Suffolk and her two sons-in-law were still in London, engaged in the festivities of the royal bridal, when the Queen-duchess expired, June 25th. Her body was embalmed and borne in solemn procession, on July 20, from Westhorpe Hall to Bury Abbey, Garter King-at-Arms and the other heralds being followed by an equestrian procession of lords and ladies. The Ladies Frances and Elcanor rode as chief mourners, each on a black steed caparisoned with black velvet, and supported by the Marquis of Dorset and Lord Clifford.

When in the Abbey church, these two ladies, preceded by Garter King-at-Arms, each placed a pall of cloth of gold on the coffin of their

¹ Harleian MS.

royal mother; but, to the surprise of everyone, they were instantly followed by their half-sisters, the daughters of the Duke of Suffolk by his repudiated wife, who advanced and made the like splendid offering by each placing a cloth of gold pall on the coffin. The Lady Frances and the Lady Eleanor immediately rose and retired, without tarrying for the conclusion of the funeral rites. It would seem that the daughters of their father signified that they acknowledged Mary had become their step-mother after she had married him for the second time.

A stately monument, elaborately ornamented, was raised to the memory of the Queen-duchess Mary Tudor. Scarcely, however, was it completed, when it shared the destruction to which her brother doomed the glorious structure where she was interred. The Abbey church, resisting the pickaxes of the destroyers, was blasted and torn by mines of gunpowder; but even now, blackened and rent as it is, the remains tower on high like a riven mountain. The Bury townspeople hastily removed the coffin of the Queen-duchess into the neighbouring church of St. Mary, where it was placed in a rude tomb before the altar, constructed of slabs of stone from the dilapidated Abbey church, cemented together. The vault-stone which had in the Abbey been put immediately over the coffin of Mary Tudor, plain as it was, had henceforth to do duty as her monument. Upon it even now may be deciphered "Mary Quene." Sundry little crosses,¹ much resembling the consecration crosses of the Roman Catholic altars, are engraven on it; by which we are inclined to suppose that it was, in fact, the altar-stone of the desecrated Abbey church. A marble tablet with a modern inscription is now by the wall at the head of the tomb which at present stands at the right side of the altar of St. Mary's church.² But that was not its original station.

The corpse of the sister of Henry VIII. was subjected to a second disinterment. Room was wanted for the communicants at St. Mary's altar in 1734, when the tomb was pulled down. Everyone supposed it was a mere cenotaph, but the queen's body was discovered, within the space formed by the stone slabs, laid in a leaden case somewhat resembling the human form. On the breast was engraved, "Marye, Quene of Ffranc, 1533, Edmund B." The body was in a wonderful state of preservation, a profusion of long fair hair glittering like gold was spread over it; of this a handful was cut off by Sir John Cullum. Several of the antiquaries present at the exhumation of the Queen-duchess likewise possessed themselves of part of this abundant *chevelure* which had resisted all the deforming powers of corruption. Little did

¹ These crosses, five in number, denote "the five wounds our Lord did bear." They were removed at the Reformation. One of these altar-stones may be seen in the

porch of Reydon church, forming a portion of the pavement.

² *History of St. Edmund's Bury Abbey.*

Mary, the lovely Queen-duchess, and her attendant maidens think, when these far-famed tresses of paly gold were combed out and braided at her bridal toilet with pride and care, that a day would come when they would be profaned by the rude grasp of strange men, and even subjected to the hammer of an auctioneer.

In the beginning of the present century, a lock of this beautiful queen's hair was advertised, lotted, and puffed in the catalogue of the household furniture of a deceased Beccles antiquary, who had taken it from her tomb: aye, and it was knocked down to the best bidder, in company with chairs and tables, pots, spits, kettles, and pans.

Very recently, at the utter desolation of Stowe, when the personals of her descendant and representative, the late Duke of Buckingham, were sold, another lock of Mary Tudor's hair was publicly knocked down to a curiosity-dealer. The ill fate of the line of Stuart was fully rivalled by that of the sister stem descended from Mary Tudor.

THE LADY JANE GRAY.¹

CHAPTER I.

LADY JANE GRAY is without exception the most noble character of the royal Tudor lineage. She was adorned with every virtue that is lovely in domestic life, while her piety, learning, and courage qualified her to give lustre to a crown. Her birth was preceded by those of a brother and sister, who died in early infancy. She was herself born in October 1537, very nearly at the same time as her royal cousin Prince Edward.

Her mother, Lady Frances, was dowered in the fine estate of Bradgate, inherited by Henry Marquis of Dorset from his ancestors the Grays of Groby. A few words may be spared to describe that noble domain where Lady Jane Gray was born and educated.

Bradgate, the birthplace and home of our Lady Jane, is situated in the most sequestered part of Leicestershire, backed by rugged eminences, but with lowly and fertile valleys in the foreground. The approach to the demesne (which is about five miles from Leicester) from the village of Cropston is striking. On the left are seen masses of venerable trees, in the midst of which rise the remains of the once magnificent mansion of the Grays of Groby. On the right is a hill called "the Coppice," which term certainly was given when the word signified something different from its present use. But it is "coped" by nature with vast wedges of slate, yet so intermixed with fern and forest-flowers as to form a most beautiful contrast to the deep shades of the neighbouring woods. A winding trout-stream steals from one slate rock to another, washing the very walls of the castle while it prattles on its way to the merry meads of Swithland, a village standing at the feet of lordly Bradgate. In the distance, situate upon a hill, rises a lofty tower, called by the country people "Old John," pertaining to the more ancient castle of the Ferrers of Groby. The "Old John," or "donjon," commands a grand view over seven counties, including the distant castles of Nottingham and Belvoir. As for the more modern mansion of Bradgate, Fuller says:—"This fair, large, and beautiful palace was

¹ The life of the Lady Frances Brandon, Marchioness of Dorset, is so inextricably connected with those of her daughters Lady Jane and Lady Katharine Gray, that to

avoid repetition and confusion of chronology it is expedient to combine them, and relate events common to all in natural order as they occurred.

erected in the early part of the reign of Henry VIII. by Thomas Gray, second Marquis of Dorset. It is built principally of red brick, of a square form, with a turret at each corner." Excepting the chapel and kitchen, the princely quadrangle of Bradgate has now become a ruin, desolated by fire in the seventeenth century; but a tower still stands which local tradition declares to be the birthplace of the Lady Jane. Traces of the tilt-yard are visible, with the garden walls, and a noble terrace whereon Jane often played and sported in her childhood. The rose and lily still spring wildly in favourable nooks of that tangled wilderness, once the pleasance or pleasure-garden of Bradgate. The brook gambols on one side of the pleasance, and gives nourishment to a grand group of ancient chestnut trees.

"This was thy home, then, gentle Jane,
This thy green solitude;—and here
At evening, from thy gleaming pane,
Thine eyes oft watched the dappled deer
(While the soft sun was in its wane)
Browsing beside the brooklet clear.
The brook yet runs, the sun sets now,
The deer still browseth—where art thou?"

In consequence of the vicinity of Bradgate to Leicester, the noble family of Gray were always regarded as princes in that neighbourhood.

The town-books of Leicester record various presents of wine, fruit, and other good things, given to the Marquis of Dorset and his lady, on their occasional visits to that town. For instance, there is "a charge of two shillings and sixpence for strawberries and wine, for my lady's grace. From mistress mayoress and her sisters." Also, on another occasion, "four shillings paid to the 'pothiarry for making a gallon of Ippoeras, that was given to my lady's grace, by mistress mayoress and her sisters, the wives of the aldermen of Leicester, who gave besides wafers, apples, pears, and walnuts at the same time."

In proof of the good feeling then existing between the members of the royal family, we find that the mother of Lady Jane Gray "sent the Princess Mary, as the new year's gift of January 1542-3, a worked chemise and half-a-dozen worked handkerchiefs. The fee to the bearer was 10s."¹ "The lady Frances sent the like present to the Princess Mary, Christmas, January 1543-4, and her man was paid the same fee."²

The Marquis of Dorset engaged Aylmer, afterwards Bishop of London,³ as the domestic tutor of his children. His only boy died in infancy, but the brilliant and precocious talents of his eldest daughter, Lady Jane, astonished everyone, and attracted the admiration of the

¹ Privy Purse, Mary, Jan. 1542-3.

² Ibid.

³ Aylmer is thus described by Becon in his *Jewel of Joy*:—"In Leicestershire I had familiarity only with one learned, a country-

man of ours in Norfolk, one John Aylmer, a Master of Arts in the University of Cambridge, a young man singularly well learned both in the Latin and Greek tongue, teacher to my Lord Marquis Dorset his children."

learned queen, Katharine Parr. She was much in Queen Katharine's society at a very early age; and at the critical time when the queen's life was endangered, by the artful practices of Gardiner and Wriothesley, which were defeated by Katharine taking the prudent resolution of visiting Henry in his own chamber, Lady Jane attended her and carried the candles before her—a service which required adroitness, as etiquette rendered it imperative for the candle-bearer to walk backwards, and Jane was only nine years old at this important period.¹

King Henry in his will entailed the regal succession, failing his own children and their posterity, his issue by Queen Katharine Parr, or any future queen or queens—she was his sixth—on the male heirs of Frances, Lady Dorset, or in case she had none, on the male heirs of her sister, Lady Eleanor Clifford; failing these, on the daughters of Lady Frances according to primogeniture, and their male issue, and those of Lady Eleanor Clifford, and in default of these, on their female posterity. Neither of these ladies had a living son, therefore Lady Jane Gray was regarded as reversionary heiress of the throne, for Henry had wholly passed over the descendants of his elder sister, Margaret Queen of Scotland.

Wars bloody and more interminable than those of York and Lancaster might have been the result of this illegal and despotic testament, but it was decreed only to crush the ill-starred princesses on whom the fatal settlement was entailed. These were Lady Jane, Lady Katharine and Lady Mary Gray, and Lady Margaret Clifford, Countess of Derby, the daughter of Lady Eleanor Brandon, Countess of Cumberland.

The conditions of Henry's will remained to all but his royal widow and the ministers acquainted with his mind a sealed secret. By these persons Lady Jane was regarded as the reversionary heiress of England. Queen Katharine Parr, by whom she was much beloved, evidently endeavoured to fit her for a consort to King Edward, and thus to insure the establishment of the infant Reformation.

The Admiral Lord Thomas Seymour, having, through the queen, an early intimation of how matters stood, sent Harrington, one of his servants, a gentleman entirely in his confidence, to the Marquis of Dorset very soon after King Henry's death, to show him "that he (the admiral), as uncle to the King, was like to come to great authority, and desired to form a bond of friendship with him." After several confidential visits, Harrington spoke to Dorset of his daughter, the Lady Jane, and advised him to allow her to be under the care of the lord-admiral, observing, "that he had often heard his master, the lord-admiral, say of Lady Jane, 'that she was as handsome a lady as any in England, and that she might be wife to any prince in Christen-

¹ See the Life of Katharine Parr, in *Lives of the Queens of England*, by Agnes Strickland, Library edition, vol. iii. p. 216, pub-

lished by Longmans & Co., Paternoster Row.

dom;” and Harrington assured the marquis “that the admiral would see her placed in marriage, much to his comfort.”¹

“With whom will he match her?” asked Dorset. “Marry,” replied Harrington, “I doubt not but you shall see he will marry her to the king; and fear you not but he will bring it to pass, and then you shall be able to help all the friends you have.”²

Dorset, won by these flattering persuasions of Harrington, went a few days after to Seymour Place, where he had a confidential conversation with the lord-admiral in his garden, and consented to let him have the guardianship of Lady Jane, who went to live with him and Queen Katharine.

Lady Jane attended her royal friend and patroness to Chelsea, Hanworth, and Sudeley Castle, carefully pursuing her studies under her guidance. She remained at Sudeley until after the queen’s death, and walked as chief mourner at her funeral. Her long train, at that solemnity, was supported by a young nobleman. She was followed by six ladies, all mourners, and a great number of the late queen’s household. As soon as the funeral at Sudeley was over, Lord Thomas Seymour appears to have retired to Hanworth in Middlesex, the favourite seat of the deceased queen: thither he brought his ward, the young Lady Jane, to whose father he wrote, requesting him to send for her home. He soon, however, changed his mind, and wished to retain her, for which purpose he thus expressed himself as early as September 17, about a week after the burial of his consort, Queen Katharine:—

“My last letters, written at a time when, partly with the queen’s highness’s death, I was so amazed that I had small regard either to myself or to my doings, and partly then thinking that my great loss must presently have constrained me to have broken up and dissolved my whole house, I offered unto your lordship to send my Lady Jane unto you whensoever you would send for her, as to him that I thought would be most tender on her.” Strange enough is this remark in a document consigning a daughter to her own father, but he spoke of her as his ward. And much he seems to have regretted that his own act and deed had neutralised his claim on her obedience, for the sentence implies that he might have transferred her person to some other guardian. “Forasmuch,” continues Seymour, “since being both better avised of myself, and having more deeply digested whereunto my *power* [property] would extend; I find, indeed, that with God’s help, I shall right well be able to continue my house[hold] together, without diminishing any great part thereof; and, therefore, putting

¹ Deposition of the Marquis of Dorset, in Tytler’s *Reigns of Edward and Mary*; also Haynes’s *Burleigh Papers*.

² Haynes’s *Burleigh Papers*, p. 83 Tytler’s *Reigns of Edward and Mary*.

my whole affiance and trust in God, have begun anew to stablish my household, where shall remain not only the gentlewomen of the queen's highness' privy chamber, but also the maids that waited at large, and other women being about her grace [Queen Katharine Parr] in her lifetime, with a hundred and twenty gentlemen and yoemen, continually abiding in the house together. Saving that now, presently, certain of the maids and gentlewomen have desired to have *license* [leave of absence] for a month or such thing, to see their friends, and then immediately to return hither again. And, therefore, doubting lest your lordship might think any unkindness that I should by my said letters take occasion to rid me of your daughter, the Lady Jane, so soon after the queen's death, for the proof both of my hearty affection towards you, and my good-will to her, I am now minded to keep her until I next speak with your lordship, which should have been within these three or four days if it had not been that I must repair to the court, as well to help certain of the queen's poor servants with some of the things now fallen by her death, as also for mine own affairs, unless I shall be advertised from your lordship to the contrary. My lady my mother shall and will, I doubt not, be as dear unto her [Lady Jane] as though she were her own daughter; and for my part, I shall continue her half-father, and more, and all that are in my house shall be as diligent about her as yourself would wish accordingly." ¹

As the Dowager Lady Seymour, the mother of Queen Jane Seymour, and grandmother of the reigning king, Edward VI., presided over the establishment of her son, the widower Lord Thomas Seymour, he thought his ward under her care might continue with as much propriety in his home as when Queen Katharine Parr was living. The arrangement was peculiarly suited to forward the schemes which had entered the plotting head of Lord Thomas Seymour respecting Lady Jane Gray. The Marquis of Dorset had likewise his plans and private interests connected with the wardship of his daughter—they were of a pecuniary nature. He thought proper, nevertheless, to assume all the anxieties of the careful parent in the following reply, which, in its shrewd and significant construction, bears no token of the imbecility of mind, under which his partisans have shielded his vices :—

"My most hearty commendations unto your good lordship. Whereas it hath pleased you, by your most gentle letters, to offer me the abode of my daughter at your lordship's house, I do as well acknowledge your most friendly affection towards me and her herein, as also render unto you most deserved thanks for the same. Nevertheless, considering the state of my daughter and her tender years, wherein she shall hardly rule herself (as yet) without a guide, lest she should, for the

¹ State Paper, partly edited by Mr. Tytler.

want of a bridle, take too much to head, and conceive such an opinion of herself that all such good behaviour as she heretofore hath learned by the queen's and your most wholesome instructions, should either altogether be quenched in her, or, at the least, much diminished, I shall in most hearty wise require your lordship to commit her to the guidance of her mother, by whom, for the fear and duty she oweth her, she shall be more easily framed and ruled towards virtue, which I wish above all things to be plentiful in her."¹

There was little danger of Lady Jane, when under the severe tuition of the Lady Frances, taking "too much to head, for want of a bridle," as will speedily be shown. But who would believe that a secret desire for 500*l.*, rather than Jane's virtuous training, was lurking beneath all Dorset's parental assertions?

"Although," continues he, "your lordship's good mind concerning her honest and godly education is so great that mine can be no more, yet, weighing that you be destitute of such a one as should correct her as mistress, and [ad]monish her as mother, I persuade myself that you will think the eye and oversight of my wife shall be in this respect most necessary."

Then follows an allusion to the scheme cherished by Lord Thomas Seymour and his late wife, Katharine Parr, the queen-dowager, for marrying Lady Jane to the young king, her cousin:—

"My meaning herein is not to withdraw any part of my promise to you for her bestowing, for I assure your lordship I intend, God willing, to use your discreet advice and *consent* in that behalf, and no less than my own. Only, I seek in these her young years, wherein she now standeth, either to make or mar (as the common saying is) the addressing of her mind to humility, soberness, and obedience. Wherefore, looking on that fatherly affection which you bear her, my trust is that your lordship, weighing the premises, will be content to charge her mother [the Lady Frances] with her, whose waking eye, respecting her demeanour, shall be, I hope, no less than you, a friend, and I, as a father, would wish.

"And thus, wishing your lordship a perfect riddance of all unquietness and grief of mind, I leave any further to trouble your lordship. From my house at Bradgate, the 19th of September.

"Your lordship's, to the best of my power,

"HENRY DORSET.

[Endorsed]

"To my very good Lord-Admiral give this."

¹ State Paper, partly edited by Mr Tytler. George Howard, *Life of Lady Jane Grey*,
It is printed in the original orthography by p. 156.

No letter could be written with greater sagacity for the purposes that were held in view. Those had by no means been held forth by the father in the epistle as the paramount objects of giving his young daughter the most careful education under the vigilant maternal eye; but on which pretences he meant to withdraw her from the custody of the widower of her late guardian (who, it appears, had some claims of authority over her, derived from the Queen's Court of Wards), and driving a pecuniary bargain for letting him have her again at his entire disposal;—that is, Dorset and his wife meant to sell the wardship and marriage of Lady Jane Gray, their eldest daughter, for the highest sum they could bargain for, and then all the “virtue, obedience, and humility,” paraded above, might take their chance.

“And whereas,” writes Lady Frances to the Admiral, “of a friendly and brotherly good-will, you wish to have Jane, my daughter, continuing still in your house, I give you most hearty thanks for your gentle offer, trusting, nevertheless, that for the good opinion you have in your *sister* [meaning herself, the Lady Frances], you will be content to charge her with her, who promiseth you not only to be ready at all times to account for the ordering of your dear niece [Lady Jane], but also to use your counsel and advice for the bestowing her¹, whensoever it shall happen. Wherefore, my good brother, my request shall be that I may have the overseeing of her, with your good-will; and thereby I shall have good occasion to think that you do trust me, in such wise as is convenient that a sister be trusted of so loving a brother. And thus, my most hearty commendations not omitted, I wish the whole deliverance of your grief and continuance of your lordship's health. From Bradgate, 19 of this September.

“Your loving sister and assured friend

“FRANCYS DORSET.”

The terms of brother and sister constantly exchanged between this niece of Henry VIII. and Lord Thomas Seymour, are not to be explained by any relationship or family connection, excepting such as by courtesy might exist on account of their daughter's previous wardship with the queen his wife. The admiral, who had overshot his mark when, in his consternation at Queen Katharine's sudden death, he had thrown up the wardship, he held in her right, of the Lady Jane, now fulfilled his own proposal reluctantly. Dorset, however, sent to Hanworth for his daughter.²

Lord Thomas, not content with the escort the father deemed sufficient, caused her to be attended to Bradgate by two of his most trusted

¹ Disposing of Lady Jane in marriage.

² Deposition before the Privy Council, State Paper Office, edited by Mr. Tytler.

retainers—Mr. Rous, the comptroller of his semi-royal household, and Mr. John Harrington (afterwards greatly connected with the fortunes of the Princess Elizabeth); and these gentlemen reported, on their arrival at Bradgate, with their fair charge, that “all the maids at Hanworth remained there in full expectation of seeing the young lady back again speedily.” Such, indeed, was the real intention of the Marquis of Dorset, her father, and the Lady Frances, her mother, as may be ascertained by their immediate proceedings. Thus the noble pair were at Bradgate, September 19, when they wrote their letters regarding the recall of their daughter from Hanworth; but, directly she arrived at home, they posted to London, whither they knew by his letter Lord Thomas Seymour had preceded them. They took up their abode at Dorset House, Gray’s Inn Place, near the Temple.¹ Here Lord Thomas Seymour, accompanied by his favourite, Sir William Sherrington, quickly visited them. According to Dorset’s deposition, it might be supposed, when he says “they came to my house,” that the visit had been paid at Bradgate, and that he had been completely hunted into selling the wardship and marriage of his daughter Jane; but the truth is, he and Lady Frances took a long and fatiguing journey from Bradgate, after September 23, to meet and court the negotiation.

“Here,” continues Lady Jane’s father, in his subsequent deposition before the privy council, “he was so earnestly in hand with me and my wife, the Lady Frances, that in the end, because he would have ‘no nay,’ we were contented that Jane should again return to his house. At this very time and place he renewed his promise unto me for the marrying of my daughter to the king’s majesty Edward VI., and he added, ‘If I may once get the king at liberty, I dare warrant you that his majesty shall marry no other than Jane.’”²

While Lord Thomas Seymour was thus busy, exciting the hopes of Dorset that he should one day see a crown on the brow of his Jane, Sir William Sherrington, his friend and prime agent in all his political manœuvres, was holding a secret conference with the Lady Frances. “And Sir William travailed as earnestly with my wife, to gain her good-will for the return of our daughter to Lord Thomas Seymour,” continues Dorset, “as he did with me; so as in the end, after long debating and ‘much sticking of our sides,’ we did agree that my daughter Jane should return to him.”³ One department of this curious negotiation is that “my Lord of Dorset deposed, for the information of his brethren of the privy council, that Lord Thomas agreed to give him 500*l.* for the purchase of the wardship of the Lady

¹ Examinations, State Papers, partly printed in Haynes.

² State Paper, edited by Mr. Tytler. *Edward VI.*, vol. i. p. 139.

³ *Ibid.*

Jane,"¹ on account of the large sum of 2,000*l.*, her whole purchase-money.

When the bargain was struck, Lord Thomas Seymour, in one of the last days of September, wrote kindly to the youthful Lady Jane, to announce that she was to return again to him at Hanworth as his ward. As the treaty was then ratified, and the cash forthcoming, the innocent object of it was permitted to acknowledge the Lord Thomas Seymour as her adopted father and guardian in the following naïve and genuine letter, still extant, in a beautiful Italian hand.² She was then in her thirteenth year. It is thus addressed:—

"To the Right Honourable and my singular good lord, the Lord-Admiral, give these.

"My duty to your lordship, in most humble wise remembered, with no less thanks for the gentle letters which I received from you. Thinking myself so much bound to your lordship for your great goodness towards me from time to time, that I cannot by any means be able to recompense the least part thereof, I purposed to write a few rude lines unto your lordship, rather as a token to show how much worthier I think your lordship's goodness, than to give worthy thanks for the same; and these my letters shall be to testify unto you that, like as you have become towards me a loving and kind father, so I shall be always most ready to obey your godly monitions and good instructions, as becometh one upon whom you have heaped so many benefits. And thus fearing I should trouble your lordship too much, I most humbly take my leave of your good lordship.

"Your humble servant during my life,

"JANE GRAYE.

[Endorsed at the time]

"My Lady Jane, the 1st of Oct., 1548."

The very next day the Lady Frances acknowledged the new relationship into which Lord Thomas Seymour had entered with his ward her daughter. As Jane had hailed her new guardian as adoptive father, so the Lady Frances addresses him as brother, thus:—

"To my very good lord and brother the Lord-Admiral.³

"Mine own good brother,—I have received your most gentle and loving letter, wherein I do perceive your approved good-will, which you bear unto my daughter Jane, for the which I think myself most bounden to you, for that you are so desirous for to have her continue with you. I trust at our next meeting (which, according to your own appointment, shall be shortly) we shall so communicate together as

¹ Sir H. Nicolas's *Life and Times of Lady Jane Grey.*

² State Paper, edited by Mr. Tytler: *Edward VI.*, vol. i. p. 133.

³ State Papers.

you shall be satisfied and I contented. And forasmuch as this messenger doth make haste away, that I have but little leisure to write, I shall desire you to take these few lines in good part.

"And thus wishing your health and quietness, as my own, and a short despatch of your business that I might the sooner see you here, I take my leave of you, my good brother, for this time.

"From my lord's house *in* [of] Broadgate [Bradgate], the second of October.

"Your assured and loving sister,

"FRANCES DORSET."

After Michaelmas, the Lord-Admiral Thomas Seymour arrived at Bradgate, where the noble child was given to his care. All the fine sentiments regarding her virtuous education, expressed in her father's letters, were dispersed in empty air by the payment of the first instalment of her purchase-money—a sum of 500*l*. Lord Thomas Seymour would take no receipt for the same, saying merrily, "The Lady Jane herself was in pledge for it."¹ And for the vile consideration of a few hundred pounds, the parents of Lady Jane Gray saw their sweet child carried away from them, by one of the greatest profligates of a profligate court, after having declared under their autographs, which exist to this day, that he had no one in his establishment by whom her education was likely to be properly finished. Former biographers have treated the payment advanced by Lord Thomas Seymour as a loan, but it was evidently a transaction connected with the system of wardship, the laws and working of which have been but superficially defined in history. Nothing but wardship could have given Lord Thomas Seymour the power over the noble child in regard to her disposal in marriage, which he soon asserted.

"So," as her father deposed, when questioned concerning her removal from Bradgate, "my daughter² Jane remained with him until he was carried away to the Tower."

During that period the unconscious Jane was deeply engrossed with laying the foundation of those rare accomplishments and high attainments which were, in after days, to render her the wonder and boast of her native land. Her guardian was equally busy, intriguing to make her considered by the boy-king and his own party as a future queen-consort. Nor was that the only use to which he turned the presence in his house of his highly-purchased ward; he insinuated to the confidants of the Princess Elizabeth, that if she did not accept him, the Lady Jane, her cousin, would fill her place in his heart. He

¹ Ibid.

² State Paper, edited by Mr. Tytler, who points out that he has restored the true version of this important and curious paper,

which has been much garbled by Haynes in his edition of the *Burleigh Papers*. Tytler's *Edward VI.*, vol. i. p. 141.

brought Jane to Seymour Place for the winter, where the innocent student was soon busy imbibing Calvinistic tenets from Bucer;¹ meantime, her unprincipled guardian was thus making free with her young name:—"When Thomas Parry was conferring with Lord Thomas Seymour regarding his marriage with the Princess Elizabeth, he proposed going to see her. Elizabeth's officer cautiously observed, 'he had no commission to say her Grace would welcome him,' when the wooer, whose vanity was evidently piqued, answered, 'It is no matter now, for there has been a talk of late; forsooth, they say now I shall marry the Lady Jane,' adding, 'I tell you this but merrily—but merrily.'"²

There is reason to suppose, from the writings of Ascham, that Lady Jane's governess was Elizabeth Ashlery, sister-in-law to Katharine Ashlery, or Astley, governess to her cousin, the Princess Elizabeth. The plans of the Duke of Somerset and his duchess were utterly traversed by the possession Lord Thomas Seymour had taken of the young heiress of Bradgate, for she was one of the ways and means they had devised to support their own new dignities. The bold move of Lord Thomas checkmated both their pieces, for they had not only educated their daughter, Lady Jane Seymour, as a spouse for Edward VI., but had received a solemn promise, from Dorset, that he would give the Lady Jane Gray as a wife to their eldest son, the Earl of Hertford. In fact, a promise to this effect had taken place in former years, which may be ascertained by her father's own words, who, in answer to the demand of Somerset "that it should be ratified" after Lady Jane was the ward of his brother, answered thus diplomatically:

"As for the marriage of your Grace's son with my daughter Jane, I think it not meet to be written, but I shall at all times avouch my saying."³

There was every opportunity for an early attachment to have commenced between Lady Jane Gray and the eldest son of Somerset, for in the lifetime of Katharine Parr the young lady was frequently in company with Edward VI., who was usually attended both in public and private by his cousin-german. That Lady Jane had an early attachment to some young noble, whom she considered as her betrothed before she was destined to the man she married, has been positively affirmed. The young earl was distinguished by the fine stature and beauty of person⁴ for which the Seymours were noted, and was particularly beloved by the Lady Frances, Jane's mother, who, according to his own words,⁵ always called him "son." How far the

¹ Who arrived in England in 1549, according to the *Zurich Letters*, p. 665. She mentioned it as early as in her first epistle to Bucer.

² Haynes's *State Papers*, p. 98.

³ Howard's *Life of Lady Jane Grey*, p. 161.

⁴ Thomas Norton, his tutor, mentions that he was singularly like his father, whose handsome portraits are very familiar, both in paintings and engravings.

⁵ Deposition of the Earl of Hertford, 1561.

young lovers had promised and plighted their childish troth cannot be said, but it is clear that until Lord Thomas bought the wardship of Jane, in order to carry out the scheme he and Katharine Parr had contrived of marrying her to the young king, her parents had encouraged the idea of wedding her to the heir of Somerset.

A remarkable dialogue took place between Lord Thomas Seymour and Parr, Marquis of Northampton, on this very subject. They were walking up and down the gallery at Seymour Place, or Durham House, the London residence of Lord Thomas, when that noble began to sound his companion regarding the young Jane, who was then actually under his roof. "There will be much ado soon for my Lady Jane, Dorset's daughter," said he, "for the Lord Protector and his duchess mean to do all they can to obtain her for their heir, young Hertford. However, they will not succeed, for her father has given her up wholly to me upon certain covenants between us." "But what will you do," asked Northampton, "if your brother, the Protector, should induce the father of the lady to enter into his views for her marriage with his son?" "I will never consent thereto," answered Lord Thomas Seymour.¹ According to the laws of wardship, that was no idle assertion. While he lived, and Jane was under twenty-one, he could have broken any marriage contracted for her by her parents. Lord Thomas affirmed, both then and publicly, that "Lady Jane was as handsome a lady as any in England." Such opinion from the Adonis of the court of Henry VIII., the all-conquering Lord Thomas Seymour, ought to have its due weight with those who deem that the perfections of Lady Jane Gray were solely mental.

One mystery is solved by the foregoing narrative, which is that the ill-will between Somerset and his brother, Lord Thomas, which swelled into murderous enmity after the death of the Queen-dowager Katharine Parr (who is usually considered the cause of it), had its origin really in the disposal of the hand of Lady Jane Gray. Lord Thomas meant by her means to deprive his niece, Lady Jane Seymour, of the hand of the young king; or, if disappointed in that scheme, still to prevent all hopes of his nephew Hertford becoming her husband, by marrying her himself if he failed of obtaining the Princess Elizabeth. Lady Jane herself was too young to be otherwise than a passive instrument in the hands of her legal guardian. She was actually abiding with him in Seymour Place² at the close of the year 1549, when the blow fell on him which laid all his schemes in the dust. If the measures taken against Lord Thomas Seymour by the Protector had not been very sudden, the Marquis of Dorset would have had time to remove his daughter without subjecting her to the alarm she must

¹ Deposition of the Marquis of Northampton before the Privy Council. *State Papers* relative to his attainder

² Tytler's *Edward and Mary*, vol. i. p. 132.

have suffered when he was arrested on the improbable charge of an endeavour to assassinate Edward VI.

The Duke of Somerset hurried forward the illegal impeachment of his brother Lord Thomas, whose death is thus mentioned in one of the news-letters of a Zurich member of the Calvinistic Church, then resident in England:—"The admiral is dead. He was beheaded and divided into four quarters. With how much unwillingness he suffered death, Master John Utenhovius, who is the bearer of this, will fully explain to you by word of mouth."¹ Such words, when considered in unison with those of Latimer, "that Lord Thomas died irksomely, strangely, horribly," lead to the supposition that some appalling addition to the usual tragedy on the scaffold took place at his execution. What Lady Jane Gray thought of the violent death of her guardian, out of whose house she was taken after he was hurried to the Tower, has utterly eluded research.

CHAPTER II.

ANOTHER change in the life of Lady Jane now occurred. She was returned to her parents, who were dissatisfied at the failure of their ambitious schemes. Moreover, her father had to undergo several sharp examinations from the dominant party in privy council as to his motives in consigning his eldest daughter to the keeping of the lord-admiral. Dorset and his wife, the Lady Frances, retired in some gloom to Bradgate. Their eldest daughter had long been estranged from home, and family affections had been broken on all sides.

The only comfort Jane enjoyed was in pursuing the course of learning in which she had already far advanced under the auspices of her learned tutor Aylmer.

One day the celebrated preceptor of the Princess Elizabeth, Roger Ascham,² who was well known to Lady Jane and her family, came to Bradgate to pay his respects. He observed, while passing through the park, that the Marquis and Marchioness of Dorset, and all the ladies and gentlemen of the household, were engaged in hunting. The Lady Jane was, however, when Ascham enquired for her, said to be in her own apartment. He requested admittance to her, which she granted, and there he found her "reading the 'Phædon' of Plato, in Greek, with as much delight as gentlemen read a merry tale in Boccaccio." Whereupon Ascham, much surprised, asked the fair student "why she relinquished such pastime as was then going on in the park?"

¹ *Zurich Letters*: Hooper to Bullinger.

among Lady Jane's household. His father

² His wife Alice and his cousin were was house-steward to Lord Scrope.

Jane replied, with a smile, "I wis all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure I find in Plato! Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure means." "And how attained you, madam," asked Aseham, "to this true knowledge of pleasure? And what did chiefly allure you to it, seeing that few women and not many men have arrived at it?" "I will tell you," replied Lady Jane, "and tell you a truth which, perchance, you will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me is that He sent me, with sharp, severe parents, so gentle a schoolmaster. When I am in presence of either father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even as perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presented sometimes with pinches, lips, and bobs, and other ways (which I will not name for the honour I bear them), so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell, till the time comes when I must go to Mr. Aylmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him I fall on weeping, because whatever I do else but learning is full of great trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it, all other pleasures, in very deed, be but trifles and troubles to me."¹

Aseham, who details this conversation as a powerful argument against the cruelty of tuition, then generally prevalent, adds, that "he remembered it more intently because it was the last conference he ever had, and the last time he ever beheld that sweet and noble lady."²

The Marquis of Dorset, while under the political cloud caused by his imprudent alliance with the late lord-admiral, had courted and formed a strong alliance with the reformed Church of Geneva, and allowed her learned delegates to communicate freely with his accomplished daughter, Lady Jane.

Her father's protégé, John Ulmer, a learned and destitute Swiss student, in the course of the summer of 1550, brought Lady Jane into correspondence with the celebrated Bullinger, the Protestant professor at Zurich. Ulmer (who is better known by his Latinised name of Ulmis) received from the Marquis of Dorset a pension for prosecuting his studies at Oxford. He often passed his vacations at Bradgate, where Jane and her young sisters were studying under John Aylmer, while their spiritual welfare was the charge of the chaplain, James

¹ Aseham's *Schoolmaster*.

² *Ibid.*

Haddon. The letters of these learned men furnish a certain degree of information regarding the domestic life of Lady Jane at this period. She was learning music, and like most of her countrywomen, devoting an undue portion of her time to its practice. She dressed splendidly, and according to the ideas of her anxious tutor, thought too much of her gay attire.

The first time Ulmer names the Lady Jane Gray is in his letter to Bullinger of April, 1550. He had then been her father's pensioner for nearly two years, and anxious to repay solid benefits by the cheap remuneration of complimentary dedications, he urges Bullinger to this course, and thus describes Lady Jane's father:—"Henry Gray, Marquis of Dorset, who is descended from the royal family" (a great mistake),¹ "with which he is very nearly connected. He is the thunderbolt and terror of the papists, that is, a fierce and terrible adversary. The marquis has a daughter, about fourteen years of age, pious and accomplished beyond what can be expressed, to whom I hope shortly to present your book, 'The Holy Marriage of Christians.'"

In another letter Ulmer says:—"I took your letter with the book to the marquis, Lady Jane being from home, and the marquis will soon write." He also advises Bullinger to write to Lady Jane, promising that he should "soon receive from her a most courteous and learned letter in Greek." Those are his words.

Lady Jane wrote to him a letter, whether in Greek or not we do not aver, from which, as it is of great length, we present the following extract:—

"From that little volume, of pure and unsophisticated religion, which you lately sent to my father and myself" (she says), "I gather daily, as out of a most beautiful garden, the sweetest flowers. My father also, as far as his weighty engagements permit, is diligently occupied in the perusal of it; but whatever advantage either of us may derive from thence we are bound to render thanks to you for it, and to God on your account, for we cannot think it right to receive with ungrateful minds such and so many truly divine benefits conferred by Almighty God, through the instrumentality of yourself and those like you, not a few of whom Germany is now in this respect so happy as to possess. If it be customary with mankind—as indeed it ought to be—to return favour for favour, and to show ourselves mindful of benefits bestowed, how much rather should we endeavour to embrace with joyfulness the benefits conferred by divine Goodness, and at least to

¹ He was not descended from the royal line of Plantagenet. Although the daughter of the unfortunate Holland, Duke of Exeter, by Anne Plantagenet, had been espoused to one of the sons of Queen Elizabeth Wood-

ville by Sir John Gray, the little princess, who likewise represented on the father's side the legitimate line of Lancaster, died in infancy.

acknowledge them with gratitude, though we may be unable to make an adequate return!

"I now come to that part of your letter," continues Lady Jane, "which contains a commendation of myself, which, as I cannot claim, so also I ought not to allow; but whatever the divine Goodness may have bestowed on me, I ascribe wholly to Himself, as the chief and sole Author of anything in me that bears any semblance to what is good, and to whom I entreat you, most accomplished sir, to offer your constant prayers in my behalf, that He may so direct me and all my actions, that I may not be found unworthy of His great goodness.

"My most noble father would have written to you to thank you, both for the important labours in which you are engaged, and also for the singular courtesy you have manifested by inscribing with his name, and publishing under his auspices, your Fifth Decade, had he not been summoned by most weighty business in his majesty's service to the remotest parts of Britain;¹ but as soon as public affairs shall afford him leisure, he is determined, he says, to write to you with all diligence. To conclude, as I am now beginning to learn Hebrew, if you will point out some way and method of pursuing this study to the greatest advantage, you will confer on me a very great obligation.

"Farewell, brightest ornament and support of the whole Church of Christ, and may Almighty God long preserve you to us and to His Church! Your most devoted

"JANA GRAIA."

Ulmer, in one of whose subsequent letters to his master, Bullinger, this epistle was enclosed, spoke of it with enthusiasm. He says, "You will easily perceive the veneration and esteem which the marquis's daughter entertains towards you, from the very learned letter she has written to you. For my own part, I do not think there ever lived anyone more deserving of respect than this young lady, if you regard her family; or more learned, if you consider her age; or more happy, if you consider both. A report has prevailed, and has begun to be talked of by persons of consequence, that this most noble virgin is to be betrothed and given in marriage to the king's majesty.² Oh! if that event should take place, how happy would be the union, and how beneficial to the Church! Haddon, a minister of the Word, and Aylmer, the tutor of the young lady, respect and reverence you with much duty and affection. It will be a mark of courtesy if you write to them all as soon as possible. Skinner is at court with the king. Wallock is preaching with much labour in Scotland."³

Lady Jane is again mentioned by John Ulmer, but this time to

¹ Berwick.

² Edward VI. is designed, but the name is not mentioned in the authority.

³ Letter of John ab Ulmis to Henry Bullinger, from Bradgate, May, 1551.—*Zurich Letters.*

another Swiss Reformer, called Conrad Pellican. She was still at Bradgate May 29, 1551. The foreign Oxford student spent two days, in that joyous time of the year, at the seat of his patron. Earnest were the learned colloquies she held with the young reformer, whose own account of the matter is better than any biographical diction; for with how much life and power comes the sketch from the very person recently occupied *viva voce* with the historical personage under discussion! Conrad was some friend of Bullinger's less engaged in political polemics; for Ulmer is afraid the master cannot spare time to compound as many Latin letters as Jane and her father desired, therefore he is eager to substitute the pen of one less busy. "I am bold in writing to you," he says,¹ "by reason of the daughter of the most noble the Marquis of Dorset, a lady who is well versed both in Latin and Greek, and who is now most desirous of studying Hebrew. I have been staying with her these two days. She is inquiring of me the best way of acquiring that language, and cannot easily discover the path which she may pursue with credit and advantage. She has written to Bullinger on this subject, but, if I guess right, he will be very willing to transfer the office to you, both because he is always overwhelmed with affairs of greater importance, and because all the world are aware of your perfect knowledge of that language. If, therefore, you are willing to oblige a powerful and eminent nobleman, with honour to yourself, you will by no means refuse this office and duty to his daughter. It is an important and honourable employment, and one too of great use; the young lady being the daughter of the marquis, and is to be married, as I hear, to the king [Edward VI.]. By your advice, according to my request, *she* will be the more easily kept in her distinguished course of learning, the Marquis of Dorset also will be made more steadfast in religion, and I shall appear to be neither unmindful of, nor ungrateful for, the favours conferred by them on myself."² After some urgency to overcome any diffidence his compatriot might feel in writing to a young lady, announced to him as the destined Queen Consort of England, Ulmer, who is by no means deficient in the confidence necessary to a travelling student of the cosmopolite species, continues thus:—"Put away, therefore, all awkward excuses, and take in hand the business. I promise you, indeed, and solemnly pledge myself, that I will bear all the blame if you ever repent of this deed, or if the marquis's daughter do not most willingly acknowledge your courtesy. Write, therefore, a letter to her as soon as possible, in which you will briefly point out a method of learning the sacred language, and then honourably consecrate to her name your Latin translation of the Jewish Talmud." Whether this measure was

¹ Bradgate, May 28, 1551.

² Letter of John ab Ulmis to Conrad Pellican.—*Zurich Letters*, p. 432.

ever adopted has not transpired, but assuredly the student Ulmer, whatsoever might be his progress in sacred lore, had not omitted to lay in a serviceable stock of worldly wisdom. "You will easily understand the extent of the attainments of the Lady Jane by the letter which she wrote to Bullinger. In truth, I do not think that among all the English nobility for many ages past there has arisen an individual who to the highest excellence of talent and judgment has united so much diligence and assiduity in the cultivation of every liberal pursuit; for she is not only conversant with the more polite accomplishments, and with ordinary acquirements, but has also so exercised herself in the practice of speaking and arguing with propriety, both in Greek and Latin, that it is incredible how far she has advanced already, and to what perfection she will advance in a few years; for well I know that she will complete what she has begun, unless perhaps she is diverted from her pursuits by some calamity of the times." Too fatally, indeed, were these words verified; but the firmness with which Jane adhered to all the heavy tasks imposed upon her tender youth is emphatically dwelt upon by Ulmer, who nevertheless seems not to have anticipated personal calamity to the young princess. He continues: "If you write to her, take care, I pray you, that it [the letter] be *first* delivered to me. My Marquis of Dorset is still in Scotland. I was with him on the first of May; he is safe and well.

"Dated May 29, 1551, in the house of the daughter of the marquis."¹

The very same day that Ulmer wrote his letter to Conrad Pellican concerning the Lady Jane, her anxious tutor, Aylmer, eagerly availed himself of an opportunity of using the foreign influence recently invoked by the Marquis of Dorset, his patron, for the benefit of his pupil, the child of his heart, Jane. For, in truth, she only knew the tenderness of a parent from her tutor,² who had received her in his arms as an infant, and commenced his first tuition by guiding her lips to utter the first sounds in her native tongue. The hanteur of the Marquis of Dorset made the task of Christian admonition almost impracticable either to himself or his fellow-labourer, James Haddon, the chaplain; therefore they both agreed to hint to the theological reformer, Bullinger, the faults they wished reprov'd in the youthful Jane. "You are well able to determine," writes Aylmer, "how useful are the counsels of the aged to guide and direct persons at her time of life, which is just fourteen."³

The advancement of the Marquis of Dorset to the title of Duke of Suffolk (vacant by the deaths of the two young uncles of Jane) took

¹ *Zurich Letters*.

² According to his deposition, extant in the Chapter House, before quoted.

³ If the date of this letter (May 29, 1551)

be right, as stated by the editor of the *Zurich Letters*, p. 275, Jane was just fourteen in May, 1551.

place in the autumn of 1551. It occasioned an increase of territorial wealth, and drew Jane more from the retirement of Bradgate. Lady Jane Gray appeared at the court of her cousin, King Edward, on the great occasion of receiving Mary of Lorraine, the Queen-regent of Scotland. That Jane had dressed richly, may be pretty well ascertained by the second-hand lecture which Aylmer wished she should receive from Zurich. These are his words :—"It now remains for me to request that, with the kindness we have so long experienced, you will instruct my pupil, in your next letter, as to what embellishment and adornment of person is becoming in a young woman professing godliness. In treating on this subject, you may bring forward the example of our king's sister, the Princess Elizabeth, who goes clad in every respect as becomes a young maiden; and yet no one is induced by the example of so illustrious a lady, and in so much gospel light, to lay aside, much less look down upon, gold, jewels, and braidings of the hair. They hear preachers declaim against such things, yet no one amends her life. Moreover, I would wish you to prescribe to her [the Lady Jane] the length of time she may properly devote to the study of music, for in this respect the people of this country of England err beyond measure, while their whole labour [of practising] is undertaken, and exertions made, for the sake of ostentation."

Little did English ladies suppose that an exordium so ancient existed against inordinate practising of music, and that it was deplored three hundred years ago, as a national declinquency. Unfortunately, the reformers have not left us the approved standard of time for practice which the heads of the Genevan Church considered proper and decorous. We fear the usual allowance of eight hours per day would have called forth almost a sentence of excommunication. That the gentle Jane did err in her attention to lute and virginal, is clear from the lecture of Bullinger, composed and written for her benefit; likewise that her gay attire scandalised the admirers of her cousin Elizabeth's simplicity of garb. Oh that Aylmer and Bullinger could have contemplated, by second sight, the three thousand gowns and the sixteen hundred wigs left in the wardrobe of her whom they set up as a model to the truthful and conscientious Jane!

CHAPTER III.

CLOSE intercourse was just then established between the new Duke and Duchess of Suffolk and the Princess Mary. The violent illness and expected death of the Lady Frances, Duchess of Suffolk, called Lady Jane to her sick chamber at Richmond. The Duke of Suffolk

hurried from court, expecting to see his wife breathe her last. So sudden was the call, that he was obliged to write the cause of it to his colleagues, and by his letter of explanation to Northumberland's secretary, termed by Suffolk his "cousin *Cycell*," it may be learned how terrible were the fevers then prevalent on the banks of the Thames. "This shall be to advertise you," writes he, "that my sudden departing from the court was for that I had received letters of the state my wife was in, who, I assure you, is *mo* liker to die than to live. I never saw a more *sicker* creature in my life than she is. She hath three diseases. The first is a hot burning ague, that doth hold her twenty-four hours, the other is the stopping of the spleen, the third is hypochondriac passion. These three being enclosed in one body, it is to be feared that death must needs follow.

"From Richmond, the 26 of August, by your most assured and loving cousin, who, I assure you, is not a little troubled."¹

The Lady Frances finally recovered, and was sufficiently convalescent to pay a family visit to the Princess Mary, and to spend a riotous Christmas at Tylsey. The compotus of Mary contains items of former presents, with kind expressions to her "cousin Frances," and to her "young cousin Jane;" indeed, their personal intimacy seems greater than usual in the year 1551. In the middle of November, Jane returned to her mother, the Duchess of Suffolk, at Bradgate; but it was only to set out with her and her two young sisters to fulfil an engagement to visit the Princess Mary. They proceeded with a great retinue from Bradgate to Tylsey, the seat of the duke's nephew and ward, the heir of Willoughby of Woollaton. Following the Willoughby compotus, it may be learned that "November 21st, 1551, ten gentlemen came from London to escort my Lady Frances' grace [Duchess of Suffolk] to my Lady Mary's grace; and they all left Tylsey after breakfast; the Lady Frances, Duchess of Suffolk, accompanied by her three daughters, the Lady Jane, the Lady Katharine, and the Lady Mary Gray, repaired to my Lady Mary's grace."²

The Lady Frances received from her cousin, the Princess Mary, a pair of crystal beads trimmed with gold, the tassel at the end of solid goldsmith's work, set with small pearls. The princess has written against the article in her inventory:—"Given to my cousin Frances. Likewise beads of gold enamelled black and white. To my cousin Jane Gray a necklace of gold set with pearls, *ibid.*, and another set with pearls and small rubies." The first and only mention here occurs of the Lady Mary Gray in connection with her sister, the Lady Jane; Lady Mary was an infant of four years old, though accompanying her mother and sisters on a visit for some days to the formidable Princess Mary.

¹ Letter of Suffolk to Cecil, from Richmond, the 26th of August.—*State Papers*, 1552, inedited.

² MS. of the Willoughbys of Woollaton.

The first days of December the two younger sisters returned from the house of the princess their kinswoman to Tylsey; but it is expressly noted that Lady Jane Gray remained with the Princess Mary, whose London abode was St. John's, Clerkenwell.

The Duke of Suffolk came to escort his eldest daughter and wife from their visit to the Princess Mary, December 16, 1551. The duke then set out from London, accompanied by his duchess and his daughter, the Lady Jane Gray, escorted by her two uncles, Lord Thomas and Lord John Gray; they were bound to Tylsey, for the purpose of keeping Christmas with princely cheer. The Duke of Suffolk, in fact, threw wide the gates of Tylsey, and kept open house for his wards, the orphan Willoughbys. The whole neighbourhood and country population were entertained. The Grays amused their guests by the help of five players and a boy. These were probably the domestic company of actors in the service of the Duke of Suffolk, as it is especially noted "that the players of the Earl of Oxford met and joined them." The Christmas revels proceeded at Tylsey with open hospitality until January 20, 1551-52, when the whole family commenced another equestrian expedition, January 20th. The duke, the duchess, Lady Jane, Lady Katharine, and even the child Lady Mary Gray, with their uncles the Lord Thomas and the Lord John Gray, all stayed a few days with Lady Audley, the sister of the Duke of Suffolk, at Walden.

For this notation of simple facts the reader is indebted to an ancient account-book at Woollaton of "old Mr. Medeley," who had married the heiress of Willoughby's grandmother, and, being a trustee, kept a very thrifty notation of all that was spent in "man's meat" and "horse's meat" on these journeys; likewise the payments of the players who were to assist in spending the Christmas with the "godliness and innocence" dwelt upon with such unction in Suffolk's recent pious epistle.¹ The real friends of Jane, her tutor Aylmer and the chaplain Haddon, were extremely annoyed at all the double dealing of their master Suffolk, at his worldly practices and his affectation of sanctity, as will soon be found by their letters.

The equestrian journeys which Lady Jane was forced to perform with her family in the winter of 1551 were fatiguing enough to have injured the health of a strong man. Since November, she had travelled from Tylsey to the London residence of the Princess Mary; then back to Tylsey, to keep the Christmas revels; then to Walden in Essex, to her aunt Audley; then back to Tylsey again, where she is mentioned in Mr. Medeley's note-book in the last day of January.

¹ Quoted at the commencement of the Willoughby-Woollaton MS. Transcribed, 1702, by Captain Francis Willoughby, from his family papers at Woollaton Hall, Notts.

The MS., a small quarto, is in very fine condition; it was lent to the author in 1847.

All these migrations, for a delicate girl of fifteen, had the natural effect of making her very ill.

In the succeeding month the Helvetian student wrote to Bullinger:—

“The duke’s daughter has recovered from a severe and dangerous illness. She is now engaged in some extraordinary production, which will very soon be brought to light, accompanied with commendation of yourself. There has lately been discovered a great treasure of most valuable books—Basil¹ on Isaiah and the Psalms, in Greek; Chrysostom on the Gospels, in Greek; the whole of Proclus, the Platonists, &c., &c. I have myself seen all these books this day. The Duke of Suffolk, his daughter, the Lady Jane, Haddon, Aylmer, and Skinner have all written to you.”²

The mention of the recent discovery of the Greek works, among which the Platonists are mentioned, leads naturally enough to that anecdote which Ascham has recorded of Jane’s perusal of the “Phædon” of Plato in its original language. It might have been among the newly-discovered lot of literary treasures which the gentle lady-student was intent upon as a new pleasure.

Lady Jane’s friend Ascham did not forget the interview of the preceding year, when he had found her reading the masterpiece of Plato in the native Greek. She received from him a letter, no doubt directed to her tutor, Aylmer, for the paragraphs are partly addressed to him. It was written early in the year 1551-52, but, according to the usual delay of the Zurich letters, did not reach her till 1552 was far advanced. Ascham wrote it in the Latin in which he excelled. The following is a beautiful translation³ of his easy and elegant epistle:—

“In this my long peregrination, most illustrious lady, I have travelled far, have visited the greatest cities, and have made the most diligent observations in my power upon the manners of nations, their institutions, laws, religion, and regulations. Nevertheless, there is nothing that has raised in me greater admiration than what I found in regard to yourself during the last summer; to see one so young and lovely, even in the absence of her learned preceptor, in the noble hall of her family in the very moment when her friends and relatives were enjoying hunting and field sports, to find, I repeat—Oh, all ye gods!—so divine a maid diligently pursuing the ‘Phædon’ of Plato; in this more happy, it may be believed, than in her royal and noble lineage.

“Go on thus, O best adorned virgin! to the honour of thy country,

¹ This notation agrees with a Greek letter to Lady Jane Gray, among the State Papers, from some lady commending St. Basil.

² Letter of Ulmis to Bullinger, Feb. 1551-52.—*Zurich Letters*, p. 446. The *Zurich Letters* are dated just according to the modern custom; but as Ulmis’s next letter mentions

the examination of the Duke of Somerset, which took place January 22, 1551-52, it is clear he indicates that Jane’s violent illness happened at the same time—an incident of some importance in her short life.

³ Howard’s *Life and Times of Lady Jane Grey*, pp. 168-9.

the delight of thy parents, thy own glory, the praise of thy preceptor, the comfort of thy relatives, and the admiration of all. Oh, happy Aylmer! to have such a scholar, and to be her tutor. I congratulate both you who teach and she who learns. These were the words of John Sturm¹ to myself, as my reward for teaching the most illustrious Lady Elizabeth. But to you too I can repeat them with more truth, to you too I concede this felicity, even though I should have to lament want of success where I had expected to reap the sweetest fruits of my labours.

"But let me restrain the sharpness of my grief, which prudence makes it necessary I should conceal even to myself. Thus much I may say, that I have no fault to find with the Lady Elizabeth, whom I have always found the best of ladies, nor indeed with the Lady Mary [afterwards Mary I.]; but never I shall have the happiness to meet my friend Aylmer, then I shall repose in his bosom my sorrows abundantly.

"Two things I repeat to thee, my good Aylmer, for I know thou wilt see this letter, that by your persuasion and entreaty the Lady Jane Gray, as early as she can conveniently, may write to me in Greek, which she has already promised to do. I have even written lately to John Sturm¹, mentioning this promise. Pray let your letter and hers fly together to us. The distance is great, but John Hales will take care that it shall reach me."

In general history names sometimes issue out of a dark cloud, and leaving us ignorant of the persons to whom they pertain, retire into one as dense. This John Hales is an instance. He who is mentioned, thus early, in our Lady Jane's brief career we shall afterwards find deeply involved in the troubles of her equally unfortunate sister the Lady Katharine. He was an English lawyer of the Genevan sect, was very learned, somewhat crabbed, and fanatic in his propensities, but having a deformed foot, went by the unlovely *sobriquet* of "Club-foot Hales."² It is evident that in the reign of Edward VI. he was one of the great circle of learned men, natives and foreigners, who were patronised by the House of Suffolk. He was, however, a brave man, not forgetting his early friends. To him the correspondence between Zurich and Bradgate was probably confided.

"If the Lady Jane" (continues Ascham) "were even to write to Sturm¹ himself in Greek, neither you nor she shall cause to repent your labour.

"As to the news here, most illustrious lady, I know not what to write. That which is written of stupid things must of itself be stupid, and, as Cicero complained of his own times, there is little to amuse or

¹ One of the noted doctors of the Genevan sect.

² *Conferences on the Succession*, by D.D. man, printed 1594.

that can be embellished. Besides, at present all places and persons are occupied with rumours of wars and commotions, which for the most part are either mere fabrications, or founded upon no authority, so that anything respecting continental politics would be neither interesting nor useful to you. The General Council of Trent is, however, to sit on the first of May. Cardinal Pole, it is asserted, is to be the president. Besides, there are tumults this year in Africa, the preparations for war against the Turks, and the great expectations of the march of the emperor into Hungary, of which, though no soldier, I shall, God willing, be a companion. Why need I write to you of the siege of Magdeburg, and how the Duke of Mecklenburgh has been taken, or of that commotion which so universally at this moment affects the miserable Saxony? To write of all these things I have neither leisure, nor would it be safe; but on my return, which I hope is not far distant, it shall be my great happiness to relate all these things to you in person.

"Thy kindness to me, O most noble Jane Gray! was always most grateful when present with you, but it is ten times more so during this long absence. To your noble parents I wish length of happiness, to you a daily victory in letters and in virtue, to thy sister Katharine that she may resemble thee, and to Aylmer I wish every good that he may wish to Ascham. Further, dearest lady, if I were afraid to load thee with my light salutations, I would ask thee in my name to greet Elizabeth Astley, who, as well as her brother John, I believe to be of my best friends, and whom I believe to be like that brother in all integrity and sweetness of manners. Greet, I pray thee, my cousin, Mary Latzen, and my wife Alice, of whom I think oftener than I can now express. Greet also that worthy young man Garret, and John [Janus] Haddon.

"Farewell, most noble lady in Christ,

"R. A.

[Endorsed]

"Augustæ: January 18, 1551 (2)."

CHAPTER IV.

LADY JANE GRAY continued to write Latin letters to the Swiss reformers during the spring of 1552, apparently from Bradgate; for at the same time she sent a present of gloves for Mistress Bullinger, and likewise a beautiful ring. "The last," observes Ulmer, "I did not receive for certain reasons, which would be too long to mention in this letter. As for the gloves, they cannot be conveniently forwarded until the fair."¹ He brought in person a letter from Conrad Pellican to Lady

¹ Letter of Ulmer to Bullinger.—*Zurich Letters*, p. 457.

Jane, who answered it immediately. The venerable reformer, in his manuscript journal, preserved at Zurich, gives this notation: "On June 19, 1552, I received a Latin letter, written with admirable elegance and learning, from the noble virgin Lady Jane Gray, of the illustrious House of Suffolk."¹ It is not extant.

In the summer of 1552, at the latter end of July, Ulmer says:—"Our duke has been staying for the last few days at an estate here in the neighbourhood of Oxford, which has come to him by inheritance from the late Duke of Suffolk."² I waited upon him and paid him my respects, according to the custom of the University." At the same time Lady Jane Gray joined the royal progress, and was received with great favour by her kinsman Edward VI.³ She likewise paid that remarkable visit to her cousin the Princess Mary, at Newhall, which impaired the affection previously subsisting between them.

Evil tongues, it is probable, were busy in widening the differences between the cousins on account of their contending religions. The Princess Mary had presented the Lady Jane with a rich dress, and she, willing to practise some of the precepts which she had newly received from Zurich—those denunciations against splendid attire Aylmer had invoked for her benefit, in the preceding autumn—asked the lady by whom her cousin sent the dress, "What she should do with it?" "Marry," replied the lady, "wear it, to be sure." "Nay," returned the Lady Jane, "that were a shame to follow the Lady Mary, who leaveth God's Word, and leave my Lady Elizabeth, who followeth God's Word!"⁴ The anecdote was recorded by her tutor Aylmer, long years after this world had closed on Jane—at a time, too, when Elizabeth perhaps did not thank him for reminding the English of her puritan style of garb. The other incident (which with more certainty may be ascribed to this visit at Newhall) put the two cousins at issue on those points of belief which were debated throughout the land with polemic fury. Lady Wharton, a zealous Roman Catholic, was passing with Lady Jane Gray through the chapel at Newhall, when service was not proceeding, and made her obeisance to the host as they passed the altar. Lady Jane asked "if the princess were present in the chapel?" Lady Wharton owned she was not. "Why then do you curtsy?" demanded the Lady Jane. "I curtsy to Him that made me," replied Lady Wharton. "Nay," retorted the Lady Jane, "but did not the baker make him?" Lady Wharton reported the observation to the Princess Mary, who never after loved the Lady Jane as she did before.⁵

The following beautiful letter, written to Lady Jane Gray, is extant

¹ Letter of Ulmer to Pellican.—*Ibid.* p. 451.

² The brother, or rather the brothers, of his wife, the Lady Frances, who died on the same day the preceding year.

³ Strype.

⁴ Bishop Aylmer's *Harbour for Faithful Subjects*.

⁵ The time and place are from the *Biographia Britannica*. The story is told by Foxe, Strype, and Speed.

in the State Paper Office in the original Greek ; it has been translated by one of the learned gentlemen to whom her Majesty has confided the keeping of this department of her archives. It is anonymous, nor can a guess be given at the author, unless it was one of the learned daughters of the unfortunate Duke of Somerset :—

“ To my Lady Jane, in a booke [book].¹

“ My most dear and noble Lady,—Although I am conversant with many of the writers and theologists of old, yet of no one has the perusal been more pleasing and agreeable to me than of Basil the Great, excelling all the bishops of his time both in the greatness of his birth, the extent of his erudition, and the glowing zeal of his holiness. To you, then, so worthy both in consideration of your noble birth, and on account of your learning and holiness, I thought the perusal of so rational and holy and noble a man and theologian would be very fitting, for it will raise the soul, grovelling below and set on earthly things, to God the Almighty, and the remembrance of heavenly things. With these words, then, of Basil the Great, I present you—a gift, if the ink and paper be considered, small and trifling, but, if you consider the profit, more valuable than gold and precious stones, and a token of my great affection for you, hoping that the perusal of these words will be no less agreeable and delightful to you than they have been to me throughout my youth. And so, imploring for you, soul and body, health and happiness and all prosperity, I bid you farewell.

[Endorsed]

“ From a lady to Lady Jane Gray.”

The engagement of Edward VI. to Elizabeth of France, the eldest daughter of Henry II. and Catharine de Medicis, placed an insuperable bar to the ambitious hopes of Suffolk and the Lady Frances, of seeing Jane chosen as his consort. The fall of Somerset had previously swept Lady Jane Seymour from the path of incipient rivalry. But a decree more inexorable had gone forth : the young king was attacked with a fatal succession of mortal maladies. Smallpox, and then measles, had seized his delicate frame, and imprudent exposure to the noxious atmosphere of a cold blighting spring had fixed the remains of these eruptive maladies on his lungs. He was afflicted with an obstinate cough and all the premonitory symptoms of a decline, which baffled the skill of his physicians to remove. It was evident to Northumberland and Suffolk that the royal patient was on the eve of laying his sceptre in the dust.

¹ Translated for us from the Greek by H. Claud Hamilton, Esq. There is no name, but Mr. Hamilton found that it was from a lady by the pronouns. He rather supposes

that the letter was written by one of the daughters of Sir Anthony Cook : it is well known that Mildred Cook wrote in Greek to the University of Cambridge.

The Suffolk family had almost deserted Bradgate, since the great accession of wealth and consequence which had accrued to them, after the sudden deaths of the young dukes, Henry and Charles, heirs of Charles Brandon. The father of Lady Jane ruled England in conjunction with his ally Dudley, and it was needful that their dwellings should be near the court. Sion House, the favourite country seat of Northumberland, was situated within a few strokes of the oar across the Thames from Sheen, where there had stood for ages an old palace of Edward the Confessor, and in close vicinity a richly-endowed Carthusian monastery, the structures and lands of which the Duke of Suffolk had derived from the lately-deceased brothers of the Lady Frances.¹ Here he established his wife and daughters, and here they passed all the time they did not spend at his London residence in Gray's Inn. The alliances and projects which convulsed England during the summer months of 1553 were planned between Suffolk and his subtle ally Northumberland, in these palaces of the Thames, early in the commencement of that year.

The next movement of the two dominant politicians was the union of their interests by uniting their children. All Northumberland's sons were married excepting Guildford, and to him Lady Jane's hand was destined. But when Suffolk informed his daughter that such was his will and pleasure, Jane positively refused compliance. He reiterated his commands very harshly, declaring, moreover, that the marriage had been made by Edward VI., and requiring to know whether she meant to disobey her king as well as her father. Jane reminded her parents that she had given her promise, with their consent, to a young nobleman whom she could not in conscience renounce, supposed to be the Earl of Hertford. Our authority is a Venetian visitor to England,² who affirms that "the reluctant submission of Lady Jane to this marriage was extorted by the urgency of her mother and the violence of her father, who compelled her to accede to his commands by blows." Perhaps this was the most agonising crisis in the short life of martyrdom Jane led on this uncongenial earth.

Young Guildford Dudley was the fourth son of the ambitious Dudley and Jane Guildford, heiress and granddaughter to the Lady Guildford who was governess to the Princess Mary Tudor, the "moder Guildford" sent back to England, with tokens of dislike, by Louis XII. the day after he had espoused that princess. It was not a little singular that the granddaughter, who represented the Queen of France, and the descendant of her governess, should afterwards marry. Guildford Dudley was about twenty in the year 1553. He must have been born

¹ Inquisition MS., Chapter House.

² Historical Tract of Baoardo, edited by Luca Cortile. Printed 'nell' Accademia Venetia, MDLVIII, black letter, kindly lent

by the Hon. Mrs. Greville Howard, of Levens Hall, Castle Rising, and Ashley Park.

in 1533. A Spanish nobleman, one Don Diego, was his godfather,¹ therefore he probably had a second name. Guildford, the only one by which he is known, proves the first instance of a family name given in baptism—a practice, though common at the present day, peculiar to the inhabitants of the British Islands and the colonies. Guildford Dudley was very tall; the handsomest of a handsome family, he was the pride and darling of his aspiring sire. But it was not to Lady Jane Gray that the prime minister's thoughts first turned, when he was seeking a princess of the royal family of England as a mate for his tall youngest boy, but to the Lady Margaret Clifford, whose title to the throne, though from Jane's aunt, was more intact, owing to Brandon's freedom from his former marriage.

The few portraits which remain of Lady Jane Gray must have been drawn in the period between her betrothment and the celebration of her marriage: they are too womanly for an earlier time of her existence, and the events which pressed upon her so rapidly afterwards left no opportunity for so leisurely a proceeding as portrait-sitting. One, considered the most authentic, was painted by Holbein, probably at this period; it has been engraved for Holland's '*Heroölogia Angliea*,' and re-engraved for George Howard's '*Life of Lady Jane Grey*.' The original, or an ancient copy of it, was a few years since in the collection of Wenman Martin, Esq., Upper Seymour Street. The height of the forehead equals the length of the rest of her features. Jane's jewels are rich and numerous; her dress a damask gold tippet with a square corsage braided with gems. The neck is loaded with a throat-necklace, rich chain, and pendent ornament. She wears a large brooch of jewels, and her hood is bordered with gems. A very strong contrast does her portrait afford to the anecdotes of her preserved by Aylmer, quoted in the preceding chapter.

"The Lady Jane," says Mr. Tytler,² "if we may judge from her portrait in the Earl of Stamford's collection, engraved for Lodge, had sweet though rather diminutive features; but her figure was finely formed, and there is a simplicity in her dress which becomes it well. It is so plain that Griffet might at first sight have quoted it, as supporting his supposed puritanical costume of Edward's time; but, on a nearer view, the richly flowered tucker, the string of pearls round her neck, the flowers in her bosom, the jewel clasping the tight basquine-bodice, confute his notions, and show that Plato permitted his pupil some little leisure for the toilet." This quietly elegant style, with its chastened ornaments, took the proper medium between the stiffness of the Puritans and the loads of jewels and embroidery

¹ Sir Philip Hoby's Despatches (State Papers). The circumstance was mentioned to him at Brussels by Guildford Dudley's

godfather, whom he calls Don Diego, annexed to a surname illegible.

² Tytler's *Edward and Mary*, vol. ii. p. 298.

which caused a young princess to fall down under the weight of her own finery, on the way to the altar.¹

In regard to the person of the Lady Jane, her features and her form were alike diminutive. Our Italian authority, Luca Cortile, who was in England during her lifetime, asserts:—"Jane was beautiful, but very small." Her sister, Lady Mary, was a dwarf. D'Israeli the elder, in one of his clever works, mentions gilt *chopines*, a sort of cork shoe, about four inches in height, worn by Lady Jane Gray to raise her to a more majestic altitude.

CHAPTER V.

THE day of Lady Jane's marriage is dateless in all English chronology; it is however fixed by the Venetian contemporary, who has aided us in the restoration of some forgotten incidents of her life,² to have been on "la festa di Spirito Santo"—meaning the Whit Sunday of the year 1553. It was celebrated at Durham House, which had been appropriated by Northumberland after the executions of Lord Thomas Seymour and the Duke of Somerset. Her sister, Lady Katharine Gray, was married at the same time to Lord Herbert, eldest son of the Earl of Pembroke; also Northumberland's daughter, the Lady Katharine Dudley, to Lord Hastings, eldest son of the Earl of Huntingdon.

There was granted to the Lady Jane Gray, among other manors and domains, that of Stanfield Hall, in Norfolk, a place that had had its full share of terrific incidents before the modern murderer, Rush, did his work. Great endowments in Stanfield had been granted by one of our queens³ to the monks of St. Lazarus of Jerusalem, an offset of the

¹ Joanne of Navarre, mother of Henri Quatre.

² Historical Tract of Boardo, edited by Luca Cortile. Printed at Venice, 1528. Pollino, likewise, in his *Ecclesiastical History*.

³ From Blomfield's *Norfolk*, article "Wyndham," or "Wymondham," we gather corroborative particulars of the above. Queen Adelia, second wife of Henry I., endowed the Brotherhood of St. Lazarus of Jerusalem, an offset of the Order of St. John Hospitallers, devoted to the relief of the sick poor, with certain rich lands between Wyndham and the adjacent royal manor-house of Stanfield Hall, a Norfolk hunting-palace, often visited by the kings of England. At the Reformation a rich Norfolk tanner, Robert Kett, bought Wymondham Abbey and all its dependent manors. In short, he was the chief proprietor of that town, as Blomfield avers. John Dudley

(afterwards titled as Warwick and Northumberland) bought some of these charity lands of Kett the tanner. As for paying him for them, that matter was done in his own peculiar mode. Will Kett, the brother of Rob Kett, by whom he was entirely beloved, had been a black monk among the Hospitallers expelled at the Reformation. The brothers, finding that Dudley meant to pull down the magnificent tower, the preservation of which was most dear to the Ketts' affections, raised the Norfolk poor, who were malcontent with extreme misery, and Wymondham became the nucleus of the great Norfolk rebellion. Finally, the Kett brothers were put to death. John Dudley's creditor, Rob Kett, was hung in chains over Norwich Castle, and the stout Hospitaller, his brother William, after a dip in boiling pitch, was hung, in his black robes, over the architectural marvel he died to preserve.

Knights Hospitallers, devoted to the support of the most destitute poor. Stanfield Royal Manor-House, as it was called for several centuries, was a hunting-palace of our Plantagenets and Tudors—nay, Henry VIII.'s daughter, Mary, had been its recent possessor, not long before Jane received the grant.

At the time that Stanfield Hall was the property of Lady Jane Gray, the view it possessed was not particularly inviting. Above the highest tower of the noble church hung, wavering in the wind, the blackened corpse of Kett the Hospitaller. So well had the body in chains been prepared for this ghastly exhibition, that the stout Hospitaller, though dead, long outlasted the brief life of the gentle owner of Stanfield Hall, for he hung throughout the half-century of Queen Elizabeth's reign. Will Kett's corpse fell, bone from bone, only on the day of that queen's death, March 25, 1603. Jane did not gain much by the ill-omened church property of the Hospitallers,¹ and after her attainder it reverted to the crown.

The king was very ill on Jane's marriage-day, and could not be present, as had been intended, at the ceremony. The populace were interested by the youth and beauty of the three brides, and particularly with Lady Jane Gray; but they murmured loudly at such noisy demonstrations of gaiety at the very period when their young monarch's illness was publicly rumoured to be of mortal tendency.

Lady Jane Gray had a deep dislike to her husband's father and mother. Northumberland she dreaded and distrusted; his wife she abhorred. Her situation was most pitiable, as she was condemned to live with them at Sion House. The Lady Frances, her mother, to whom she clung in this misery, was not on good terms with the Duchess of Northumberland. Some promise seems to have been made to the bride, by the duchess, that after the marriage Jane should be permitted to reside with her mother at Sheen. Her father then held possession of the Carthusian building of (East) Sheen, once belonging to the Protector Somerset—a haunted place, as report went—where he and his proud duchess were once most thoroughly terrified, when walking together in the gallery there, at a time when they were at the pinnacle of prosperity, ruling England. Suddenly, out of the wall issued a hand, bestained with red, brandishing a bloody sword, or, as some say, an axe, in their faces. As both the duke and duchess saw this apparition, and were well-nigh terrified to death, it was, in all human probability, an ocular deception contrived by some one interested in the ejected Carthusian occupants. We find Lady Jane Gray's mother was in possession of all the Carthusian property here and in London.

Jane's own narrative of the historical events of this period, in a letter

¹ Blomfield avers that he knows not what royal manors from Kett's execution till he came of the property of Stanfield Hall and 1563. Strype, however, declares it was

to Queen Mary, thus details how she spent the time between her marriage and Edward VI.'s death:—"The Duchess of Northumberland," writes Jane, "promised me, at my nuptials with her son, that she would be contented if I remained living at home with my mother. Soon afterwards, my husband [Guildford Dudley] being present,¹ she declared 'that it was publicly said, there was no hope of the king's life' (and this was the first time I heard of the matter); and further she observed to her husband, the Duke of Northumberland, 'that I ought not to leave her house,' adding, 'that when it pleased God to call King Edward to His mercy, I ought to hold myself in readiness, as I might be required to go to the Tower, since his Majesty had made me heir to his dominions.' These words, told me off-hand and without preparation, agitated my soul within me, and for a time seemed to stupefy me. Yet afterwards they seemed to me exaggerated, and to mean little but boasting, and by no means of consequence sufficient to hinder me from going to my mother."² Jane evidently expressed herself to that effect, and, by so doing, infuriated her mother-in-law, for she proceeds: "The Duchess of Northumberland was enraged against my mother and me. She answered 'that she was resolved to detain me,' insisting 'that it was my duty, at all events, to remain near my husband, from whom I should *not* go.' Not venturing to disobey her, I remained at her house four or five days." It seems at Durham House, as her mother-in-law urged the necessity of her being at hand to take possession of the Tower, in case of the king's sudden demise. "At last," continues Lady Jane, "I obtained leave to go to Chelsea, for recreation [meaning, perhaps, change of air], where I very soon fell ill." Her illness was a struggle between life and death, her sufferings being acute enough to give her the idea that she was poisoned.³

Chelsea Palace was then in possession of the Duke of Northumberland; from it he dates several letters to Cecil and others, his colleagues, that spring.⁴ For some reason, Lady Jane Gray thought going to Chelsea a relief: it is not very clear what were her antipathies to Durham House and Sion, but she considered Chelsea preferable, although it equally belonged to the Dudley establishment.

settled upon Lady Jane as above.—*Mem.*, vol. iii. Appendix.

¹ Pollino, who gives her letter, relates some personal circumstances omitted by Bardo. On the contrary, the former preserves the incidents of the violence used by her father when she declined marrying Lord Guildford Dudley, because she was engaged to another. And these are true marks of the authenticity of Pollino's document; for Jane, dutiful and good daughter as she was, suppresses his cruelty, and mentions not a word in her letter to criminate her parents, as Queen Mary had forgiven

Suffolk. Bardo wrote the passing incidents he gathered while a visitor in England regarding this attempted revolution.

² Pollino, p. 10. It is a recital of the events contained in Lady Jane Gray's letter published in Italian by Pollino, and first made known by Sharon Turner.

³ Ibid. It must have been this illness she alludes to at the end of her letter, as the first she suffered when resident with Dudley.

⁴ Several in Tyler's *Edward and Mary*, vol. ii.

CHAPTER VI.

JANE had not left Chelsea, nor is it certain whether she considered herself well enough to make the attempt, "when," she says, "there came Lady Sidney, the daughter of the Duke of Northumberland, who told me she was sent by the council to call me before them, and she informed me that I must be that night at Sion House, where they were assembled, to receive that which was ordained for me by the king."

Lady Sidney is well known in history as the sister of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and the mother of the renowned Sir Philip Sidney. She figures in history, for the first time, as an agent in the revolution which placed Lady Jane Gray on the throne of England. She had been married more than a year to Sir Henry Sidney, and was evidently despatched by Northumberland to see that Jane pleaded no excuses of ill health—in short, to oblige her to come, ill or well.

The young ladies went in their barge up the river to Sion House. Their rowers could scarcely make the passage in two hours. "When we arrived at Sion," Jane continues, "I found no person there.¹ But thither came directly afterwards the Marquis of Northampton, the Earls of Arundel, Huntingdon, and Pembroke, who began to make deferential speeches, bending the knee before me, and their example was followed by several noble ladies, causing my cheeks to be suffused with blushes. My distress was further increased when my mother [the Lady Frances, Duchess of Suffolk] and my mother-in-law, the Duchess of Northumberland, entered, and performed to me the same homage. Then came Northumberland himself, and, as President of the Council,² declared to me the death of the king, demonstrating 'that everyone had reason to rejoice in the virtuous life he had led, and the good death he died,' drawing comfort from the fact that, at the end of his life, he took great care of his kingdom, 'praying to our Lord God to defend it from all doctrine contrary to His, and to free it from the evil of his sisters.' He signified to the Duke of Northumberland 'that he (the said Majesty Edward VI.) had well considered the Act of Parliament, in which it had been already ordained that whoever should recognise Mary, or Elizabeth her sister, as heir to the crown, were to be held as traitors, seeing that Mary was disobedient to the king her father and to him (Edward VI.), and was, moreover, chief enemy to the Word of God,

¹ Biondo.

² Pollino. Biondo enumerates Northumberland as one of the first arrivals, but Jane's letter, given by Pollino in Italian, and quoted by Sharon Turner in this part, is

followed as more circumstantial. It is rather surprising that Sharon Turner did not give the whole, full as it is of intended incident.

and that both were illegitimate. Therefore he could not understand that it was right for them to be his heirs, but rather that he ought in every way to disinherit them.' And before his death he 'commanded his council, and adjured them by the honour they owed him, by the love they bore their country, and by the duty they had to God, that they should obey his will and carry it into effect.' And," continued Lady Jane,¹ "the Duke of Northumberland added, 'that I was the heir nominated by his Majesty, and that my sisters, the Lady Katharine and the Lady Mary Gray, were to succeed me, in case I had no male heirs legitimately born;' at which words all the lords of the council knelt before me, exclaiming 'that they rend red me that homage because it pertained to me, being of the right line;' and they added, 'that in all particulars they would observe what they promised, which was, by their souls they swore to shed their blood and lose their lives to maintain the same.' Whilst I, having heard all this, remained as stunned and out of myself. I call on those present to bear witness, who saw me fall to the ground, weeping piteously, and dolefully lamenting, not only mine own insufficiency, but the death of the king.² I swooned indeed, and lay as dead,³ but, when brought to myself, I raised myself on my knees, and prayed to God 'that, if to succeed to the throne was indeed my duty and my right, that He would aid me to govern the realm to His glory.' The following day, as everyone knows, I was conducted to the Tower."⁴

Jane expresses herself as if she was carried prisoner to the Tower, and so she was effectually, but it was her State entry, she means, into that ominous fortress previous to the recognition procession through the city, which in all former reigns preceded the coronation of the English sovereign.

"The narrative above is," as Mr. Sharon Turner observes, "very different from the well-known version given by Foxe." The few words said by poor Jane, raising herself on her knees after her deadly swoon, are more probable than the pompous oration put into her mouth, as proper for the occasion. Nor in either of the Italian narratives does she mention her husband as taking any part in her recognition by the council at Sion House⁵ on the evening of July 9. Whilst the cabinet ministry of the late monarch were breaking to Jane the death of her cousin Edward, and her own unwelcome accession, Dr. Ridley was on

¹ Bacardo's narrative, which is in this a part quotation from Lady Jane's words, is here adopted. Pollino omits the words "president of the council," which was the case.

² Pollino.

³ Ibid. Quoted here by Sharon Turner.

⁴ Bacardo.

⁵ The editor of the 'Gentleman's Magazine' (May, 1847, p. 491) points out that Angier, James, and George Howard are all

wrong in placing the recognition of Lady Jane Gray as queen at Sion House; whereas it took place at the Duke of Northumberland's town-house, Durham House, Strand. We place it where her letter in Pollino places it. *The Chronicle of the Grey Friars*, edited by J. G. Nichols (*Queen Jane and Queen Mary*, Appendix iv. p. 110), declares she came by water, July 10, from Richmond to Westminster, and so on to the Tower. If so, she might have come from Sion.

that very afternoon preaching at St. Paul's Cross a sermon against the legitimacy of the surviving children of Henry VIII., and the benefits of Jane's approaching reign.

The "Grey Friars' Chronicle," a fragment written by a contemporary, agrees excellently well with the narrative of Jane herself, saying "that on the morning of July 10 the Lady Jane Gray came from Richmond to Westminster by water." To Westminster Palace she would doubtless come for the purpose of robing. She expressly says she passed the night of July 9 at Sion House, which was near enough to Richmond to be quoted as if she came from thence. It must be remembered that her mother lived at East Sheen, or Kew, where she had earnestly longed to be, but was not permitted by her mother-in-law. Richmond Palace was the property of Henry VIII.'s last surviving widow, Anne of Cleves. Every way the authenticity of her letter quoted by Pollino is confirmed.

Very early in the morning of July 10 must Jane and her attendants have been afloat on the Thames, for she came down the river in her barge to Westminster Palace from Sion House, and in regal pomp from Westminster to Durham House,¹ one of the Strand palaces. Here her large made some stay; it was her father-in-law's chief residence and arsenal above London Bridge, and she probably dined there. From thence her procession came by water with increasing grandeur; she landed at about three o'clock at the Tower, under deafening discharges of artillery from its batteries, the voices of which spoke more formidably than ever before heard by the citizens, from a natural desire of Northumberland to show his enemies how effective were the means of defence pertaining to the stronghold of the new sovereign. The walking procession of Queen Jane from the landing-place to the Great Hall of the Tower was long remembered for its magnificence. Crowds of spectators lined the way, and everyone knelt as she passed on. The Lady Frances, Duchess of Suffolk, to the surprise of the beholders, officiated as her daughter's trainbearer, for Jane wore, on the occasion, royal robes and circlet, and appeared with the regality of queen as yet uncrowned. All the nobility—lords and ladies resident in or near London—assisted at the pageant, with the whole body of the privy council, some of whom were promoters of the revolution, others were secretly little better than prisoners or hostages: among the last class may be reckoned the Roman Catholic Earl of Arundel. Young Guildford Dudley, who is first mentioned here since he was the passive witness of his mother's quarrel with Jane at Durham House, is now noted as walking by the side of his royal lady, cap in hand,² and bowing to the ground whensoever

¹ George Howard's *Lady Jane Grey*, p. 235. Other historians place her recognition by the council at Durham House. It is probable she dined there on the noon of

July 10. Its vicinity to the city (on the site of the Adelphi) renders it likely.

² Baocardo, 1553; Pollino; Sharon Turner.

she spoke.¹ He was not long contented with so subordinate a part.

When the whole cortége had taken possession of the regal apartments in the Tower, the heralds' trumpets, about five o'clock, announced the proclamation of Queen Jane within the circle of the fortress. Such another tedious homily, set forth by public outcry, is not preserved by history. The listeners must have been blessed with exemplary patience, and those who comprehended it with the utmost skill in connecting long-tailed periods. After rehearsing it in the Tower, the painstaking heralds proceeded to proclaim the same in Fleet Street and Cheapside, where a pot-boy, for expressing great disgust, was considered a formidable ally of the Princess Mary, and subjected next morning to the barbarous infliction of the pillory and the loss of his ears. Unfortunate ears! no wonder they rebelled, for the proclamation occupies seven closely-printed pages: we have remorse of conscience for inflicting a brief abstract on our readers; although they can skip it, which poor Gilbert, wedged in a dense crowd with his pots, could not. To the historian it presents some points of interest, as it is the first public challenge of a woman to be considered at once queen regnant and supreme head of the Church on earth:—

“Jane, by the grace of God, Queen of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and of the Church of England, and also of Ireland, under Christ *on earth the supreme head*. To all our loving, faithful, and obedient [subjects], and to *every* [each] of them greeting. Whereas our most dear cousin Edward VI., late King of England, France, and Ireland, and Defender of the Faith, and on earth the supreme head under Christ of the Church of England and Ireland, by his letters patent, signed with his own hand, sealed with his Great Seal of England, in the presence of the most of his nobles, his councillors and judges, and divers other sage and grave personages, for the profit and surety of the whole realm, thereto assenting, and subscribing their names to the same.”²

An abstract of the Act of Parliament 35 of Henry VIII. follows, showing that Queen Jane's “great-uncle and progenitor, Henry VIII., for lack of heirs, if his son Edward left none, had appointed the crown to descend to his daughter, the Lady Mary and her heirs, and if they failed, to the Lady Elizabeth and her heirs, with such conditions as should be appointed by the said king, of worthy memory, Henry VIII., our progenitor and great-uncle, by his letters patent under the Great Seal, or by his last will in writing *signed with his hand*.”³

¹ Bacoardo, 1558; Pollino; Sharon Turner.

² Lansdowne MS., No. 198. Quoted at length by that painstaking antiquary George

Howard (*Life of Lady Jane Grey*, pp. 236-237).

³ The rest of the document, called “Jane's Proclamation,” is in the Cottonian Collection.

But it is a remarkable circumstance that the will of Jane's "great-uncle and progenitor," as she is made to call him, though presenting the first idea that she was to succeed next his daughters, is wholly ignored.

Jane put her sign-manual—

Jane the Quene

to other important papers, before her first day's labours of regality came to a close. They were letters to the lords-lieutenants in England commanding her proclamation. A wrangle had ensued in the cabinet council regarding the inditing of this fatal paper. "I escheved," wrote Mr. Secretary Cecil, in his apology to Queen Mary, "writing of the quene's highness, bastard, and put the same on Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, whose conscience I saw was offended therewith."¹ In this ominous renunciation of their duties by the secretaries of State, Northumberland was forced to do his own work, which was performed in an unscrupulous fashion.

Jane's hand has shaken in writing the word "Quene" in this fatal document, which proved the true death-warrant to the ambitious compounder, to herself, her father, her husband, her uncle, and many a life besides.

On this most important paper of the reign of "Jane the Quene," Cecil, into whose possession it passed after the brief tragedy was played out, has inscribed the emphatic words, "Jana non Regina"²—a needful caution in the reigns of either jealous Tudor queen, in case of an inquisition into his papers.

CHAPTER VII.

SUCH was the history of the first day of female sovereignty, temporal and spiritual, in England. How Jane slept her first night in the terrible fortress, which had been fatal to so many of her ancestors, history saith not. From Jane's own record we infer not well, since she complains of her health. It has been shown from her letter, preserved by Pollino, that she was hurried from a sick chamber to be carried from

¹ *The Chronicle of Queen Jane and Queen Mary* (Camden Society), p. 3. Fragment: *Chronicle of the Grey Friars* (ibid.), p. 110.

² Ellis's *Historical Letters*; and *Archæologia*, vol. xviii.

Chelsea Palace to Sion House, where she swooned during her interview with the council. The next morning she must have been on the river early, while the dews were yet brooding over it; and that, added to the agitations of the day, was quite sufficient to bring on a relapse of the fever to which she had already succumbed. The morrow brought her fresh agitations and vexations.

The next trouble of Jane's unsought royalty was a violent manifestation of the boyish ambition of her husband, instigated by his mother. According to Jane's own words, the crisis occurred the very next morning after her accession, for she proceeds to say:—"The Lord High Treasurer, Winchester, brought me the jewels [regalia] and the crown, the which were neither demanded by *me* nor by any one in *my name*; he desired to place it on my head, to see how it fitted. This I declined with many protestations; but he said, 'I might take it boldly, for that he would have another made to crown my husband with.'" But if Lady Jane, as the next Protestant heir to the throne, had begun to consider it was the duty she owed to her religion to bear the weight of the crown regnant, she by no means approved of her husband assuming any share of that regality, for she continues: "Which thing I certainly heard with infinite grief and displeasure of heart. As soon as I was left alone with my husband I reasoned with him, and after we had had a great dispute he consented to wait till he was made king by me and Act of Parliament."

On reflection, Lady Jane resolved that he should not bear even the title of king, for she says:—"Soon after I sent for the Earls of Arundel and Pembroke, and told them I was willing to make my husband a duke, but not king." Upon this young Guildford (who seems to have been performing the like part subsequently played by Darnley after his marriage with Mary Queen of Scotland) recounted his disappointment to his mother, who angrily advised him to forsake his wife's chamber, and to swear "he would be no duke, but King of England." Moreover she insulted Lady Jane in the coarsest terms, threatening to carry off Guildford with her to Sion House.

Lady Jane assumed the decision of a queen; she sent Arundel and Pembroke, the two lords in whom she most confided, to recall her perverse partner, and commanded him not to go to Sion with his mother, but to return, and behave in a friendly manner to her. "And thus I was compelled to act as a woman who is obliged to live on good terms with her husband," continues she; "nevertheless I was not only deluded by the duke and the council, but *maltreated* by my husband and his mother."

Very violent was her relapse of illness, insomuch that she believed

¹ Translated from the Italian of Pollino's *Ecclesiastical History*, where it is quoted as a document inserted in the historian's

narrative. The words enclosed in commas are Lady Jane's own, retranslated back into English.

herself poisoned by the Duchess of Northumberland. "Twice I was poisoned," she writes; "once in the house of my mother-in-law [apparently in Durham House], and afterwards in the Tower. So powerful was the venom, that all the skin came off my back."¹ But it was not the interest of the dominant party to poison her. Indeed, the many varieties of typhus and eruptive fevers were in those days all attributed to poison. One would have thought that no great people ever died by the visitation of God, but all by the malice of man. After putting themselves in such terrible jeopardy to seize the crown, the members of the Dudley family could not do without her. She was their peg to hang the crown upon, and without her it was sure to fall and crush them. Her insolent mother-in-law could not afford to gratify her spite by murdering her. As for the Roman Catholics, whom Mr. Sharon Turner thinks she accuses, if they did not poison her in Wyatt's rebellion, when they had full power to do so, it is not very probable that the deed was done when she was queen in the Tower. It is evident that Jane had caught an eruptive fever, which acted on the skin, and, poor girl! she had to struggle with its severe inflictions among the other woes of her Tower queenship.

"Jane accepted the regalia with tears," writes Bishop Godwin. No doubt she did. Yet the good bishop lived too near her time to be aware of what a violent storm the vigilance of the Lord Treasurer Winchester, preliminary to the performance of his official duties, had stirred up in Jane's immediate family circle. All English historians pass over the proceeding of the time-serving treasurer in silence, excepting the simple chronicler Sir Richard Baker; nevertheless it has ample confirmation in the archives of our country, where we have not the slightest doubt the original documents we have carefully translated from three Italian contemporaries will be ultimately discovered, so closely are they confirmed by letters existing in the State Paper Office.

With the much-coveted garland of the realm and its appurtenances, Winchester must have delivered to Jane a most curious collection of miscellaneous articles in the guise of jewelry, being evidently the contents of sundry boxes and caskets deposited at the Jewel House in the Tower, the relics of the queens Henry VIII. had dismissed or destroyed after decking them in their turns with rare jewels. Jane had an opportunity of examining the contents of one of these caskets, which, according to Winchester's inventory,² was delivered to her the day after the quarrel with Guildford and his mother, as early as July 12. "A fish of gold, being a toothpick. One dewberry of gold. A like pendant, having one great and three little pearls. A newt of white silver." (This seems to have been in the form of a little lizard, or eft :

¹ Pollino's *Ecclesiastical History*: Letter of Jane.

² Harleian MS., No. 611.

such animals in jewelry were greatly in the reign of Elizabeth). "A tablet of gold with a white sapphire and a blue one, a balas ruby, and a pendent pearl. A tablet of gold hung by a chain with St. John's head, and flat pearls. A tablet with our Lady of Pity, engraved on a blue stone. A pair of beads of white porcelain, with eight guads of gold, and a tassel of Venice gold. Beads of gold with crymesy [crimson] work. Buttons of gold with crimson work. Six purse-hangers of silver and gilt." (These were to hang purses or trinkets to the girdle, like the modern chatelaine.) "Five small agates, with stars graven on them. Pearls in rounnels of gold between pivots of pearls. Pipes of gold. A pair of bracelets of flaggon-chain [pattern], connecting jacinths or orange-coloured amethysts. Many buttons of gold worked with crimson, and in each button set six pearls. Thirty turquoises of little worth. Thirteen table diamonds set in collets of gold. An abiliment set with twelve table diamonds." (These were the borderings of the caps like those of Anne Boleyn, or even of the round hood which was the fashion that succeeded them.) "Forty-three damasked gold buttons, and a clock or watch set in damasked gold, tablet fashion," close the list; but Winchester affirmed that he delivered to Jane, on July 12, not only these, but the regalia and other jewels, together with a supply of cash, books, and even clothes. As for Lord Guildford Dudley, his wrath was propitiated by a certain quantity of crown jewels, which were surrendered to him. Very severely was he afterwards called to account for them. Jane appointed his uncle, Sir Ambrose Dudley, her palacc-keeper at Westminster, and one of his first orders was for twenty yards of velvet, twenty-five of Holland cloth, and thirty-three of coarser lining, to make her robes against her removal from the Tower.¹

Despite of all Jane's prudent recommendations to her ambitious spouse, in hopes of inducing him to wait until Parliament settled his dignity derived from his marriage with her, he put into practical effect his full determination of acting as King Guildford I. of England and Ireland. The minutes of a despatch are extant, written under his directions to the Lady Regent of the Low Countries, signifying that Sir Thomas Chamberlayne (the resident minister there) was recalled, and desiring in all *his* affairs to give audience and full credit to Sir Philip Hoby.² One of the earliest acts of Jane and her council was to authorise Sir Philip Hoby, then at Brussels, as the accredited minister: the appointment was signed "Jane the Quene." Very humble indeed is its depreciation of any hostile movement on the part of Charles V. in support of his relative the Princess Mary. The despatch of the nominal queen certainly includes no mention of her ambitious partner as king, but the reply of Sir Philip Hoby fully developed the

¹ Howard's *Lady Jane Grey*.² Harleian MS., No. 523.

Dudley domination, and proves how completely he was a creature of the new family. He wrote thus to the privy council, after hearing of the death of Edward VI.: "Don Diego found me, Sir Philip Hoby, and me, Sir Richard Morysone, walking in our host's garden." Don Diego was one of the Spanish Government in the Low Countries, and a personal friend of the Dudley family, of long standing, having been the godfather of the would-be King of England, young Guildford. After condolences on the death of Edward VI., the Spaniard passed to praises of his sagacity in providing England with so good a king, meaning not "Jane the Queene," the great-granddaughter of Elizabeth of York, heiress of the realm, but positively the grandson of Dudley, the attorney, put to death with Empson, for knavish practices with the public money. And it is of him that the English diplomatist writes to the council, cunningly putting his terms of dignity into the mouth of a foreigner without a surname, in order to intimate that foreigners took for granted that the son of Dudley was invested with the powers of Henry VIII. Don Diego had been delayed from his condolences for the loss of Edward and his offers of service "to the king's majesty" [Guildford] by the advice of De Arras, one of the ministry at Brussels; but on July 15 that interdict was taken off, and he was permitted to visit the embassy and to ring all the changes on "highness," "majesty," and "sovereign" which would chime sweetly in the ears of the Dudley dynasty. "Therefore," said Don Diego, "as I am sorry that you lose so good a king, so much do I rejoice that ye have so noble and toward a prince to succeed him; and I promise ye, by the word of a gentleman, I would at all times serve his highness myself if the Emperor [Charles V.] did call me to serve him." The English envoys observed, "that they had received the sorrowful news of the death of Edward VI., but not the glad tidings of the accession of Guildford." Upon which Don Diego replied, "I can tell you thus much, Edward VI., for discharge of his conscience, writ a good piece of his testament with his own hand, barring both his sisters of the crown, and leaving it the Lady Jane, near to the French queen [related to Mary Tudor, queen of Louis XII.]. Why it is done," added Don Diego, "we that be strangers have nothing to do. You are bound to obey and serve his majesty [Guildford Dudley], and therefore it is reason we take him for your king, whom the consent of the nobles of your country have declared for your king; and," said he, "for my part of all others [I] am bound to be glad that his majesty is set in this office. I was his godfather, and would as willingly spend my blood in his service as any subject he hath, as long as I shall see the emperor willing to embrace his majesty's amity. Don Francisco d'Este, general of all the *footmen Italians* [Italian infantry], is gone to his charge in Milan; he, at his departure, made the like offer as long

as his master and ours should be friends, which he trusted should be ever; praying us, at our return, to utter it to the king's majesty [Guildford], and thus will humbly take our leave of your honours."¹ This letter was not received in England until the political scene was suddenly changed: there can be no doubt but that it told fearfully against Jane's aspiring spouse. No narrative history has ever detailed the mad plans of the Dudley faction, in forcing on the unwilling Jane the injurious burden of royalty. This regnal authority, to her own infinite indignation, was to be wielded by a spouse to whom she had very recently and with extreme reluctance yielded her hand.

While his wife and son were by domestic tyranny striving to subdue Jane into the passive submission of her ancestress, Elizabeth of York, Northumberland was playing his game with the finesse developed in the artful despatch of his creature Hoby. The privy council were to be thus instructed that all foreigners took it for granted that his son Guildford, by virtue of his marriage with the Lady Jane Gray, was "the king's majesty of England." But, as the revolving hours fled away, the urgent necessity of crushing the increasing strength of the rival queen's party in her East-Anglian fortress of Framlingham, seems to have interrupted the intrigues of Northumberland.

The proposal of Winchester to deliver the crown jewels and the crown itself to Jane, caused the commencement of Lord Guildford's dispute with her the day after the proclamation. On the next eventful day the privy council appointed Jane's father, the Duke of Suffolk, to march against the Princess Mary. Jane was terrified at the idea of being left by her father once more in the power of the Dudleys, and, when she heard the decision of the council, she lifted up her voice and wept passionately, so that the resolution of its members was shaken.

"She took the matter heavily," says a contemporary chronicle, "and, with weeping tears, made request to the whole council that her father might tarry at home in her company."² Whereupon the council persuaded the Duke of Northumberland to take that *voyage* [journey] upon him, saying "that no man was so fit there for, because that he had achieved the victory in Norfolk once already [at Kett's rebellion], and was there so feared that none durst lift up weapon against him; besides, that he was the best man of war in the realm, as well for ordering of his camps and soldiers, both in battle and in their tents, as also by experience, knowledge, and wisdom, he could animate his army with persuasions, and also pacify and allay his enemies' pride with his stout courage, or else dissuade them, if need were, from their enterprise." "Well," said Northumberland, "since

¹ Letter to Privy Council from Hoby and Morysone, July, 1553, Brussels.

² *The Chronicle of Queen Jane and Queen Mary* (Camden Society), p. 5.

ye think it good, I and mine will go, not doubting of your fidelity to the queen's majesty [Jane], whom I leave in your custody." So that night he sent for lords, knights, and others that should go with him, and caused all things to be prepared accordingly.

Whatsoever the evil intentions of Northumberland might be, no intimation remains that he ever behaved to Jane in any way resembling the coarse conduct of his wife. In this instance, when the council waited on Jane to tell her the result of their amended deliberations he was one of them. Jane humbly thanked him "for reserving her father at home, and besought him to use his diligence." Northumberland answered that "he would do all that in him lay."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE deep depression of Lady Jane, ending in tears and sobs, was evidently aggravated by the painful illness into which she had relapsed within a short time of the arduous day of her proclamation. She mentions her illness as arising directly after the contest regarding the kingship of Guildford. By the virulence of the disorder she was probably confined to her chamber during the remainder of her short reign at the Tower; for no mention is made of any of her State receptions, although occasionally official persons went in to speak to her. Northumberland, having appointed the rendezvous of his military muster at Durham House, dined with the council before he departed the next day. He desired the noblemen and gentlemen of that body to send their feudal musters forward to meet him at Newmarket; and, while waiting for the announcement of dinner, he thought it needful to refresh their memories in regard to their recent oath to maintain Queen Jane, in whose behalf he offered the following adjuration, that if they did not regard their obligations to her, "God *shall* [will] not acquit you of the sacred and holy oath of allegiance, made freely by you to this virtuous lady the queen's highness, who by your and our enticement is rather of force placed therein, than by her own seeking and request. But if ye mean deceit, though not herewith but hereafter, God will revenge the same. I can say no more."

Then dinner was announced—very seasonably, indeed, for the feelings of some of the worthies present, who must have been, at that very moment, meditating the course they meant to pursue as soon as their dreaded minister's back was turned. Northumberland "knit up" his long speech with an entreaty that the council "would wish him no worse speed in his journey than they would have themselves." "My

lord," replied one of Jane's privy councillors, "if ye mistrust any of us in this matter, your grace is far deceived; for which of us can wipe his hands clean thereof? And if we should shrink from you as one that is culpable, which of us can excuse himself as guiltless? Therefore herein your doubt is too far cast." "I pray God it be so," replied Northumberland. "Let us go to dinner." And so they sat down.

After dinner, Northumberland went in to the queen [Jane], who had by that time sealed his commission as her lieutenant of the army: he took leave of her, as did also certain other lords, probably those who were appointed to assist him in his expedition.

All went wrong with him. Popular feeling was in favour of King Henry's daughter, and he could do nothing to turn the tide. Suffolk within the Tower, and Northumberland without, trembled and gave way, bowing like bulrushes before the storm.

"Do you mark," said Northumberland to those who rode next him as he cleared the outskirts of London, "that no one cries 'God speed ye!'"

It was quite a different feeling. Northumberland was the most unbeloved of rulers.

On Sunday 16th, Ridley, Bishop of London, preached at Paul's Cross on the present establishment of the government, setting forth the late king's paternal care for his realm, and the evils which must have occurred from the succession of the Princess Mary, her zeal for the papacy, and her foreign connections. He spoke with eloquent enthusiasm of the virtues, talents, and piety of the young Queen Jane, and the blessings to be anticipated from her righteous sway. But the people heard him coldly. There were no shouts of "God save Queen Jane!"

On the evening of July 16, after the Lord Treasurer Winchester had left the Tower at seven, to pass the night at his own dwelling, Winchester House, Broad Street, Queen Jane, being taken in a panic ordered all the Tower gates to be locked and the keys carried *up*¹ to her. In this dim intimation the reader may note the expression *up* to her, well enough expressing the high situation of the regal apartments near the council-room and chapel in the White Tower. That night passed not on without other disturbance. Jane missed one of her seals, and my Lord Marquis of Winchester, lately locked and barred out of the Tower, was fetched back into it, by her orders, at midnight. What passed in explanation is not mentioned; nothing of a very friendly nature, it would seem, for it was not long before Jane felt the effects of this man's enmity.

The next day came evil tidings of failure in every department, which the Gray party had fondly deemed they had made so strong.

¹ *Chronicle of Queen Jane and Queen Mary.*

Then the tenants and feudal vassals refused to obey the requisitions of their lords to march against Mary.

A placard on the pump at Queenhythe stated "that the Princess Mary had been proclaimed queen in every town and city in England, London alone excepted." The lords in the Tower grew selfish and fainthearted, and wished themselves out of that perilous place.

Northumberland wrote complaining of fearful desertions, describing the Princess Mary's daily increasing strength, and entreating the council at the Tower to send him reinforcements.

Suffolk, bewildered and paralysed, knew not where to procure troops. Lady Jane, distressed and unhappy, relapsed into sickness. She had, however, promised to stand godmother to an infant born in the Tower during her brief reign: this was the son of Edward Underhill, surnamed the "Hot Gospeller." Not being well enough to stand in person, she desired her attendant, Lady Throckmorton, to represent her at the baptismal font. Lady Throckmorton left her mistress in possession of the royal suite of apartments in the Tower, with a canopy of state and all other regal insignia round her; when she returned she found new officers in possession of the apartments, the canopy down, and was informed, in reply to her exclamations of wonder, that "Jane Gray was a prisoner for high treason; and she also was in like case, but her attendance was required for her late mistress."

The celerity of this counter-revolution is attributed entirely to the machinations of the Earl of Arundel, out of vengeance for Suffolk's deserting his sister, Lady Katharine Fitzallan, for the Lady Frances Brandon, when Marquis of Dorset. Arundel had outwardly joined the party for elevating Lady Jane Gray to the throne, but secretly given information of all their measures and intentions to the Princess Mary, which caused their failure and ruin.

Suffolk, now united with the council in addressing Mary as the undoubted sovereign of the realm, subscribed with them, and himself proclaimed Queen Mary at the Tower gates. He then hastened to his daughter, and, in the gentlest terms he could, announced to her that she was no longer a queen, but must lay aside such dignity, and return to the station of a private person.

Jane answered her father with a serene countenance and steady voice:—

"Sir, I better brook this message than my advancement to royalty. Out of obedience to you and my mother, I have grievously sinned and offered violence to myself. Now do I willingly, and obeying the motions of my own soul, relinquish the crown, and endeavour to solve those faults committed by others, if, at least, so great faults can be solved, by a willing and ingenuous acknowledgment of them."¹

¹ Speed's *Chronicle*, p. 317.

It is probable Jane made this speech in the hearing of the functionaries of the Tower, who either accompanied or followed her father to her royal apartments, when they stripped them of all marks of the Gray dynasty, and prepared to lead their gentle occupant to prison rooms, possibly the same rooms formerly occupied by her cousin, Lady Margaret Douglas,¹ in the house of the Deputy-lieutenant of the Tower. It was in these apartments that Jane probably penned the eloquent circumstantial letter she soon after wrote to Queen Mary, in explanation of her conduct, and which has enabled historians of such opposite principles as Sharon Turner and Dr. Lingard to work out the otherwise barren outlines of her proceedings during the most eventful period of her short life.

CHAPTER IX.

THE nine days' regality of Lady Jane Gray had vanished like a dream. She was still within the Tower, but a prisoner, not a queen. Her officers of State had disappeared, her nobles one by one had deserted her; even her father and mother were gone, leaving her, the reluctant puppet in the late pageant that had astonished the metropolis, to pay the penalty of their treasonable project alone. There was indeed her husband, but him she saw not in her distress: they were separated. He was confined in the Beauchamp Tower with his brothers.

The pause of dull torpidity which had succeeded the surprise, the whirl, the uncertainty of her strange position, if a relief to her agonised brain and throbbing heart, was brief, for the Lord Treasurer Winchester invaded her quiet with a peremptory demand for the return of the crown jewels, and presented also a list of certain articles that had been abstracted since, and required that she should make the deficiency good.

Jane was stunned by this demand. She knew nothing of the missing property, and patiently submitted to the forfeiture of all the money in her possession, which, on this pretext, was taken from her. A curious description exists in the Harleian Collection² of the coin taken from the Lady Jane Gray on the 25th of July, from which we learn that some rare old Edward angels (Edward IV.), some gold coronation medals, probably those with the effigies of King Henry VIII. and Edward VI. struck thereon, one half-angel, with shillings and *half-shillings*, were in her possession. There was base money to the amount of four and sixpence; this was of the deteriorated coinage in the reign of Edward VI., which, thanks to the Dudley administration, had just reached the lowest standard of vileness. Among other coins they took from her

¹ See *Lives of the Queens of Scotland and Princesses connected with the Royal succession*, by Agnes Strickland, vol. II.

² Harleian MS., No. 611.

twelve brass pieces of no value, and old sterling money with two *plasse*, value twenty pence. However, the whole of poor Jane's regal resources, public and private, only amounted to the sum of 54*l.* 13*s.* 2*d.* A very small exchequer for a revolutionary queen, but more than was consistent with the plan of keeping her safely as prisoner in the Tower. Winchester made a similar inquisition into the pockets of Guildford Dudley, on the pretext that he was accountable for the crown jewels not restored by his wife. There was taken from him in money of the deteriorated circulation called base coin, 32*l.* 8*s.* Thus the prisoners were left entirely without the means of bribing their gaolers to abet their escape, they being utterly penniless.

The seizure, peremptory as it was, does not appear to have been officially reported to the queen or her ministers; for nearly two months later the following precept was addressed to the Lord Treasurer Winchester by her Majesty:—

“Mary the Quene,—Trusty and well-beloved, we greet you well. And whereupon the delivery of certain of our jewels and stuff to your hands by the Lady Jane Gray, the xx of July last, which she before had received of you the xii of the same month, it appeareth that the jewels hereafter mentioned were wanting, and by occasion thereof [that is, by reason of their delivery to her] cannot be found again. Forasmuch as we certainly understand that by your diligence all the rest that she had was recovered, being at the same time in like danger. And upon trust we have, ye will not *let* [delay] to our use the like *travail* [trouble] to recover these jewels to our use as soon as ye can.

“Sept. 20, 1553.”¹

The missing jewels were but few: the principal part of the list of the abstracted articles might, with more propriety, be arranged under the heading “stuff,” according to the modern acceptation of the word. The officers of the royal wardrobe must have been teasingly minute in their entries to have classed and inventoried the contents of two of the three missing boxes, one of which, marked with Henry VIII.'s broad arrow, contained the valuable property of two shaving-cloths and thirteen pair of old gloves, some of them odd ones. Poor Jane! greatly would she have been puzzled to restore *in statu quo* these interesting relics of her burly uncle, King Harry, which some thievish follower of her unprincipled supporters had undoubtedly purloined, fancying all the time he had captured a most precious prey. How grievously the robber must have been disappointed at the sight of the king's shaving-cloths and old gloves! The contents of a “square coffer covered with fustian of Naples” were little more valuable; they seem to have been a collection of keepsakes, tokens, and Catholic books, not very tempting to the Protestant Lady Jane.

¹ Harleian MS., No. 611

The whole lot had probably remained among the stores of the Tower Palace since the queen's mother, Katharine of Arragon, had last kept court there. The first article is the half of a broken ring of gold—some love-token, peradventure. Then “a book of prayers, covered with purple velvet, and garnished with gold. A *primer*¹ in English. Three old halfpence [in silver]. Seven little halfpence and farthings. Item, sixteen pence, two farthings, and two halfpence. A purse of leather with eighteen strange coins of silver. Three French crowns, one broken in two. Item, a girdle of gold thread. A pair of twitchers [tweezers] of silver. A ring of gold with a death's head. [*This was the style of mourning ring then used.*] A pair of knives in a case of black silk. Two books covered with leather. Item, a little square box of gold and silver with a pair of shears [scissors] and divers shreds of satin. A piece of white paper containing a pattern of gold damask.”² This coffer evidently contained little feminine trifles; it ostensibly belonged to one of Henry VIII.'s queens. The scissors and shreds of satin pertained to fancy-work that had been interrupted by some convulsion of State. But how was it possible for the poor prisoner Jane to restore all this collection of odd sundries? The third coffer was “Queen's Jewels,” and contained metal more attractive, such as chains of gold studded with rosettes of pearl, and other valuables, not half so curious as the list of the odd shreds and patches above enumerated.

Long before the date of the precept which brought the above royal hoards of superannuated rubbish to light, Queen Mary had visited the Tower, and personally accorded prompt pardons to several of the hopeless prisoners of State, who had been incarcerated by her despotic father and lingered there for years. Mary had at the same time released the widowed Duchess of Somerset from her imprisonment.

Mary's manner of exercising the royal prerogative of mercy to these captives probably induced Lady Jane to address to her the celebrated letter which has supplied the particulars of her melancholy nine days' reign, and the domestic misery to which she was subjected from her husband, through the influence of his insolent mother, the Duchess of Northumberland.

Mary had pardoned the guilty parents of Lady Jane, she had even restored the Lady Frances to her favour, but she could not be induced to extend her grace to the unfortunate Lady Jane. Indeed, there is no evidence of anyone pleading for her, while the imperial ambassadors urged the policy of her immediate execution, or life-long imprisonment, assuring her Majesty “that she could never reign in safety while Jane remained at large. To Guildford no mercy was to be shown.”

To these cruel councillors Mary replied, “that she could not find it

¹ This is a Prayer-book of the Roman Catholic ritual.

² Harleian MS., No. 611.

in her heart to put her unfortunate cousin to death. The Lady Jane was not so guilty as Charles V. supposed. She had not been the accomplice of Northumberland, but merely a puppet in his hands. Neither was she his daughter-in-law, for she had been validly contracted to another person before she was compelled to marry Guildford Dudley. As for the danger arising from her pretensions, it was but imaginary."¹

This answer shows that Mary did not, at first, contemplate the barbarous measures she finally pursued, and it inclines us to conclude that she had read and considered Jane's statement in the letter quoted by Pollino.

The Duke of Northumberland, who had vainly, on the failure of his attempt to place Lady Jane on the throne, endeavoured to hedge in his treason, by proclaiming Mary Queen, had been arrested, with his sons and associates, Sir John Gates and Sir Thomas Palmer, conveyed to the Tower, and brought to trial August 18th. They were all found guilty of high treason, and condemned to the block.

Northumberland made the most humble solicitations for his life—nay, more, he embraced the religion of the Church of Rome; but he had offended too deeply to be forgiven. He and his associates desired to hear the Mass, and communicate, the day before they suffered. Lady Jane, looking through her window, saw them all enter the church for that purpose. The Duke, Gates, and Palmer suffered death on Tuesday, August 22nd.

A week later, Tuesday 27th, the Harleian chronicler records that he dined in company with Lady Jane Gray² in the apartments where she was confined, erroneously stated at "Partridge's house;" meaning, evidently, the house of the deputy lieutenant, Thomas Bridges, for there was no official in the Tower, at that time, of the name of Partridge.³

The particulars of her demeanour and conversation are peculiarly interesting and have never before, we believe, been amalgamated with Lady Jane's prison life. It appears that she was by no means guarded with jealous care from the access of strangers, though the chronicler was apparently a friend of her keeper, and a resident in the Tower. He says:—"I dined at Bridges' house, with my Lady Jane being there present, she sitting at the board's end, Bridges his wife, Sarah, my lady's gentlewoman and her man, she commanding Bridges and me to put on our caps. Amongst our communications at the dinner this was to be noted. After she had once or twice drunk to me and bade

¹ Renard *apud* Griffet. xl.

² Published under the title of *The Chronicle of Queen Jane and Queen Mary*, by the Camden Society. Edited by John Gough Nichols, Esq.

³ In the scanty Tower list of officials quoted by Mr. Robertson Dick, Thomas Briges is distinctly enumerated as deputy of his brother, the lieutenant of the Tower Sir John Briges or Bridges.

me heartily welcome, saith she, 'The queen's Majesty is a merciful princess; I beseech God she may long continue, and send His bountiful grace upon her.'

"After that we fell in discourse of 'matters of religion, and she asked 'what he was that preached at Paul's on Sunday before,' and so it was told her. 'I pray you,' quoth she, 'have they Mass in London?'

"'Yea, forsooth,' quoth I, 'in some places.'

"'It may be so,' quoth she. 'It is not so strange as the sudden conversion of the late duke; for who would have thought he would have so done.'

"It was answered her, 'Perchance he thereby hoped to have had his pardon.'

"'Pardon!' quoth she. 'Woe worth him! He hath brought me and our stock in most miserable calamity and misery by this exceeding ambition. But for the answering that he hoped his life by turning, though others be of the same opinion, I utterly am not; for what man is there living, I pray you, although he had been innocent, that would hope of life in that case—being in the field against the queen in person as general; and, after his taking, so hated and evil-spoken of by the Commons; and, at his coming into prison, so wondered at, as the like was never heard by any man's time? Who was judge, that he should hope for pardon whose life was odious to all men? But what will ye more? Like as his life was wicked and full of dissimulation, so was his end thereafter. I pray God I nor no friend of mine die so. Should I, who am young and in the flower of my years, forsake my faith for love of life? Nay, God forbid! Much more he should not, whose fatal course, though he had lived his just number of years, could not have long continued. But life was sweet, it appeared; so he might have lived, you will say, he did not care how. Indeed, the reason is good; for he that would have lived in chains to have had his life, belike would leave no other means attempted. But God be merciful to us; For He sayeth, "Whoso denieth Him before men, He will not know him in His Father's kingdom."'

"With this and much other talk the dinner passed away, which ended, I thanked her ladyship that she would vouchsafe to accept me in her company, and she thanked me likewise, and said, I was welcome. She thanked Bridges also for bringing me to dinner. 'Madame,' said he, 'we all were somewhat bold, not knowing that your ladyship dined before until we found your ladyship there.'"¹

The bitter contempt with which Jane spoke of her father-in-law Northumberland and his apostacy, in this contemporary document, proves that a sense of intolerable wrong was still burning in her bosom. His head had fallen on the scaffold a week previously, but

¹ *Chronicle of Queen Jane and Queen Mary.* Published by the Camden Society.

she had not forgiven him; and this well agrees with the tone of her letter to the queen her cousin.

On or about September 14, Lord Guildford Dudley and one of his brothers were given liberty to take the air on the leads of the Beauchamp Tower, and the Countess of Warwick had liberty to come to her husband, and also the wife of Lord Ambrose Dudley to visit hers.

The queen came to the Tower on the 27th with her sister the Lady Elizabeth, her retinue, and the council, in preparation for her coronation which was solemnised with great pomp on October 1, 1553. This must have been a period of agitation to poor Lady Jane, and perchance also of hope, as it was usual for the sovereign to perform an act of grace on that occasion by releasing some of the State prisoners; but, alas! there were no hopes for her who had been proclaimed queen.

CHAPTER X.

In the middle of November, Lady Jane, her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley, Sir Ambrose Dudley, and Lord Henry Dudley, were arraigned for high treason at Guildhall. Lady Jane wore a black cloth gown, the cape lined with *pede* velvet, and edged about with the same, wearing a French hood all black, with a black *byllament*, a black velvet book hanging before her, and another book in her hand open; her two gentlewomen following her.¹ She and her husband both pleaded guilty to the charge, and the sentence of death was passed on both. If they were confronted together, it was the last time they ever saw each other in life. This was on November 13.

Jane was granted the liberty of the Tower from December 18, that she might walk in the queen's garden and on the hill, *not* the outer Tower Hill. Lord Guildford and his brother were allowed the liberty of the leads of the Bell Tower; if so, they must have been removed from their first place of confinement, the Beauchamp Tower.

It was not likely that Guildford Dudley was invited to exercise himself by climbing on the high top of the Bell Tower like a cat. Bell Tower is a mistake, possibly from a contraction for Beauchamp Tower. The Bell Tower is a sort of sharp Gothic cupola, with several passages leading to it, interiorly, from all parts of the deputy-lieutenant's residence. At the east there is a place for an altar, so we may presume it was the domestic chapel of that important fortalice the house of the deputy-lieutenant—where, according to information afforded us by

¹ *Chronicle of Queen Jane and Queen Mary.* Published by the Camden Society.

the late lamented Sir George Cathcart who had filled the office, all the lady prisoners of royal blood were confined.¹

A dismal Christmas passed over. The new year opened with a change of public feeling towards the queen. Her declared intention of marrying Philip Prince of Spain was offensive to the realm. Sir Thomas Wyatt rose in arms in one part of England and Sir James Crofts in another.

Lady Jane's father, the Duke of Suffolk, was then residing at Sheen, with his wife and youngest child, the little Lady Mary Gray, when a messenger from the queen arrived and summoned to court, as her Majesty meant to give him a command in her house against the rebels.

"Marry," replied the duke, "I am coming to her grace. Ye may see I am booted and spurred ready for the saddle; I will but breakfast and go."² Reckless of the fact that his daughter, Lady Jane, was in prison as a hostage for his loyalty, he departed with his two brothers, Lord Thomas and Lord John Gray, and endeavoured to raise the midland counties in arms against the queen. He was ill-received; his small force melted from him by desertion, till he was left literally alone. In this emergency he rashly confided himself to the fidelity of Underwood, his park-keeper at Ashley. Underwood at first concealed him in a hollow tree in the park; but after two or three days gave him up to the royal authorities, and he was carried a prisoner to the Tower immediately after the more formidable insurrection of Sir Thomas Wyatt had been put down. That insurrection caused much bloodshed, endangered the queen's life, and, combined with the rash and most ungrateful attempt of Suffolk, induced the Spanish party to make renewed instances for the death of Lady Jane Gray.

Under these circumstances, the queen was at length induced to sign³ the warrant for the execution of the hapless young couple, then prisoners at the Tower, within three days from that date, whom she unceremoniously styles in that document "Guildford Dudley and his wife." Lady Jane received the announcement with serenity; the bitterness of death had long been past, and she was daily expecting her summons to a better world.

The day named in the royal warrant for her death was Friday, February 9, but a respite till Monday 12th was obtained by Dr. Feckenham, the Abbot of Westminster, from the queen; for when he endeavoured to prevail on Lady Jane to follow the example of her father-in-law, Northumberland, and be reconciled to the Church of Rome, she begged him "not to disturb her mind with controversy as she had no time for that." When Feckenham returned and joyfully

¹ See *Lives of the Queens of Scotland, &c.*, Mary. Bacoardo's tract.

by Agnes Strickland.

² *Chronicle of Queen Jane and Queen* Bar; not the present structure.

³ According to report, signed at Temple

announced to Lady Jane the reprieve he had obtained from the queen, she replied, "Alas, sir! I did not intend what I said to be reported to the queen, nor would I have you think me covetous of a moment's longer life; for I am only solicitous for a better life in eternity, and will gladly suffer death, since it is her Majesty's pleasure."¹ Finally she so firmly defended her faith, that he gained no advantage over her steady belief from the delay.

Brief as the respite was, Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, who preached before the queen on the Sunday, pointedly reproved her Majesty "for her lenity and gentleness, through which," said he, "conspiracy and open rebellion were grown up; and he besought that she would now be merciful to the body of her commonwealth, which could not endure unless the corrupt and hurtful members thereof were cut off and consumed."²

That Sunday evening, the last she was to spend on earth, was employed by Lady Jane in writing her beautiful farewell letter to her sister, Lady Katharine, on the blank leaves of her Greek Testament. Her father had arrived in the Tower on the preceding day, and was most unhappy, both on his own account and hers. She is therefore supposed not to have delayed writing to him beyond that day, having been informed of his distress of mind; but there is no date to certify the time when the following letter was penned:—

"Father,—Although it pleaseth God to hasten my death by one by whom my life should rather have been lengthened, yet can I so patiently take it; as I yield far more hearty thanks for shortening my woful days, than if the world had been given into my possession with life lengthened to my will. And albeit I am well assured of your impatient dolours, redoubled many ways, both in bewailing your own woe, and also, as I hear, especially my unfortunate estate; yet, my dear father, if I may, without offence, rejoice in my mishaps, methinks in this I may account myself blessed, that, washing my hands with the innocency of my part, my guiltless blood may cry before the Lord, Mercy to the innocent. And yet, though I must needs acknowledge that, being constrained, and, as you well know, continually essayed in taking the crown upon me, I seemed to consent, and therein grievously offended the queen and her laws; and yet do I assuredly trust that this my offence, towards God, is so much the less, in that being in so royal an estate as I was, my enforced honour never mixed with my innocent heart. And thus, good father, I have opened my state to you, whose death at hand, although to you perhaps it may

¹ *Life and Reign of Queen Mary the First*, in White Kennett's *History of England*, vol. ii. p. 343.

² On the Saturday previous to the execution of Lady Jane Gray, her father, the Duke

of Suffolk, was brought a prisoner to the Tower, "bewailing with impatient dolours not only his own woe, but the calamity his folly had brought on his daughter."—BISHOP GARDINER.

seem right woful, to me there is nothing that cau be more welcome, than from this vale of misery to aspire to that heavenly throne of all joys and pleasures, with Christ our Saviour, in whose stedfast faith, if it be lawful for the daughter to write so to her father, the Lord that hitherto hath strengthened you, so continue you, that at last we may meet in heaven with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen."

CHAPTER XI.

LORD GUILDFORD DUDLEY had expressed to the officers, by whom he was guarded and attended, a very earnest desire to be permitted to take a persoual farewell of his wife, that he might see her once more, and give her a last kiss; which being reported to the queen, she sent word to the unfortunate young couple, on the morning appointed for their death, that "if it would be any consolation to them, they should be allowed to see each other before their execution." Lady Jane declined the proffered favour, mildly but firmly, saying, "it would only disturb the holy tranquillity with which they had prepared themselves for death." She also sent word to her husband, "that it was to be feared her preseuce would rather weakeu than strengthen him; that he ought to take courage from his reason, and derive constancy from his own heart; that if his soul were not firm and settled, she could not settle it by her eyes, nor confirm it by her words;" adding, "that he would do well to remit this interview till they met in a better world, where friendships were happy and unjions indissoluble, and theirs, she hoped, would be eternal."¹

She, however, stood with the Lieutenant of the Tower at the window of her apartment, to see her husband pass to his execution on the public Tower Hill, outside the royal fortress, at ten o'clock, and mournfully waved a mute farewell.

Sir John Bridges (as usual, history says), but we suppose it was her friendly host, Thomas Bridges, then asked her to give him some memorial that he might keep in remembrance of her. She offered him the book of devotions from which she had been praying; but as he besought her to write in it some sentence of her own, she composed herself sufficiently to inscribe as follows:—

"Foreasmuch as you have desired so simple a woman to write in so worthy a book, good master lieutenant, therefore I shall as a friend desire you, and as a Christian require you, to call upon God to incline your heart to his laws, to quicken you in His ways, and not to take the Word of truth utterly out of your mouth. Live still to die, that

¹ Heylin's *History of the Reformation* (*Bibliographia Britannica*).

by death you may purchase eternal life; and remember how the end of Mathusael, who we read in the Scripture was the longest liver that was of a man, died at the last: for, as the preacher says, that there is a time to be born and a time to die; and the day of death is better than the day of our birth.

*Yours as the lorde knoweth as a
frende Jane Dudley*

It has been erroneously conjectured that the book in which Lady Jane wrote the above¹ impressive words, was one belonging to the Lieutenant of the Tower; but the fact that it contains two written notices, previously addressed to the Duke of Suffolk, sufficiently disproves this paradox.

The first, written by Lord Guildford Dudley, is as follows:—

“Your loving and obedient son wisheth unto your grace long life in this world, with as much joy and comfort as I wish to myself, and in the world to come life everlasting. Your humble son till his death,
“G. DUDLEY.”

This was probably written for a presentation inscription to his father-in-law, at the time of his marriage, or soon after. The book probably belonged to Suffolk, and was left by him in the Tower at his hasty and unceremonious departure six months before.

The Lady Jane Gray has written in it her solemn farewell and prayer for her unhappy father, probably the last morning of her life.

“The Lord comfort your grace, and that in His Word, wherein all creatures only are to be comforted. And though it hath pleased God to take away ij of your children, yet think not, I most humbly beseech your grace, that you have lost them, but tried, that we, by losing this mortal life, have won an immortal life. And I, for my part, as I have honoured your grace in this life, will pray for you in another life. Your grace’s humble daughter,

“JANE DUDDELEY.”

She also wrote in the same book three sentences in Greek, Latin, and English, of which the last is as follows:—“If my fault deserved punishment, my youth, at least, and my imprudence, were worthy of excuse. God and posterity will show me favour.”

Lady Jane transferred the book, with these touching notations, to the

¹ This interesting memorial of Lady Jane Gray is in the King’s Library, British Museum.

Lieutenant of the Tower, keeping it, however, in her hand when he led her to the scaffold.

The last earthly trial before her departure was seeing the bleeding head and body of her husband, enveloped in a white cloth, taken out of the car on which they had been brought from the scaffold on the outer hill, where he had been beheaded, and carried to the church on Tower Green.

Mournfully gazing on those sad relics from her window—a sight to her no less than death—the new-made widow exclaimed, “O Guildford, Guildford! the antepast that you have tasted, and I shall soon taste, is not so bitter as to make my flesh tremble; for all this is nothing to the feast that you and I shall partake this day in Paradise.”

After almost an hour’s delay, a scaffold having been erected for her, on account of her royal blood, on the green within the Tower, Lady Jane was led forth by the Lieutenant of the Tower. Dr. Feckenham was in attendance by her side. She was dressed the same as at her arraignment, and followed by her two faithful ladies, Mrs. Elizabeth Tylney and Mrs. Ellen, who both wept passionately. But Lady Jane’s countenance was serene, and her eyes unmoistened by a tear. She held in her hand a book, the same in which she had written at the Lieutenant’s desire. She prayed from this book earnestly till she came to the scaffold. She ascended the stairs with a firm and lively step, and addressed the spectators in these words:—

“Good people, I am come hither to die, and by a law I am condemned to the same. The part, indeed, against the queen’s highness was unlawful, and the consenting thereunto by me; but touching the procurement and desire thereof by me, or on my behalf, I do wash my hands thereof in innocency before God, and in the face of you, good Christian people, this day;” and therewith she wrung her hands in which she had her book.¹ Then she said, “I pray you, all good Christian people, to bear me witness that I die a true Christian woman, and that I look to be saved by none other means, but only by the mercy of God, in the merit of the blood of His only Son Jesus Christ; and I confess when I did know the Word of God, I neglected the same, loved myself and the world, and therefore this plague or punishment has worthily happened unto me for my sins; and yet I thank God of His goodness that He hath thus given me a time and respite to repent. And now, good people, while I am alive I pray you to assist me with your prayers.”

Then, kneeling down, she turned to Feckenham, saying, “Shall I say this psalm?” “Yea,” replied Feckenham; and she repeated the psalm *Miserere mei, Deus*, in English, to the end most devoutly.²

¹ *Chronicle of Queen Jane and Queen Mary*, p. 56, published by the Camden

Society. Holinshed; Stowe.

² *Ibid.*

When she had finished it she rose and took leave of Feckenham in these words, "God will abundantly requite you, good sir, for all your humanity to me, though your discourses gave me more uneasiness than all the terrors of approaching death."

Bishop Godwin adds, that Lady Jane, in conclusion, vouchsafed to honour the venerable divine with a farewell embrace on the scaffold. Then she gave her handkerchief and gloves to her weeping ladies, and the book of prayers to Thomas Bridges, the brother of the Lieutenant of the Tower, and untied her gown. The executioner offered to assist her, but she desired him to desist, and turning to her women, they took off her outer robe, leaving her, probably, in her kirtle or inner gown, with close-fitting sleeves. Her ladies took off her frontlet and neckerchief, and gave her a fair handkerchief to bind over her eyes. The executioner then knelt and asked her forgiveness; she replied, "Most willingly."

Then he requested her to stand on the straw, which doing, she saw the block, and said, "I pray you, despatch me quickly;" adding, "Will you take it off before I lay me down?"

"No, madam," replied the executioner.

She tied the handkerchief about her eyes, then feeling for the block, she said, "Where is it? What shall I do?"

Then one of the spectators, guiding her to it, she laid down her head upon the block, stretched forth her body, and said, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit;" and at one blow her head was stricken off, followed by great effusion of blood.¹

Her remains were interred in the church of St. Peter ad Vincula within the Tower, by those of her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley, between those of two of the murdered consorts of Henry VIII., Anne Boleyn and Katharine Howard.

Judge Morgan, who in the preceding November had pronounced the sentence of death on Lady Jane Gray at Guildhall, lost his reason soon after her execution, and in his delirium perpetually exclaimed, "The Lady Jane! Take away the Lady Jane from me! Take away the Lady Jane!"

The Marquis of Northampton, Katharine Parr's brother, who had very recently had his pardon from the queen for the attempt to supplant her by Lady Jane Gray, stood on the leads of the Devil's Tower to see the execution of the Lord Guildford Dudley. The father of Lady Jane, Henry Gray Duke of Suffolk, was brought to his trial for high treason at Westminster on the following Saturday, February 18. On his going out he looked stout and cheerful, but on his return, having received sentence of death, he landed at the Traitors' Gate with a

¹ *Chronicle of Queen Jane and Queen Mary*, and Heylin's *History of the Reformation*. Turner; Stowe; Holinshed.

countenance heavy and pensive, desiring all men to pray for him. Intent only on self-preservation, he had accused his brother, Lord Thomas Gray, of inciting him to his last foolish act of rebellion. This execution did not take place till February 24, and there is no reason to suppose that he was either visited or interceded for by his wife, the Lady Frances: indeed she was otherwise occupied.

When Suffolk mounted the scaffold on Tower Hill, he was attended by Dr. Weston, one of Queen Mary's chaplains, with whom he prayed. He died with courage and decency. His brother, Lord Thomas Gray, suffered on March 8. The stupendous tragedy had been played out. The axe had fallen successively on Northumberland, Gates, Palmer, Lord Guildford Dudley, the admirable Lady Jane Gray herself, on Suffolk and his brother Lord Thomas Gray. England had looked on aghast, with weeping eyes and tender sympathy for the bereaved mother of Lady Jane Gray, the recently made widow of Suffolk, the desolate widow, as those who knew her not supposed, of him whose blood had been just poured out on Tower Hill. All pitied the Lady Frances, and wondered how she would ever be consoled for her tragic bereavements. But Lady Frances was the niece of Henry VIII., and she behaved as such. Instead of wasting her precious time in tears and lamentations for the husband of her youth and the father of her children, and shrouding herself in dismal weeds, she assumed bridal garments, and took to herself a second spouse in the first brief fortnight of her widowhood; for on March 9, 1553-54, she married her equerry, Adrian Stokes,¹ while the ensanguined axe, which had fallen on the hapless Suffolk, was yet reeking with the blood of his unfortunate brother Lord Thomas Gray, who was beheaded on the 8th of the same month.

On that day a letter was addressed to the Lady Frances, Duchess of Suffolk, requiring her "to deliver unto the Lord-Admiral the Parliamentary robes, lately belonging to the Duke her husband; or, if she have them not, to let the Lord-Admiral understand where they remain, to the end he may send for the same."

A message which might have unnerved any other widow; but the Lady Frances was unmoved, and persevered in contracting wedlock with her young equerry on the morrow, March the 9th.

She retained her dower, and on the 20th of November following her second wedlock, she gave birth to a daughter at Rockworth, who was baptized Elizabeth, and died the same day. If she had visited her first husband in the Tower after his condemnation, the actual paternity of this infant, born within nine months after his death, might have been adjudged to him, or at least disputed.

Portraits of the Lady Frances and her second husband on the same

¹ Warwick Inquisitions, communicated by the late Frederick Dover, Esq.

canvas, facing each other, were painted by Lucas de Heere soon after their marriage, bearing the astounding date 1554. They were still bride and bridegroom, and their names and ages are inscribed over the head of each. The Lady Frances is stated to be thirty-six, her foppish-looking bridegroom only twenty-one. In point of appearance he might well have been her son, for she looks ten years older than her real age, is fat and puffy, and all her beauty gone, but she resembles her uncle Henry VIII.

Adrian Stokes is bareheaded and red-haired. His ruff and ruffles are very elaborately quilled and edged with gold. He wears a rich black velvet doublet, furred with ermine, and magnificently jewelled.

The Lady Frances is in black satin, with ermine fur and jewelled pattern, like the dress of her young husband. She has two wedding rings on the fourth finger of her left hand, and several rich chains and carcanets about her neck.

Her headdress is according to the fashion of the period, a raised frontlet of gems; her light red hair is raised on each side in two bows. Her figure is partially concealed with a black mode scarf.

The Lady Frances did not bury herself in the country after her second marriage. She held her high place as one of the great ladies of the court in Queen Mary's household, and occasionally took precedence of the Princess Elizabeth herself.

THE LADY KATHARINE GRAY.

CHAPTER I.

LADY KATHARINE GRAY was about two years younger than her highly-gifted sister, Lady Jane, and received a like learned education from Aylmer. The same day Lady Jane was compelled by their father, the Duke of Suffolk, to give her hand to Lord Guildford Dudley, Lady Katharine was married to Henry Lord Herbert, the eldest son of the Earl of Pembroke, and Anne Parr, the sister of Henry VIII.'s last queen, Katharine Parr, to whom he was nephew.¹

Lady Katharine's marriage, according to the custom of those times, included her surrender to her husband's family; so of course she went to live with her husband and his father, the Earl of Pembroke, at Baynard's Castle, a royal fortress of great strength on the river Thames, in close proximity to the Temple Garden, which had been given by Edward VI. to the Earl of Pembroke when he was Sir William Herbert, and Master of the Horse to that monarch.

Anne Parr, Countess of Pembroke, had died at Baynard's Castle several months before Katharine was given in marriage to her son; therefore there was no mother-in-law for her guidance when she was consigned to the custody of her husband's father. There were no links of sympathy between them. He was a selfish political soldier, the commander of all the disciplined cavalry near London, and a greedy courtier; his religion was the creed of the reigning party at court. When he received the donation of the royal nunnery of Wilton, he rudely expelled the reluctant abbess and her nuns with his whip, exclaiming at the same time, "Go spin, ye jades, go spin!" but on the re-establishment of popery under Mary, he sought out the distressed sisterhood, in consequence of receiving a significant hint from court, invited them to return to Wilton, and himself reinstated them in the convent, cap in hand.

¹ *Machyn's Diary.*

Lady Katharine Gray was a firm Protestant, and remained so through all changes of the ruling powers. Her distress may be imagined when her beloved sister was condemned to death, and her father was brought prisoner to the Tower after his rash insurrection.

In consequence of the transports of grief into which Lady Katharine was plunged, the following beautiful letter was written to her by Lady Jane on the blank leaves of her Greek Testament, Sunday, February 11, the evening before she was put to death on Tower Hill:—

“I have sent you, good sister Katharine, a book,¹ which, though it be not outwardly trimmed with gold, yet inwardly it is of more worth than precious stones. It is the book, dear sister, of the laws of the Lord; it is His Testament and last Will, which He bequeathed to us poor wretches, which shall lead us to the path of eternal joy; and if you, with good mind and an earnest desire, follow it, it will bring you to immortal and everlasting life. It will teach you to live—it will teach you to die—it will win you more than you would have gained by possession of your woful father’s lands, for if God had prospered him ye would have inherited his lands.”

A remarkable passage, proving that the insurrection of Suffolk was intended to place Jane on the throne once more as queen. If it had been in favour of any other heiress or heir, it is not likely that the Lady Jane would have rested under the attainder and surrendered the means of her subsistence to increase her younger sister’s portion. Moreover, if Jane had been the Sovereign of England, she would scarcely have claimed the third portion of her father’s inheritance. But thoughts of worldly affairs and the soul of the sweet saintly Jane had parted for ever, with that sentence which she only dwelt upon for a moment to draw the more forcible contrast, in her sad sister’s mind, with that better land to which she was herself hastening.

“If,” continues the Lady Jane, “ye apply diligently to this book, trying to direct your life by it, you shall be inheritor of those riches as neither the covetous shall withdraw from you, neither the thief shall steal, nor the moth corrupt. Desire, dear sister, to understand the law of the Lord your God. Live still to die, that you by death may purchase eternal life, or, after your death, enjoy the life purchased for you by Christ’s death. Trust not that the tenderness of your age shall lengthen your life, for as soon as God will, goeth the young as the old. Labour alway and learn to die. Deny the world, defy the devil, and despise the flesh. Delight only in the Lord. Be penitent for your sins, but despair not. Be steady in your faith, yet presume not, and desire with St. Paul to be dissolved to be with Christ, with whom, even in death, there is life. Be like the good servant, and even

¹ *The Greek Testament.*

in midnight be waking, lest when death cometh he steal upon you like a thief in the night, and you be, with the evil servant, found sleeping, and lest for lack of oil ye be found like the first foolish *wench*," [Here Lady Jane's allusion is evidently to the parable of the wise and foolish virgins, as the more refined language of our present translation gives the parable. The word *wench* has fallen into distaste in modern parlance, but was equally inoffensive with the synonym "girl"], "and like him that had not the wedding garment, ye be cast out from the marriage. Persist ye (as I trust ye do, seeing ye have the name of a Christian) as near as ye can to follow the steps of your Master Christ, and take up your cross, lay your sins on His back, and always embrace Him!

"As touching my death, rejoice as I do, and *ad-ist*¹ that I shall be delivered from corruption and put on incorruption, for I am assured that I shall for losing a mortal life find an immortal felicity. Pray God grant that ye live in His fear and die in His love [*here is an illegible passage, perhaps occasioned by some fast-falling tears*], neither for love of life nor fear of death. For if ye deny His truth to lengthen your life, God will deny you and shorten your days, and if ye will cleave to Him, He will prolong your days to your comfort, and for His glory, to the which glory God bring mine and you hereafter, when it shall please Him to call you.

"Farewell, dear sister; put your only trust in God, who only must uphold you.

"Your loving sister,

"JANE DUDELEY."

The Earl of Pembroke took the earliest opportunity of extricating himself from all the danger and inconvenience of having disputed the queen's title to the throne in behalf of Lady Jane Gray, by making his son divorce Lady Katharine, and sending her out of his house.

Poor forlorn Lady Katharine was in evil case. Her sister, her father, and uncle had just been beheaded, and her mother had wedded Adrian Stokes; but the queen had pity on the desolate and homeless members of the royal family, and took Katharine and her young sister Lady Mary into her own family.

We find Katharine on March 31, 1554, acting as godmother to the infant daughter of Sir William Cavendish, Elizabeth Cavendish, afterwards the wife of Darnley's brother, Lord Charles Stuart. This was only six weeks after the decapitation of her father, and seven from that of her sister, Lady Jane.

At that time natural feelings were imperatively smothered in the near relations of those who were the victims of court persecution. Henry Gray, Duke of Suffolk, had figured four months previously at

¹ C *nsider*.

the christening of an elder child of Sir William Cavendish, as sponsor with Queen Mary for the infant Charles Cavendish, one fortnight after his daughter, Lady Jane Gray, and her husband had been condemned to death at Guildhall.

The Lady Frances, notwithstanding her indecorous marriage with Adrian Stokes, was recalled by Queen Mary to court, where she enjoyed such high favour with Queen Mary, that we find her in the year 1555 recommending a niece of her beheaded husband for preferment, and successfully acting as her chaperon; for there is a letter in the archives of the Willoughbys of Wollaston which says, "Mrs. Margaret Willoughby has been to court with the Lady Frances Gray, who has her place in the privy chamber. Young Mistress Margaret was much commended, and Lady Frances did not doubt but in a short time to place her about the queen's highness, to the content of all her friends."¹

There is every reason to believe that the place the Lady Frances prevailed on the queen to give to Mrs. Margaret was an appointment about the Princess Elizabeth.

It is remarkable that Queen Mary should not only give her sister an attendant recommended by Lady Frances, but one so closely connected with the Grays, for Margaret Willoughby was the niece of the beheaded Duke of Suffolk, consequently first cousin of Lady Jane Gray.

Lady Katharine and Lady Mary Gray were established as maids of honour to the queen. The daughters of the late Duke of Somerset, Lady Margaret and Lady Jane Seymour, were at the same time added to that noble sisterhood. Lady Jane Seymour, who had been educated by her parents expressly with a view of fitting her to become the consort of the late King Edward, was one of the most learned young women of that era. She and Lady Katharine Gray were very dear and affectionate friends.

Queen Mary had granted her royal palace at Hanworth to the Duchess of Somerset for a home, and there she dwelt with her younger children and her eldest son Edward, for whom she had persuaded her late husband to disinherit his son by his first wife, Katharine Filol.

Edward, who was given his father's second title of Earl of Hertford, had been contracted to Lady Jane Gray, but on his father's fall was separated from his almost royal bride, and deprived of the inheritance, titles, lands, and living which he should have inherited from his paternal lineage. A romantic attachment had sprung up between him and Lady Katharine after he was deprived of all hope of wedding her sister. The Earl of Pembroke had made this the pretext for divorcing Katharine from his son.

It happened after a while, that Lady Jane Seymour fell ill during

¹ Papers of Willoughby of Wollaston.

her attendance at court, and Queen Mary thinking it best she should be with her own mother, sent her to Hanworth in the royal litter—a species of palanquin borne by men, and well adapted for the conveyance of the sick. The mother of the maids was in attendance on Lady Jane, and the Lady Katharine Gray accompanied her friend, and remained with her at Hanworth during her indisposition.

Lord Edward Seymour (the Earl of Hertford), who was then resident with his lady mother at Hanworth, confided to his sister, Lady Jane, his affection to Lady Katharine Gray, or, as he subsequently termed it, “his good-will towards marriage with her.” Lady Jane, according to his desire, informed Lady Katharine of the same, who heard it very favourably; but both felt it was no time to make an open declaration of their love.

The Duchess of Somerset, observing familiarity and good-will between the lovers, and dreading that it might be attended with danger to her son, prudently exhorted him to abstain from Lady Katharine’s company, to which he was wont to reply: “Mother, young folks meaning well may well accompany, and that both in this house and in Queen Mary’s court, I trust I may have Lady Katharine’s company, not having been forbidden by the queen’s commandment.”¹ And at another time he added:—“Lady Katharine hath been sent by the queen to live with my mother at Hanworth, knowing I was there; therefore her majesty’s feeling in this matter cannot be doubted.”²

So the Earl of Hertford, son of the beheaded Duke of Somerset, continued to love and court the impoverished daughter of the beheaded Duke of Suffolk, the sister of her who, but for the mad dream of her being constituted the parliamentary heiress of the crown, would have been his wife. Sympathy in their grief for the tragic fate of Lady Jane Gray doubtless nourished love between Hertford and Lady Katharine in the first instance.

The Lady Frances, Suffolk’s widow, and now the bride of the master of his stables, Adrian Stokes, always called Edward Seymour “son;” doubtless from the time he was affianced to her eldest daughter, Lady Jane Gray, yet he never told her of his love for Katharine till after Queen Mary’s death.

CHAPTER II.

ON Queen Elizabeth’s accession, Lady Katharine Gray, her sister Lady Mary, and Lady Jane Seymour, continued maids of honour, and for a time there was no mention of love and marriage between Lady

¹ Harleian MS., No. 6286.

² *Ibid.*

Katharine and Seymour. The new queen had restored the title of Earl of Hertford and a portion of his lands to him.

During her Majesty's progress in March, the love was renewed, and Hertford rode to the Charterhouse at Sheen, where Lady Katharine's mother, the Lady Frances, lived with her second husband, Adrian Stokes, and, to use his own words, "moved her, the Lady Frances, to grant her good-will that he might marry the Lady Katharine, her daughter."¹

The Lady Frances would not answer till she had privately advised with her husband, whom she told "that the Earl of Hertford bore favour and good-will to her daughter, the Lady Katharine," adding, "that in her opinion he was a very fit husband for her, if the marriage should please the Queen Elizabeth and her honourable council." Adrian Stokes had a consultation with the Earl of Hertford, and advised him to make suit to the queen and such of her council as he thought were most his friends to be a means to her Majesty to accomplish the marriage.

The Earl said "he liked the advice well, and would follow it." Adrian told Hertford "he would himself make all the interest he could for him and Katharine with those he knew of the council, and that the duchess Lady Frances should write to Queen Elizabeth for her Majesty's favour and good-will; and in very deed," said Adrian, "the Lady Frances required me to make a rough draft of a letter to that purpose."²

It seems Mr. Bertie, the husband of the other Dowager Duchess of Suffolk (Katharine Willoughby), Mr. Strikeley, and one Gilgett, a servant of Lord Hertford, were privy to the letter which, concocted by the consultations of Katharine's mother and her step-father, was to propitiate the inexorable Elizabeth. Meantime the Lady Frances, Duchess of Suffolk, who had been in declining health ever since the birth of her last child by Adrian Stokes, fell very ill. Hertford saw the Lady Frances would die, and his heart failing him, he requested Adrian Stokes not to stir further in the matter. He appears, strangely enough, not to have had the least fear of Queen Mary.

The Lady Frances sent immediately to court, desiring Lady Katharine Gray, who was a maid of honour to Elizabeth as she had been to Mary, to ask leave of Queen Elizabeth to permit her to come and speak with her at the Charterhouse. Leave was allowed, and Lady Katharine coming to her mother, the Lady Frances broke the matter to her, as it had been moved by the Earl of Hertford, saying, "Now I have provided a husband for you; if you can like well to frame your fancy and good-will that way."³ Poor Lady Katharine, wh

¹ Harleian MS., No. 6286. Adrian Stokes's examination.

² Ibid.

³ Harleian MS., No. 6286.

must have been a little amused at the Lady Frances taking all the credit of providing a lover who had so passionately wooed her, assured her mother "that she was *very* willing to love Hertford."¹ Lady Frances then called her husband, Adrian Stokes, into the consultation, and begged him "to devise a letter and *rough draw*² it for her to copy, that she might write to the queen's majesty, for her good-will and consent to the marriage of her Katharine and Hertford."

Adrian, who gave his evidence subsequently in a fearless and manly manner, far superior to the lover Hertford, says "that the Lady Frances, Duchess of Suffolk, at this time was at the Charterhouse, where, to the best of his remembrance, she dictated to him the following letter for the queen:—"That such a nobleman did bear good-will to her daughter, the Lady Katharine, and she did humbly require the queen's highness to be good and gracious lady under her, and that it would please her majesty to assent to the marriage of her to the said earl, which was the only thing she desired before her death, and should be the occasion for her to die the more quietly." Hertford, in a fit of apprehension, stopped the letter, to the evident contempt of his wife's manly step-father, who says:—"The letter was not sent to the queen's highness, on the earl's declaring 'that he would meddle no more in the matter.'"³

Sore sickness attacked Lady Frances in that year, and she writes to Sir William Cecil from the Charterhouse, November 3, 1559, thanking him for his furtherance of her suit to the queen "for leave to sell one of the manors of her jointure, in order to pay debts contracted during her long sickness." She died in the Charterhouse at Sheen, November 20, 1559, in the fifty-second year of her age.

She had the burial of a princess, and was so termed by the heralds. For Clarencieux stood at the head of the coffin and said these words in a loud voice:—"Laud and praise be given to Almighty God, that it hath pleased Him to call out of this transitory life into His eternal glory, the most noble and excellent princess, the Lady Frances, late Duchess of Suffolk, daughter to the right high and mighty prince, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and of the most noble and excellent princess, Mary the French queen, daughter to the most illustrious King Henry VII."⁴ The Communion service was then read in English, and a carpet laid before the high altar, for the chief mourners to kneel on.

The Lady Katharine Gray was then led up to the place, her train borne and upheld. Mr. Jewel preached a funeral sermon, after which Lady Katharine and Lady Mary Gray received the Communion.

¹ Harleian MS., No. 6286.

² Make a rough draft of it.

³ Harleian MS., No. 6286. Adrian Stokes's examination.

⁴ Nichol's *Progresses of Elizabeth*, vol. i. p. 52. Camden quotes a misdate of five

years subsequently, which is indeed actually on the monument raised by the widower of the duchess, Adrian Stokes. But the date referred not to the death of the duchess, but to the completion of her tomb.

When all was over, these ladies went to the Charterhouse in their chariot,¹ the same that had borne their mother's corpse to the Abbey.

Lady Frances lies in St. Edmund's Chapel, on the south side of the Abbey, near the tomb of Valence, Earl of Pembroke, under a monument of alabaster, which was erected at the expense of her second husband, Adrian Stokes. There is an elegant Latin epitaph, of which this is the literal sense:—

“Nor grace, nor splendour, nor a royal name,
Nor wide-spread heritage can aught avail;
All, all have vanished here. True worth alone
Survives the funeral pyre and silent tomb.”

The regal succession had been entailed, in the will of Edward VI., to the male issue of the Lady Frances. She bore two sons to Adrian Stokes. Both died in early infancy; their prolonged existence might have caused a civil war, but it is certain that her sons did not survive her, for her daughters, Lady Katharine and Lady Mary Gray, are named the inheritrixes of her estates, at the death of Adrian Stokes, who had life interest in all her property, and outlived them both.

Lady Katharine did not find her new sovereign Queen Elizabeth, either gracious or sympathising. She showed no tenderness to her on her mother's death, but treated her coldly and even harshly. Poor Katharine had cause to regret the death of Queen Mary, “who had,” she told the Spanish ambassador, Count de Feria, “always treated her kindly, but now,” she bitterly added, “she experienced nothing but discourtesy from Queen Elizabeth, who could not bear to think of her as her possible successor.”

The English ambassador at the court of Madrid informed Cecil withal,² “that King Philip II. was so jealous of the anticipated power of France, by the alliance of young Francis the Dauphin with the Queen of Scotland, and her claims to the crown of England, that he positively contemplated stealing Lady Katharine Gray out of the realm, and marrying her to his son Don Carlos, or some other member of his family, and setting up her title against that of Mary Stuart, as the true heiress of England. That Lady Katharine would probably be glad to go,” he added, “being most uncomfortably situated in the English court with the queen, who could not well abide the sight of her, and that neither the duchess her mother [in whose life this letter was written] nor her step-father loved her, and that her uncle could not abide to hear of her, so that she lived, as it were, in great despair. She had spoken very arrogant and unseemly words in the hearing of the queen and others standing by. Hence it was thought that she could be enticed away, if some trusty person spoke with her.”

The Countess de Feria had been suggested for this purpose, but the

¹ Nichols's *Progresses of Elizabeth*.

² Letter of Sir Thomas Chaloner to Cecil. State Papers; Foreign series, 1860.

count would in no wise consent to her tarrying any longer in England, having "great misliking of her evil usage, at the queen's hands, after his departure, nor yet would he return for many respects, but chiefly because he would not suffer the evil entreating his wife in his absence." It was doubtful whether Lady Katharine was aware of any of these practices or designs on the part of the court of Spain, but it is certain that she and the Count de Feria had been on very friendly and confidential terms, during his late embassy in England, and that she had promised, as he said, neither to marry nor change her religion without apprising him.

The sickness and death of the Lady Frances, Katharine's mother, made a strange difference in the thoughts and feelings of the forlorn maid of honour. She and her young sister, Lady Mary, stayed some weeks at the Charterhouse, Sheen, and with their step-father, Adrian Stokes, at Isleworth, which had been, with everything else that was in her power, bequeathed to him, for his life, by the Lady Frances.

The impoverished sisters then returned to their duties, in the Palace of Westminster, where the sole privilege they enjoyed was leave to have permanent apartments, whether in waiting or otherwise.

Meantime a quarrel had ensued between the Lady Katharine and Hertford, for she was informed that he was paying his addresses to the daughter of Sir Peter Mewtas, which of course had the effect of rendering Katharine jealous and uncomfortable, and induced her to withdraw herself from him, till Lady Jane Seymour informed her he was ill and unhappy, and desired to explain his conduct to her. Then Katharine and the earl had a private interview at Hampton Court, and on her allusion to her jealousy of the daughter of Sir Peter Mewtas, he told her, "that to avoid all such suspicion for the future, he was ready, if she would consent, to marry out of hand, the next time the queen went to London, if convenience might be found, and then he hoped she would have no more doubts."¹

This speech was said in the hearing of his sister, Lady Jane Seymour. Lady Katharine was well pleased, but suggested their waiting till the queen could be induced to consent. Then they exchanged promises of marriage, and Hertford gave Lady Katharine a ring of betrothal with a fair pointed diamond, from which she never parted till she sent it to him at the hour of death.

Hertford and his sister, Lady Jane Seymour, began to consider how the marriage was to be carried into effect. Unfortunately, some of the busy spirits, who, according to national custom in England, are always on the lookout for an opposition party, had fixed their thoughts on poor harmless Lady Katharine as a head for the Low Church or Swiss faction, which was in after times called Puritan. Some of these

¹ Harleian MS., No. 6286.

politicians made her a person of consequence at once, by setting afloat the rumour of a plot, somehow prevented by the death of Henry II., King of France, that the Spaniards meant to steal Lady Katharine Gray, and that Philip II. meant to marry her to his heir, Don Carlos. This absurd report caused everyone to ask "wherefore?" and "what interest could it be to the Spaniards to appropriate a young lady so destitute of wealth, and to destine her to an alliance the greatest the world could offer?" Then came out, in answer, the peculiar situation of the impoverished maid of honour. Poor as she might be, she was the heiress of Queen Elizabeth, by Act of Parliament. The English nation felt their crown to be left as if it were a personal chattel, subject to Henry VIII.'s will, and he had bequeathed it, after his son, to his daughter Mary and her heirs, then to Elizabeth and her heirs, and then to the daughters of the Duchess Frances, according to seniority. Edward VI. was dead, Queen Mary was dead, without heirs, and while Queen Elizabeth remained unmarried, Katharine Gray, forlorn and poor as she might be, was, according to two royal wills and an Act of Parliament, the queen's heiress.

After such discussions had gone the round of all the whisperers at court, it was not likely that Katharine Gray and Hertford, her betrothed, dared ask the benediction of their royal mistress on their intended nuptials; they were tolerably certain it would be given in the shape of a warrant committing the bride to the Tower, and a Star-chamber inquisition into the political interests of her lover, to be followed by a fine large enough to devour the remains of all his lordship's restored rents for many a long year. A law had been framed for the especial benefit of Lady Margaret Douglas, Katharine Gray's cousin, by Henry VIII.'s privy council, and ratified by his slavish Parliament, inflicting severe punishment on any man bold enough to marry the kinswoman of the crown without the crown's leave. Yet the rash pair meant to be married as soon as they and their confidential sister, the busy Lady Jane Seymour, could contrive to have the ceremony performed.

Between Allhallows and Christmas 1560, that is, just when the year of mourning for the bride's mother was expired, Hertford provided a curious gold ring which, looking like a plain one, opened with a secret spring, in several linked compartments, on which he had engraved different mottoes, poetical distichs of his own composing.

The Lady Katharine subsequently declared that the words with which the earl finally required her hand were "that he had borne her good-will for a long time; and lest she should think he meant to mock her he was content if she would be to marry her." In answer she said "she liked both him and his offer." "Thereupon they gave each other their hands: more words passed, but she remembered them

not. There was present the Lady Janc Seymour and no other; it was daytime and in the Lady Jane's private closet or dressing-room, opening from the Maidens' Chamber in Westminster Palace."¹

The lovers then considered themselves betrothed: the Earl being asked, "With what ceremonies?" he replied, "None but kissing each other, and embracing, and joining their hands together, in the presence of his sister, the Lady Jane Seymour." And this was in the winter, soon after the court came to Westminster.²

CHAPTER III.

LADY JANE SEYMOUR had a small sitting-room or dressing-closet in the old Palace of Westminster, which opened into the Maidens' Chamber of the Household, a large drawing-room where the Maids of Honour collected when off duty, yet none of them might enter Lady Jane's retiring room without her leave. Her brother wrote to her that he was very ill and must see Katharine, upon which Lady Jane gave a meeting to him and his lady-love in this little convenient nook. When the three were met, the sick lover began to press for marriage, on which Katharine made the following demure speech, not knowing that it would be the subject of Star-chamber inquisition, how much and ardently she had loved him:—"Weighing your long suit and great good-will borne to me, I am contented to marry with you the next time the queen's highness shall go abroad, and leave Lady Jane and me behind."

Queen Elizabeth very soon chose to recreate herself with three or four days' private sojourn at Greenwich, which was to include hunting at Eltham. Lady Katharine was in waiting at that time, as well as her confidante Lady Jane. She had, however, more inclination to be married than to be scrambling through the brakes and bushes of Shooter's Hill. She gave out "that she was afflicted with a terrible fit of the toothache, tied up her face, and complained it was swelling very badly." What excuse the plotting brain of Lady Jane Seymour devised is not said, but she was a constitutional invalid, and likewise a great favourite with the queen, and did pretty much as she liked. Away went her Majesty to Greenwich, leaving the two young maids of honour to their own devices.

"It was between Allhallow-tide and Christmas," said the Earl of Hertford, "when I, being in expectation at my house in Canon Row,³ for it was very uncertain that the queen would really go out. I got

¹ Deposition of Lady Katharine.

² Earl of Hertford's deposition.

³ Harleian MS., No. 6286: Hertford's deposition.

up at six o'clock, and watched in the way of the palace some time, for we had all agreed that the marriage was to take place at my house in Canon Row. I told Fortescue, my gentleman usher, to tell all his fellow-servants to go abroad: he sent his valets or grooms of the chamber on various errands to the city, his man Christopher Barnaby had a commission to wait at his goldsmith Derrick's, in Fleet Street." Yet, notwithstanding these preparations, Hertford denied that the marriage was of *his* appointment, but all the doings of his sister Jane.¹ Nevertheless many of the earl's servants were peeping, and saw Lady Katharine and Lady Jane come up the Watergate stairs, and up the stairs that led into the earl's chamber, to do which they had to pass the kitchen door, as the cook Powell afterwards deposed.

Lady Jane Seymour gave the minister ten pounds for his trouble, which money she herself gave out of the allowance the earl always gave her for her clothes and pocket-money: he had not otherwise provided it. There were no banns asked by the minister. Katharine says "that she and Lady Jane Seymour dined at the queen's comptroller's table, as usual, the day of the marriage, but they had neither banquet nor dinner at the earl's house in Canon Row. But there were certain banqueting meats stood in the chamber, which the Lady Jane offered her to eat, but she did eat none."

The earl gave her that morning the gold ring of five links (without any precious stones) written on with English *miter* (metre):—

"As circles five, by art compressed, show but one ring to sight,
So trust uniteth faithful minds, with knot of secret might,
Whose force to break (but greedy death) no wight possesseth power,
As time and sequels well shall prove. My ring can say no more."

With this ring she was married: no one gave her in marriage.

The Earl of Hertford led her down the water-stairs of his house in Canon Row, about two hours after the ceremony, kissed her at their departing, and bade her farewell. Then Lady Jane Seymour and she returned by boat to the court, for the Thames was up in tide, and flowing over the Strand path by which they had run quickly to the Earl of Hertford's house in Canon Row. The newly-wedded bride, with Hertford's sister, Lady Jane Seymour, went to their usual place at the comptroller's table to dine, for they found all ready to go to dinner, which was served shortly after. None of their gentlewomen were privy to where they had been, neither of her going out or return, and none asked them any questions.

Lady Katharine was so mentally absorbed on that momentous morning, that she could give no account of the earl's dress, of Lady Jane's dress, or of her own, excepting that she had put a kerchief in her pocket to put on her hair after the ceremony, in token that she

¹ Harleian MS., No. 6286: Hertford's deposition.

was a matron. The Earl of Hertford, on the contrary, knew that his bride wore a hood, and that under it she put on the "frow's paste" or cover-chief. This seems a fashion of ancient times revived from Germany, where it was considered almost infamous for a married dame to appear without the matronly kerchief or cover-chief. How they came to call it by the name of "frow's paste," Germans alone can tell. Serious have been the discussions on this fashion by our historical antiquaries, not regarding Lady Katharine Gray's costume, which is, we believe, elicited thus by ourselves from the Harleian MSS., but this headgear is mentioned, to their extreme perplexity, as worn by Lady Jane Gray on the scaffold.

The first interruption to the stolen happiness of Lord Hertford and Lady Katharine was the death of their loving and faithful sister, Lady Jane Seymour. On her great favour with Queen Elizabeth her mistress, and on her intrepid spirit, they had relied for support, when their trespass against the royal marriage law should be discovered. Lady Jane Seymour was only nineteen when she expired suddenly at her apartments in Westminster Palace, March 20, 1561. Queen Elizabeth, not being aware of the notable plotting genius of her young favourite in the matrimonial line, lamented her death, and ordered a splendid funeral for her in the adjacent Abbey. Lady Jane Seymour was brought from the Almonry, Westminster Palace, on March 26, 1561, and met by the full choir with 200 persons in deep mourning. According to Elizabeth's command, all her maids of honour were in attendance. In fact, all the ladies of the royal household, particularly the ladies of the bedchamber and their attendants, by the queen's orders, followed Lady Jane Seymour to the grave; fourscore lords and gentlemen attended the procession. A great banner of arms was borne before the corpse, and Master Clarencieux was the herald.¹ The funeral sermon was preached by the Bishop of Peterborough.

The fair young Lady Jane Seymour, niece to the queen of the same name, was buried in the vault where Frances, Duchess of Suffolk, had been laid the preceding year. If the Earl of Hertford, her brother, had been in his place as chief mourner, that fact would have been mentioned. The earl afterwards raised a monument to her memory in St. Edmund's Chapel, on which is inscribed that it was erected by her dear brother.

One mourner there was among the maiden train of the virgin queen, who lamented, in fear and trembling, as well as deep grief, when she saw the only witness of her secret marriage lowered into the cold vaults of Westminster Abbey—her own beloved familiar friend and sister: need it be said, that mourner was Lady Katharine Gray?

¹ Machyn's *Diary*, p. 254.

Cecil had intimidated Hertford regarding Lady Katharine; but this, as Hertford said, was before the marriage. "There is good-will between you and the Lady Katharine Gray?" was the leading question of Elizabeth's wily minister. Upon which Hertford answered, "There is no such thing." Some sharp cross-examination ensued, when Hertford seems to have been convinced of the folly of this answer after his marriage, for he "desired it to be noted that there was no truth in his reply to Mr. Secretary Cecil." Katharine had received his visits in her private chamber at Westminster Palace after their marriage, but she then always sent away her maids, Mrs. Cousins and Mrs. Leigh.

Lady Katharine owned subsequently, that once Mr. Secretary Cecil had some talk with her about "sewing of her livery:" such is the orthography. Likely as it might be that the son of Richard Cecil should be interested regarding the stitching of her liveries, yet we fear the words mean no such thing, but merely the law-terms of "suing out her livery" of freehold land she held of the queen, as about that time the Lady Katharine became of age. While Cecil was discussing this matter, he thought fit to warn her "of her too great familiarity with the Earl of Hertford, without making the queen's majesty privy thereto." That warning was too late, for Katharine implies "that if it had been before the solemnisation of her marriage, she might have taken heed." Then she owns "that the Marquis of Northampton and Lady Clinton [the fair Geraldine] did seriously advise her to beware of the company and familiarity of the said earl;" but all these warnings came after the concealed wedlock had taken place.

Katharine's troubled dream of wedded happiness was too soon interrupted. The queen thought fit to send Hertford to France in 1561, and he had to leave his secretly-married demi-royal bride just when his presence and protection were most required, for, to her inexpressible dismay, she became aware that she was likely to be a mother—she, in her loneliness and inexperience, with no kind maternal friend to advise and comfort her, but with all eyes upon her, and all inimical tongues whispering about her altered appearance.

Her husband had jointured her in a thousand a year before he went to France, and put the deed in her hands, but in her distraction of mind she mislaid it.

The queen took her with her on her Suffolk progress, where, fatigued by waiting on her royal mistress and terrified at her own condition, she, for want of some real friend, betook herself to the most hard-hearted matron of the court, Mistress Saintlow, afterwards the Countess of Shrewsbury, and revealed to her "that in a few weeks she should be a mother; but that she was a wedded wife, and married to

Lord Hertford.”¹ Mistress Saintlow received the intelligence with cries and a passionate burst of tears.² What she said is not recorded; nothing very consoling, it is evident, for the poor Lady Katharine must have passed the Sunday in anguish almost amounting to delirium, as may be supposed by her strange proceeding. That night Lady Katharine entered the bedchamber of Lord Robert Dudley, just then the widower of Amy Robsart, and the all-potent favourite of the queen. Dudley was asleep when Lady Katharine came into his apartment; she knelt in anguish by his bedside, and told him her sad tale, entreating his protection and imploring him to use his brotherly influence to obtain mercy for her from Queen Elizabeth.

The relationship between herself and Robert Dudley must be remembered before the poor young wife is blamed for this desperate step: he was brother to her brother-in-law, Lord Guildford Dudley, and brother-in-law himself to her dear sister, Lady Jane Gray, both violently cut off on the same day. With what anguish Lady Katharine alluded to all the stormy and sad scenes of their youth may be supposed. She entreated him to break the news of her marriage with Hertford to the queen. Robert Dudley had probably no very great love for Hertford; perhaps he remembered his exulting visits to the Tower, when his own father, Northumberland, was playing the apostate in hopes of escaping punishment, and it is possible that Lord Robert might be alarmed lest this confidential visit of the Lady Katharine might, despite their brotherly and sisterly connection, alarm her Majesty, whose sleeping-chamber was always adjacent to that of her master of horse.³ So the hapless Lady Katharine obtained no advantage from her visit to Lord Robert Dudley’s bedside. He either would not or could not propitiate the queen, to whom he told the news next morning, in a manner which did not calm the furious passion into which she was pleased to throw herself. The unfortunate Lady Katharine was hurried to the Tower that very afternoon.

Sir William Cecil coolly communicates Lady Katharine Gray’s situation and supposed connection with the Earl of Hertford, in a laconic letter to Archbishop Parker, dated Smallbridge, August 12, 1561, observing in conclusion, “She is committed to the Tower, and he sent for home. She says she is married.”⁴

The mother of Katharine’s husband, the haughty Duchess of Somerset, wrote the following hard, unfeeling letter to Sir William Cecil, on hearing the news of the marriage and Lady Katharine’s committal to the Tower:—

“Good Master Secretary,—Hearing a great bruit that my Lady

¹ Lansdowne MS., printed in the Harle-
wicke State Papers.

² Harleian MS.

³ Despatches of La Motte Fénelon.

⁴ State Papers, Elizabeth, Dom. xix. fol.
31 MS.

Katharine Gray is in the Tower, and also that she should say she is married already to my son, I could not choose but trouble you with my cares and sorrows thereof. And although I might, upon my son's earnest and often protesting unto me the contrary, desire you to be an humble suitor on my behalf, that her tales might not be credited before my son did answer, yet, instead thereof, my first and chief suit is that the queen's majesty will think and judge of me, in this matter according to my desert and meaning. And if my son have so much forgotten her highness calling him to honour, and so much overshot his bounden duty, and so far abused her majesty's benignity, yet never was his mother privy or consenting thereunto. I will not fill my letter with how much I have schooled and persuaded him to the contrary, nor yet will I desire that youth and fear may help excuse or lessen his fault; but only that her highness will have that opinion of me as of one that, neither for child nor friend, shall willingly neglect the duty of a faithful subject. And to conserve my credit with her majesty, good master Secretary, stand now my friend, that the wildness of mine unruly child do not minish her majesty's favour towards me. And thus so perplexed with this discomfortable rumour, I end, not knowing how to proceed nor what to do therein. Therefore, good master Secretary, let me understand some comfort of my grief from the queen's majesty, and some counsel from yourself, and so do leave you to God.

"Your assured friend to my power,

"ANN SOMERSET."¹

CHAPTER IV.

LADY KATHARINE GRAY was now immured in the Tower, whence her sister, Lady Jane, had been brought forth to die on the scaffold. Lady Jane had, however, been compelled to assume the regal style; but no offence could be alleged against Lady Katharine except marrying without the queen's knowledge or consent. Could that be so deadly a crime?

The queen had committed Mrs. Saintlow to the Tower also, only for having been rendered the involuntary though unsympathising confidante of poor Lady Katharine's distress.

Her Majesty addressed the following mandate to Sir Edward Warner, the Lieutenant of the Tower. The minutes of this document exist in Cecil's handwriting, as if jotted down by the secretary from his royal mistress's lips:—"Ye shall by our commandment examine the Lady

¹ State Papers, Elizabeth,

Aug. 1560, before the marriage, instead of

² Haynes's *State Papers*, wrongly dated, Aug. 17, 1561

Katharine, very straitly, how many hath been privy to the love between her and the Earl of Hertford, from the beginning; and let her understand that she shall have no manner of favour except she will show the truth—not only what ladies and gentlewomen were thereto privy, but also what lords and gentlewomen of this court; for it doth now appear that sundry personages have dealt herein. When that shall appear more manifestly it shall increase our indignation against her, if she now forbears to utter it.”

Thus was the terrified girl to be alternately soothed and threatened into the betrayal of her friends, if any had aided her in her marriage with Hertford.

Lady Katharine was, however, indulged with the society of her monkeys and dogs, of which she had a numerous and mischievous retinue. Sir Edward Warner had furnished her apartments with some of the east moveables of faded magnificence which had, in times of yore, pertained to the royal suite, but now were considered unfit.¹ These had been beautiful things in their prime, although, as the Tower lieutenant observed, “much worn, torn, and delaced;” they had perhaps been used in Elizabeth of York’s bridal chamber, or at Anne Boleyn’s coronation festival; they might have been seen in after times in Lady Jane Gray’s prison-room, or even in that of Elizabeth, when she herself had been confined in the Tower—an event of recent date, though she was now in her turn a merciless persecutor.

On Hertford’s arrival at Dover, “he was brought to her majesty’s house there [Dover Castle], and being at breakfast, there came in, newly arrived, Mr. Thomas Sackville, and one Strange, whom he desired to sit down with him. As they were at breakfast, Mr. Crispe, the captain of the castle, came in and showed him the queen’s majesty’s commission. The instrument commanded the captain of Dover Castle to bring the earl in custody to court, ordering that the prisoner’s servants were not to follow him.” Hertford came, as he owns, “in the custody of Captain Crispe, was suffered to speak with no one, and his servants were left at Dover. Yet, happening to see one of them, Goddard, he asked him, ‘What news?’ but Goddard dared not reply, for the captain of Dover Castle interfered, and staid [prevented] further talk.”²

Immediately on Hertford’s arrival in the Tower, he was summoned to appear before the Marquis of Winchester, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Grindal, Bishop of London, Sir William Petre, and a formidable array of lawyers and divines, for the purpose of answering their interrogatories touching his offence, for their commission deputed them to examine, enquire, and judge the infamous proceedings of Lady Katharine Gray and the Earl of Hertford.

¹ Lansdowne MS., edited by Sir Henry Ellis.—*Historical Letters*, vol. ii. p. 274, 2nd series

² Deposition of the Earl of Hertford.

They plagued the earl with questions for several days, browbeating and intimidating him in every way they could devise. He behaved with manliness; he freely avowed his marriage and professed his passionate love for his wife, giving his inquisitors the same information respecting his espousals that has been related in this narrative. He allowed that "there was no witness to their marriage but his dear sister, Lady Jane Seymour, and she was in her grave; he had forgotten the name of the priest who married them, or had never heard it," but he described his personal appearance. "The clergyman his sister Jane fetched," he said, "was a man of fair complexion, with an auburn beard and of a middling stature; he had no surplice, but was attired in a long gown of black cloth faced with budge fur, and his gown-collar was turned down after the sort that the ministers used to wear, of the German sect, when they first returned to England after the death of Queen Mary."

Great search was made for this divine, but he was not forthcoming; some declared he was a Catholic priest, but as he seemed to have been invisible to all but the bride, bridegroom, and bridesmaid, all the worshipful inquest seemed to conclude that he had never existed.¹

The only efficient witness the earl could summon to corroborate his claim to his wife and the legitimacy of his expected babe was his wedding-ring. On this ring he had bestowed some expense and trouble; he had caused it to be made with various gold links, all shutting together, and had had them engraved with poetry of his own composing. The clerks and scribes of the court took down the lines very gravely, in evidence, at the young author's reciting.

The deposition of the weeping Katharine agreed precisely in all points with that of her lord. "The ceremony," she said, "was performed in the earl's own bedchamber at his house in Canon Row." She described how the only four persons present had stood therein—herself, her husband, the priest, and the bridesmaid Lady Jane Seymour. Like the earl, she was ignorant of the priest's name. Lady Katharine then exhibited her wedding-ring: it was of gold without jewels, and appeared at first sight only a plain marriage-ring. She pressed the spring, and it separated into five rings linked together, which had the lines engraved on the four inner rims, the poetry that her husband had just repeated, and which we transcribed at its first introduction to her.

Who would suppose all this to be otherwise than the wildest romance? It is, however, more matter of fact than the dullest protocol ever transcribed into modern history, it is a copy of judicial evidence; and

¹ It is a curious fact that forty-six years afterwards, when a more merciful sovereign was on the throne, the priest came forward

and proved the marriage. A fact more complimentary to the justice of James I. than his enemies wish to allow.

we invite our readers to test its truth, which Sir Henry Ellis has printed clearly enough in his "Historical Series of Letters."

Lady Katharine constantly affirmed "that to her knowledge there was no creature living privy to the marriage, but only Lady Jane and the minister, which last she had never seen before nor has seen since, nor should she know him again if she saw him; and from that time to the death of the Lady Jane Seymour, considering herself as the earl's wife, in her own heart, she was often in his company at sundry times by means of Lady Jane Seymour and a woman, her own maid, Leigh, who is now gone from her. This woman never was bade to do it, but she would, of herself, if she saw my lord and her whisper together, go out of the way. Before the death of the Lady Jane Seymour, she suspected she was in the family way, and she told her sister-in-law so, who said, 'there was no remedy but to tell how the matter stood,' and the earl said the same, that they must proclaim their marriage, and trust to the queen's mercy."

Katharine allowed that she revealed her situation to the earl at his departing hence over seas, by saying she mistrusted it. His answer to her was that, if she wrote to him the certainty of the same, he would not tarry long from her. Four days before his departure for France, Hertford declared he wrote an obligation or assurance, and delivered it to Lady Katharine, binding his property to a jointure annuity of £1000 per annum after his death. This important paper the woful Lady Katharine either did not understand, or had lost it without knowing what it was, for it is among the very few circumstances in which their evidence, taken apart, did not exactly correspond.

The court was at Greenwich at that time, and there the unhappy Katharine declared to the Star Chamber inquisitors she parted from her lord. She wrote a letter to him, which was consigned to the care of one Glynne at the Charterhouse, who was the servant of the deceased Lady Jane Seymour. He took it about the beginning of the queen's progress; it was to be delivered to the earl in France. To her husband in this letter she revealed her situation, and all her troubles; but she added, "though she sent him other similar letters, not one in reply did she ever receive from him while he was beyond seas; neither any token, excepting one pair of bracelets, which were delivered to her at Havering by the Lord Henry Seymour. But at the same time," said Katharine, "the Earl of Hertford sent divers other tokens to divers other ladies and gentlewomen of the court." These were presents from France, and much pain the fact seems to have given the poor young wife in her concealed misery. Since the unfortunate lady gave her letters to Glynne, she never saw that man again.

Lord Henry Seymour affirmed "that he carried tokens between his brother and the Lady Katharine, before the earl went beyond seas to France. He thought they were rings; it was but twice or thrice that he brought them, and was charged with no special message or commendations. But after the earl was in France, he received letters wherein he prayed him to make his commendations to the Lady Katharine, but he received no letters that were directed to the said lady. Some of the earl's letters came by the common post, and some by *Frances the Post*. He did not remember any tokens sent by his brother from France to the Lady Katharine, neither was he privy to any solemnisation of marriage between the earl his brother and the Lady Katharine."

Lady Katharine, at a succeeding interrogatory, owned she "did remember receiving a deed from the earl, but she threw it into a coffer, and, with removing from place to place, it is lost, and she doth not know where it is become; and this she saith, that now, upon further advice, she doth recall to her remembrance, and that she asked her woman, Mrs. Cousins, for it, and all she could discover was, it was lost with some papers of the accounts of her own property." The earl owned "that he received the letter his hapless lady had sent him by Glynne, but only one month before his forcible recall by the queen's messenger. The letter," he said, "spoke positively of her state, and implored him to return, and to reveal all the matter of their wedlock." It was addressed, "To my loving husband." Glynne stayed about four or five days at his house in Paris, telling the earl he had come thither in pursuit of a kinsman who had run away to France with his master's goods and money. About three days before his return to England, Glynne again made his appearance at the earl's hotel at Paris. When the earl asked him "how he came to tarry so long in France, he answered him that the business he afore spoke of detained him." But Glynne was evidently a spy of the court on the unfortunate pair.

Hertford vowed "he had written letters to the Lady Katharine from France, one especially from Roanne [Rouen], which he sent in the common letter-bag which went by packet. Another he wrote to her from Paris by Jehan Renate, a Parisian merchant, and the direction and endorsement of the said letters was, 'To my wife,' and the letters he received from her were endorsed, 'To my loving husband.' Jehan Renate was recommended by Madame Destampes, and he lived on the bridge at Paris; he gave particular instructions to the said merchant Jehan 'to deliver his letters into the very hands of Lady Katharine.'"

CHAPTER V.

WHILE the hapless Lady Katharine was subjected to the cross-questioning of Queen Elizabeth's commissioners, she was taken ill, and after some days, languishing in alternate faintness and agony, brought into the world, September 21, a helpless little prisoner, a boy,¹ the representative of several illustrious relatives who had suffered by violent deaths in the gloomy fortress wherein he was born. Lady Katharine's babe was baptised, after being owned by Lord Hertford as his own true son and heir,² in the church within the Tower, by the family name of Edward. Within a few steps of the spot where the baptismal sacrament was proceeding, all readers of history know, rested the remains of the infant's paternal grandfather, Edward Seymour Duke of Somerset, beheaded in the reign of Edward VI.; of his maternal grandfather Henry Duke of Suffolk, of whom he was likewise the lineal representative, beheaded in the reign of Queen Mary; of his illustrious aunt, Lady Jane Grey, beheaded in the same reign, of whom he was the representative; of the brother of the Duke of Somerset, Lord Thomas Seymour; of Dudley, his great-uncle, beheaded in the reign of Edward VI.; and of another great-uncle, Lord Thomas Gray, beheaded in the Wyatt insurrection. It is by no means an uncommon case for an heir to be baptised, surrounded by the tombs of a long line of illustrious ancestors; but surely the fate of the infant Seymour was unique. Not one of these illustrious dead had died in their beds; all had perished by the axe. He had also claims to a more woful inheritance, he was the heir of England, according to the parliamentary settlement of the will of Henry VIII. The unfortunate mother's heaven gave way from the time she brought this inheritor of sorrow into the world. She remained for some months in a very precarious state, still the prisoner of her cousin the queen.

The poor prisoners declared, "that neither messages nor letters passed between them since their close imprisonment in the Tower, otherwise than the earl hath sent to know how the Lady Katharine did; also, he would send her a posie, or such like thing." Then Katharine's inquisitors demanded, "Who were the messengers that went and came with these greetings and posies?" She replied, "The Tower keepers did inquire of those about her how she did, and the earl only sent through others; she did not see the messenger. And she does not know what the common voice of fame is, because she hath long been, and is presently [at present], a close prisoner in the Tower of London."

¹ Machyn's *Diary*, p. 266.² *Ibid.*, pp. 267, 268.

The queen next sent her commission to the Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir Edward Warner, regarding the examination of the marriage of her prisoners, couched in language which implied actual prejudgment; for what commissioners would dare to acquit persons whose conduct was thus described by a despotic sovereign? —

“The Archbishop of Canterbury, with others, have commission to examine, inquire and judge of the *infamose* conversation and pretended marriage betwixt the Lady Katharine Gray and the Earl of Hertford. Our pleasure is that, when the commissioners shall send to have either of the parties to appear before them in that cause, ye shall yourselves lead either of them by water, as prisoners in your custody, to Lambeth; and, when they have answered in place of judgment, to suffer neither of them to have conference with any person, but, while any of them [either of them] shall remain there out of the place of judgment, to remain under your custody as your prisoners, and to return them in like manner to their places. For our will is to have judgment.”¹

The order was sent in May, 1562, under the royal signet, commanding Sir Edward Warner, Lieutenant of the Tower, to convey his two prisoners to Lambeth whensoever the archbishop should need their presence; yet the inquiry took place in the Tower. The trial lingered out for more than a year, when, to the indignation of such of the English people who were able to obtain sight of the proceedings, sentence was pronounced in the Bishop of London’s palace, near St. Paul’s Cathedral, May 12, 1562, “that there had been no marriage between the Earl of Hertford and Lady Katharine Gray.”

The sentence, that thus blighted the reputation of one of the queen’s nearest female relatives, was considered the more cruel, because the law of marriage, at that time prevalent, considered that if two persons in adolescence owned each other as man and wife, it was not possible afterwards for either to marry any other; likewise that marriage might be celebrated at any place or hour by any Christian clergyman—an order of affairs which continued far into the last century. Elizabeth’s commissioners were, however, armed with the terrors of Henry VIII.’s marriage laws passed against the marriage of his niece, Margaret Douglas, with Lord Thomas Howard, who died in the Tower, 1536.

The poor captives, Katharine and Hertford, remained in the Tower; but Sir Edward Warner, convinced of the validity of their wedlock, winked at the visits they paid each other, and, with a little skilful bribery dispensed to the lower officers, they lived together entirely. The Lady Katharine, February 10, 1562-63, presented her lord with another boy, who was baptised in the Tower-Green church by the

¹ Haynes’s *Burleigh Papers*. “Given at Westminster, Febr’y 10th, fourth year of our reign, 1561-62.”

name of Thomas, after his two behcaded uncles, Lord Thomas Seymour and Lord Thomas Gray. Two warders officiated as godfathers to the innocent prisoner.¹

One of the contemptible instruments of the Star Chamber, Sir John Mason, reported the feeling expressed by the people, but not for the sake of inducing leniency. "There be abroad," says he, "both in the city² and in sundry other places in the realm, broad speeches of the case of the Lady Katharine and the Earl of Hertford. Some of ignorance make such talks thereof as liketh them, *not letting to say* [not scrupling to say] that they be man and wife. And why should man and wife be *lett* [hindered] from coming together? These speeches and others are very common. And, to tell my foolish judgment thereof, methinketh it will be no ill way to call him [Hertford] to the Star Chamber, and there, after a good declaration of the queen's proceedings for the trial of the truth of the supposed marriage, and what was found adjudged, then to charge him with his presumptuous, contemptuous, and outrageous demeanour and behaviour in using the said Lady Katharine, as he hath done both before the sentence and since. And in the end to set upon his head a fine of XM. [10,000] marks: if they be made pounds it is little enough. There is not a more *oultreayd* youth. I speak French for lack of apt English [Mason's French is very uncouth; perhaps he means an *outré* youth], neither one that better liketh himself, neither that promiseth himself greater things. He should be made to *learn* himself [know himself]. His imprisonment fatteneth him, and he hath rather thereby *commodity* [convenience] than hindrance. If a good part of his living might answer some part of his offence, and the imprisonment, therewithal, continue, it would make him to know what it is to have so arrogantly and contemptuously offended his prince [Queen Elizabeth], and would make him, hereafter, to know his duty to the State and to Almighty God. I beseech you pardon my rude scribbling and my boldness shewed in the same, and to weigh my good meaning in the matter, and nothing else. And thus Almighty God have you in His most blessed keeping, and assist you always with His present grace."

The hateful advice was followed by Elizabeth and Cecil to the very letter. And, infamous as their injustice was to the unoffending prisoners, it scarcely raises the disgust excited by the vile instrument who suggested the aggravation of the wickedness, already perpetrated by the ruinous fine laid on the Earl of Hertford; and still more nauseating is the hypocritical taking of God's name in vain, the canting invocations for His grace to do deeds of darkness which He abhors. Just the same formula of affected godliness was rehearsed, whether Puritans, as in this case, were to be injured and plundered, or Papists

¹ Machyn's *Diary*, p. 300.

² Letter of Mason to Cecil, January 28, 1562.

to be quartered and confiscated. The God of all mercy, truth, and honesty was shamelessly invoked for the perpetration of the worst of iniquities.

Deep and earnest were the discussions in the House of Commons on the sufferings of Lady Katharine Gray, her husband, and children; many persons mentioning her as a real wife, and her children as legitimate. The proceedings of that house were not then laid before the world, but the report alarmed the conclave who were persecuting them. A nearer kinswoman of the throne, the Lady Margaret, Countess of Lennox, was at the same time mewed up in the Tower¹ on most absurd accusations; but as this lady headed the Roman Catholic party in England, the queen thought fit to set her at liberty, in order to frighten the Puritans into submission.

Sir Edward Warner, Lieutenant of the Tower, being examined touching the birth of Lady Katharine's second son, owned "that he had admitted the Earl and Countess of Hertford to visit one another once on being over persuaded, and afterwards thought it was of no use keeping them apart."²

The Earl of Hertford was summoned before the Star Chamber conclave, to answer for his offence in visiting the Lady Katharine, and its result in the birth of their second son. He was assailed with the coarsest vituperations for the crime of which he was accused. His spirit rose, and he replied in a more manly tone than he had previously ventured to use :—

"Being lawfully married to the Lady Katharine, who hath borne me a fair son during the time of our imprisonment in the Tower, and finding her prison door unbarred, I came in to comfort her in her sadness, and to pay my conjugal duty, of which I cannot repent."

He was sentenced to pay a fine of 15,000 marks, for his triple crime, as the junta styled his offence; 5,000 marks for seducing a virgin of the blood royal, 5,000 for breaking his prison to visit her in hers, and 5,000 more for the birth of the second boy, whom they affected to consider an illegitimate child, pretending that the hapless parents had not proved their wedlock, and therefore, they treated them with the contumely due to vicious persons. An extent was issued over the hapless husband's lands for the payment of the three fines.

As for the Lieutenant of the Tower, the gentle Norfolk knight Sir Edward Warner, he was grievously suspected by her Majesty of some connivance which occasioned her little kinsman Thomas to make his unwelcome appearance in this wicked world. Therefore, the queen actually committed her own Lieutenant prisoner to his own Tower! His friend Cecil soon negotiated his release, but it appears he was dismissed his office.

¹ See her life in *Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses connected with the Royal Succession*, by Agnes Strickland, vol. ii.

² J. T. Smith's *Antiquities of London* (the Tower).

CHAPTER VI.

THE plague broke out with terrible strength in London the following summer, and, as it was remarkably fatal in the precincts of the Tower, the petitions of Lady Katharine Gray were heeded when the deaths amounted to 1,000 every week¹ within the small compass of the circling wall of London—little London, we may call it, compared to our present huge metropolis with its long polypus arms. Queen Elizabeth, after the birth of her poor prisoner's second boy, was desirous of removing her from the easy keeping of Sir Edward Warner, Lieutenant of the Tower. That gentleman, being now released from his troublesome and responsible office, had retired into his native county, and was taking all matters very easily in the country at Plumstead, from whence he wrote to Cecil, who seems his intimate friend, some amusing particulars of the furniture which had been given out from the old stores in the royal lodgings for poor Lady Katharine Gray's use:—

"Sir,—My Lady Katharine is, as ye know, delivered [*released from the Tower prison*], and the stuff that she had—I would it were seen. It was delivered to her by the queen's commandment, and she hath worn, now two years full, most of it so torn and tattered with her *monks* and dogs as will serve to small purpose."

Lady Katharine's "monks," or monkeys, had likewise amused themselves and their melancholy mistress by tattering poor Sir Edward's household stuff, as well as her great-uncle King Harry's old gout footstools and velvet cushions; and the lieutenant thought that the ragged remnants ought to be bestowed on him by way of compensation. "Besides," continues he, "my Lady Katharine had one other chamber furnished with stuff of mine, the which is all marred also. Now, sir, I would be loth to have any more business [*dispute*] with my Lord Chamberlain, if it please you to move a word to him that I may quietly enjoy it." Meaning the furniture tattered by Lady Katharine's monkeys, and not his own, damaged by them.

"It was delivered by the queen's pleasure," continues he, "and I trust he will be so content. If I have it not, some of it is fitter to be given away than to be stored into the wardrobe again, and that I justify with my hand. If he [*the Lord Chamberlain*] like not that I have the bed of down, I shall be content to forbear it. I send you here enclosed the bill of parcels, with some notes in the margin truly written,"

¹ Cecil's letter, Wright's *E'ic'eth*, vol. i. p. 138.

These are amusing enough, and well the reader's imagination can furnish out the grim "prison rooms" of the Bell Tower, garnished with the royal tatters, well described in Warner's commentaries on the Lord Chamberlain's list, as follows:—

"Stuff delivered in August, 1561, by the queen's commandments and the Lord Chamberlain's warrants, by William Bentley, out of the wardrobe in the Tower, to Sir Edward Warner, Knight, then *lieutenant* of the said Tower, for the necessary furniture of Lady Katharine Gray's chamber. First: six pieces of tapestry to hang her chamber. [*'Very old and coarse,'* adds the lieutenant.] Item [says my Lord Chamberlain.] A *spavier* [perhaps a tester] for a bed of changeable damask. [*'All to-broken and not worth tenpence,'* observes master lieutenant.] One silk quilt of red striped with gold. [*'Stark naught!'* runs the depreciating commentary.] Item. Two carpets of Turkey matting [proceeds the Lord Chamberlain]. [*'The wool is all worn,'* interpolates the lieutenant.] Item. One chair of cloth of gold, cased with crimson velvet, with two pommels of copper gilt, and the queen's arms in the back." This was, without doubt, the very chair which served Queen Jane in her nine days' reign in the gaunt fortress. Sad thoughts must it have brought to her poor sister. However dignified it may look in my Lord Chamberlain's list, the lieutenant's detracting commentary is, "*Nothing worth.*"

"Item," continues my Lord Chamberlain. "One cushion of purple velvet. [*'An owld cast thing!'* observes master lieutenant.] Item [says the Lord Chamberlain]. Two footstools covered with green velvet. [*'Owld stools for King Henry's feet'* is the lieutenant's commentary.] One bed, one bolster, and a counterpayne, for her women," runs the list. "*A mean bed,*" adds the Tower lieutenant. He concludes his letter of supplication to Cecil for the possession of these valuables by providing that his neighbour, Sir William Wodehouse (who perhaps had some office at the Tower) would send them down to him. "But if the Lord Chamberlain like not that I have the bed of down, I shall be content to forbear it. Whatsoever it is, I shall take it in good part. And I pray you bear with me that I trouble with such a trifle; and thus I wish you prosperous felicity, with increase of godliness.

"From my poor house at Plumsted, near Norwich.

"EDWARD WARNER.

Lady Katharine's second son was only six months old when the plague became so terrific in London, and especially in the environs of the Tower, that the queen was advised to remove her captive kinswoman and the Earl of Hertford. In compliance with this counsel, Hertford and the eldest boy, Edward, were ordered into the Duchess

of Somerset's keeping at Hanworth, and Lady Katharine was committed to the care of her uncle, Lord John Gray, at Pergo in Essex, a seat formerly used by queen-dowagers of England, but which had been granted to him by Elizabeth.

Strange to say, the second husband of the Duchess of Somerset, Sergeant Newdigate, was entrusted with the office of conducting Lady Katharine to Pergo. He brought her there with her baby boy, her attendants, and her slender stock of clothes and conveniences, and behaved himself very disobligingly to poor Lord John. Lady Katharine was in very delicate health and dejected spirits when she arrived at Pergo, with her babe and attendants.

Lord John Gray wrote to Cecil very thankfully for this indulgence to her, propitiating the prime minister with elaborate cousinship; though when the relationship between the high-born Grays and the son of the late yeoman of the wardrobe, Richard "Sysell," could have commenced, no doubt puzzled the heralds of the sixteenth century as much as it has done our present genealogists. However, all matters of the kind were arranged in that century for a consideration; and Lord John thus appeals to the known weak side of the man of power, commencing his epistle—

"Good cowsigne Cecil,—What cause have we all to think ourselves bounden and beholden unto you, the lively fact of your great friendship in the delivery of my niece to my custody being sufficient pledge and token for our bondage unto you during our lives; and although I can justly lament the cause of her imprisonment, yet I cannot lament thus far for her being there, because I see it hath been the only means whereby she hath seen herself, known God, and her duty to the queen; which when it shall please the queen's majesty to make trial of, I doubt not but my saying and her doings shall accord. Meantime I shall, according to my Lord Robert's [afterwards Earl of Leicester] letter, and yours directed unto me, see all things observed accordingly.

"Assure yourself, *cowsigne* [cousin] Cecil, she is a penitent and sorrowful woman for the queen's displeasure, and most humbly and heartily desires you to finish what your friendship began, obtaining the queen's favour for the full remission of her fault.

"Thus with my wife's hearty commendation and mine, to you and my good lady (our cousin). your wife, I bid you most heartily farewell. From Pergo, the 29th of August, 1563.

"By your loving cousin, and assured poor friend during life,

"JOHN GRAY.

"To my very loving cousin,

"Sir William Cecil, Knight,

"Chief Secretary to the queen's majesty."

CHAPTER VII.

LADY KATHARINE thought it proper to write a humble supplication to Cecil, confirming her uncle's report of her penitence, in which she did not forget to reiterate the claim of cousinship as a propitiation to the parvenu minister:—

“Good cousin Cccil,—After my very hearty commendations to my good cousin, your wife, and you, with like thanks for your great friendship in this my lord's [Hertford's] delivery and mine [from the Tower], with the obtaining of the queen's majesty's most gracious favour, thus far extended towards us, I cannot but acknowledge myself bounden and beholden unto you therefore. And I am sure you doubt not of mine own dear lord's [Hertford's] good-will, for the requital thereof, to the uttermost of his power. So I beseech you, my good cousin Cecil, make the like account of me, during life, to the uttermost of my power; beseeching your further friendship for the obtaining the queen's majesty's most gracious pardon and favour towards me, which, with upstretched hands and downbent knees, from the bottom of my heart, most humbly I crave.

“Thus, resting in prayer for the queen's majesty's long reign over us, the forgiveness of mine offence, and short[ly] enjoying [the company] of mine own dear lord and husband, with assured hope, through God's grace and your good help, and [that] of my Lord Robert [Leicester] for the enjoying of the queen's highness' favour in that behalf, I bid you, mine own good cousin, most heartily farewell.

“From Pergo, the *thred* of September.

“Your assured cousin and friend to my small power,

“KATHERYNE HERTFORD.¹

“To my very loving cousin,

“Sir William Cecil, Knight,

“Chief Secretary to the queen's majesty.”

Six times did the unfortunate heiress of the royal claims of the House of Suffolk reiterate the magic word “cousin” to the prime minister, in hopes of securing his interest in behalf of her supplication to the queen. Cecil, whose party was fully identified with the Suffolk faction, was willing enough to grant her suit; but the heart of the queen was not to be mollified by aught that the hapless Katharine could do or say, for soon after her affectionate uncle drew the following lively picture of her despair and distress:—

¹ Lansdowne MS., No. 6, art. 33, edited by Sir H. Ellis in the original orthography, *Original Letters*, vol. ii. p. 279, 2nd series.

“Lord John Gray to Sir W. Cecil.¹ Sept. [1563.]

“My good *cousigne* Cecill,—Only the desire and care that my Lady Katherine hath of the queen’s majesty’s favour enforceth these few lines (as nature bindeth me to do), to put you in remembrance of your offered friendship and great good-will, already shewed, to the full perfecting of the queen’s majesty’s favour to my niece. I assure you, cousin Cecil, as I have written to my Lord Robert Dudley, the thought and care she taketh for the want of her majesty’s favour pines her away. Before God I speak it, if it come not soon she will not live long thus, for she eateth not above six morsels in the meal. I say to her, ‘Good madam, eat somewhat to comfort yourself.’ She falls a-weeping, and goeth up to her chamber. If I ask her ‘what the cause is she useth herself in that sort,’ she answers me, ‘Alas! uncle, what a life is this to me, thus to live in the queen’s displeasure; but for my lord and my children, I would I were buried.’

“Good *cousigne* Cecil, as time, place, and occasion may serve, ease her of this woeful grief and sorrow, and rid me of this life, which I assure you grieveth me even at the heart-roots. Thus, beseeching God, in this His visitation, to preserve us with His stretched-out arm, and send us merrily to meet, I salute you and my Lady Cecil, with my wife’s most hearty commendations and mine.

“From Pergo, the xx of September.

“By your loving cousin and assured poor friend during my life,

“JOHN GRAY.

“To my very loving cousin,
“Sir William Cecil, &c.”

The cruelty to Lady Katharine Gray must have wholly emanated from the queen, although she was a young woman under thirty at the time. Cecil was entirely of the Gray and Dudley faction, and remained so all his life; they were the leaders of the Puritan Church in England, therefore it is very improbable that Cecil urged any severity likely to torment to death the lady whose alleged title to the throne was to keep out the lineal Catholic heiress. Indeed, if Katharine and her husband were so cruelly persecuted, patronised as they were by the influential minister and the all-powerful favourite, Lord Robert Dudley, the question naturally occurs, What would have been their fate if the prime minister and the favourite had not been of their faction? Jealousy of her title was the leading principle of all Elizabeth’s actions, and she could as little forgive the fact that Lady Katharine Gray’s sister had once been proclaimed queen by the Protestant party, in preference to herself, as that Henry II. of France had declared his daughter-in-law, Mary Queen of Scots, queen of England.

¹ London MS. No. 6, art. 33, edited Original Letters, vol. ii. p. 279, 2nd series.
by Sir H. Ellis in the original orthography.

With these feelings it can excite little surprise that she received with an inimical mind and hard heart the following piteous supplication, in which the bereaved wife sued for some pity:—

“Lady Katharine’s petition to the queen, enclosed in her uncle’s letter to Cecil.¹

“I dare not presume, most gracious sovereign, to crave pardon for my disobedient and rash matching of myself, without your highness’s consent; I only most humbly sue unto your highness to continue your merciful nature towards me.² I [ac]knowledge myself a most unworthy creature to feel so much of your gracious favour as I have done.

“My just[ly] felt misery and continual grief doth teach me daily more and more the greatness of my fault, and your princely pity encreaseth my sorrow that have so forgotten my duty towards your majesty. This is my great torment of mind. May it therefore please your excellent majesty to *license* me to be a most lowly suitor unto your highness, to extend towards my miserable state your majesty’s further favour and accustomed mercy, which upon my knees, in all humble wise, I crave with my daily prayers to God, to long continue and preserve your majesty’s reign over us.

“From Pergo, the vi of November, 1563.

“Your majesty’s most humble, bounden, and obedient servant.”

Her uncle, Lord John Gray, wrote the same day earnestly to Cecil, enclosing Lady Katharine’s letter to the queen, requesting him to read it, and in case there was anything which required alteration, to return it to him. He says:—

“My good Cousin,—I have herein enclosed the copy of my niece’s letter to the queen’s majesty, wherein I am to crave your friendly advice and counsel (before it be delivered to Lord Robert Dudley) how you like it? For if you will have anything amended there, I pray you note it, and my man shall bring it back to me again. For I should be loth were there any fault found with any word therein written.

“Good cousin Cecil, as you may continue your friendship to the furtherance of the queen’s majesty’s most gracious favour and mercy towards her, I assure you she hath imputed no small part of her well-speeding to your assured friendship, which I am sure neither she nor I need to request the continuance thereof.

“Thus beseeching you to make my hearty commendations to my good lady my cousin, your wife, I take my leave of you for this time.

¹ Lansdowne MS., No. 6, art. 37.

² She says *continue*, because her captivity had then been favourably changed from the

Tower to her kind uncle’s house of Pergo at Havering-Bower.

"From Pergo, the vii of November, 1563.

"By your loving cousin and assured friend to my *smaule* power,

"JOHN GRAY.

"To my very loving cousin,

"Sir W. Cecil, &c. &c."

CHAPTER VIII.

NEAR the close of the year 1563, Lord John Gray writes to Sir W Cecil, once more endeavouring to move his cold heart to compassionate the anguish which was destroying the existence of poor Lady Katharine. He says:—

"The augmenting of my niece's grief, in the want of the queen's majesty's favour, enforceth me, besides my duty in nature [natural affection] every way to declare and recommend unto you her miserable and woeful state. This three or four days she hath, for the most part, kept her bed, but surely, altogether kept her chamber; in such wise as I thought once I should have been driven to have sent for some of the queen's physicians. And I never came near her but I found her weeping, or else saw by her face that she had wept.

"Wherefore, good *cousigne* Cecil—for the mutual love which ought to be betwixt Christian men, and for the love wherewith God hath loved us, being His—procure, by some way or means, the queen's majesty's further favour towards her; for assuredly, she never went to bed all this time of her sickness, but they that watched with her much doubted how to find her in the morning. She is so *fraughted* with phlegm, by reason of thought, weeping, and sitting still, that many hours she is like to be overcome therewith; so if she had not *painful* [careful] women about her, I tell you truly, *cousigne* Cecil, I could not sleep in quiet. Thus with my commendations to you, and to my good Lady Cecil, my *cousigne*, I wish you the same quiet of mind as to myself.

"From my house at Pergo, the xii of December, 1563.

"By your loving cousin and assured friend to his power,

"JOHN GRAY.¹

"To my very loving *cousigne*,

"Sir W. Cecil, &c., &c."

It was to no purpose that kind Lord John Gray exerted his natural language of tender compassion to soften the hard hearts of Elizabeth and her minister, or the afflicted prisoner tried the effect of the most humiliating submission in regard to her cruel and most unjust oppressor,

¹ Lansdowne MS., No. 6, art. 37.

both in her letters to her and Cecil, to whom she wrote the same day as her uncle, in the most abject strain, as follows:—

“Lady Katharine, Countess of Hertford, to Sir W. Cecil.¹

“What the long want of the queen’s majesty’s accustomed favour towards me hath bred in this miserable and wretched body of mine, God only knoweth, as I daily more and more, to the torment and wasting thereof, do otherwise feel than well able to express; which if it should at any long time thus continue, I rather wish of God shortly to be buried in the faith and fear of Him, than thus in continual agony to live. As I have written to my Lord Robert, so, good cousin Cecil, do I unto you.

“I must confess I never felt what the want of my prince’s favour was before now, which, by your good means, and the rest of my very good lords’ once obtained, I shall not require any of you, if it fall through my default, to be means for the restoration thereof, so mindful, God willing, shall I be not to offend her highness [Queen Elizabeth]. Thus desiring the continuance of your friendship, I most heartily bid you farewell, good cousin, praying you to make my hearty commendations to my good cousin, your wife.

“From Pergo, the xiii of December.

“Your poor cousin and assured friend to my small power,

“KATHERYNE HERTFORD.”

Queen Elizabeth virtually acknowledged that Hertford and Katharine were husband and wife, by compelling him to pay her expenses while at her uncle’s house, and Lord John Gray makes bitter complaints of the insolent manner in which Hertford’s step-father, Newdigate, the husband of the proud Duchess of Somerset, his mother, interfered in all the arrangements about Lady Katharine.

“Well, cousin Cecil,” observes Lord John, “it is not the first time that Newdigate hath both abused and misused me, with his slanderous reports to divers others besides you. He hath, with no small bragging words, told my Lady Clinton, ‘that if he were my Lord of Hertford, he would not bear it at my hands, that his wife should send my letters either to the queen or council without his knowledge, and that he would make me repent it.’

“What other unseemly words he spake, my Lady Clinton can tell; whether this be good counsell given to my Lord [Hertford], considering the great charge, by your letters, I received with my lady, and fit for me to bear at your hands, I make you judge. I would my lord [Hertford] had good counsell about him, for I hear of his own nature he is well disposed. But it is neither Newdigate nor my lady [the Duchess of Somerset], under whose government my lord now resteth,

that shall make me disobey the queen's majesty's commandment in the charge committed to me, nor yet fail those rules (my duty reserved) which in nature I owe my niece; albeit that Newdigate hath persuaded my lord that all I have done hath been altogether his hindrance. But because you shall truly know what charge my lord is, and hath been at with my lady, since her coming hither, I have herein enclosed true inventory, besides my lady's whole furniture of her and hers, with hangings, bedding, sheets, drapery, and plate, for neither she nor her little boy hath one piece of plate to drink, eat, or keep anything but of me; which though it cannot be much, yet is as much as I have. And of the cat there is no more to be had but the skin, which hitherto I have thought well bestowed."¹

Lord John then tells Cecil "that he had learned, from Hanworth, that he had been very plain with Newdigate, after which Lady Katharine had received twenty pounds, and been promised to have beds and sheets sent her, howbeit they had not yet come; that she had nothing to send any friend at New-year's tide, which had induced Lady Clinton to give Lady Gray a pair of silk hose, to present to Lady Knowles in Lady Katharine's name, as if from her." Lady Katharine had then been with him six months, and was so poorly furnished when she came, that he thinks Newdigate might as well have told Cecil of her bare providing, when she came. "For," continues Lord John, "the inventory of all she had when he left her here I could send to you, but I am ashamed, for that it was so bare."²

This letter is dated from Pergo, the 20th of January, 1563-64, and in his postscript he "begs that Lady Katharine may be allowed some wine, either from the queen's store or by bill of impost."

He encloses an inventory of Lady Katharine's apparel, of which the clothes for her baby boy is perhaps the most interesting:—"Two coats for Mr. Thomas, whercof the one is russet damask, the other of crimson velvet." He was then eleven months old. "Of white cloth to make him petticoats, two yards. Of red cloth to make him like petticoats, two yards. Velvet caps for him, two. A russet taffeta hat for him, laid on with silver cord."

There were "two pairs of fine sheets for my Lady Katharine, of two breadths; black velvet to make a gown for my Lady Katharine, bound with sables, ten yards; russet velvet to make a gown and a kirtle; black and russet lace to the gown and kirtle.

"Damask to make a night-gown for my lady; crimson satin to make a petticoat; a petticoat of crimson velvet; a velvet hood for my lady; two pairs of black silk hose; black cloth to make a cloak, two yards of cambrie to make ruffs, plattes, coverchiefs, and handkerchiefs, six ells; and linen to make smocks, ten ells.

¹ Lansdowne MS., No. 7, fol. 110.

² *Ibid.*, fol. 119.

"Silver dishes and saucers for her use, and the charge of weekly rate for her board was 46s. 8d.; for her child, 13s. 4d.; for his nurse, 16s. 8d.; her three ladies, each 6s. 8d.; for her two men-servants, 5s. each; the some for her laundress and the widow that washeth the child's clothes."¹

The use the compassionate Cecil and Lord Robert Dudley made of the inventory was to make a demand on the captive husband of Lady Katharine to pay to the Lady Gray 114*l.*, for which Lady Katharine and her train had been chargeable to Lord John, her uncle, and he unable to bear the same. "We have," continue they, "thought good to require you to send some one hither with the said sum of money, which may be sent to Pergo to Lady Gray, whereat it is necessary that you make some expedition, because the said Lady Gray, as she complaineth, can no longer endure from payment, and so we bid you farewell.

"Your loving friends,

"R. DUDELY,

"W. CECIL."

CHAPTER IX.

THE unfortunate husband of Lady Katharine had no option but paying the demand in full, and he took the opportunity of endeavouring to interest the favourite Leicester, and soliciting his good offices with the queen, in behalf of his beloved wife, whom yet he did not venture to call by name in his piteous supplication. His mother, the Duchess of Somerset, had recently been to court, and Hertford commences his letter to Leicester with thanks for the civility with which she had been treated by him:—

"I find myself not a little bound unto your lordship for the friendly welcoming and honourable using of my lady my mother, since her now being at the court, as also your well-tried and goodly noble furthering her long and troublesome suit for us, to our most gracious queen. Wherein, as always, so now, I still crave your especial and most humble means of desire to her majesty, that we may be unburdened of her highness's intolerable displeasure, the great weight whereof hath sufficiently taught us never again to offend so merciful a princess. And so I beseech you, my good lord, now on our behalf, who pray not for earthly things so much as the comfort of her too long wasted favour. My trust is God will bless your lordship's travails with the

¹ State Papers; Elizabeth, vol. xxxvii. fol. 27.

fruit thereof, and by your means, wherein, next Him, we only depend, turn the sorrowful mourning of us, her majesty's poor captives, into a *countershine* comfort, for which I rest in continual prayer. And so I take my leave, beseeching Almighty God long to preserve her, and make me so happy as to enjoy the company of so dear a lord and friend as I have, and do find of your lordship.¹

"From Hanworth, the xviii of March, 1563."

Leicester answers very speedily, telling poor Hertford "he had moved the queen's majesty in his behalf, but he did not find her in the mood, at present, to grant his prayer.

"Your lordship," continues he, "can consider princes must be obeyed, and their wills fulfilled. If God have not yet stirred her heart to rest, nothing will work till He be pleased. As much as we may do with speech and humble art hath been done, I assure your lordship, for you." The hypocritical courtier then, with vain assumption of piety, adds, "Love Him, and fear Him, and pray earnestly to Him, for it must be your chief work that He may further your help to obtain the favour and comfort you seek. In the meantime I wish your lordship patience, and shall not leave, as opportunity shall yield, to remember her majesty of your heavy and grievous state."

At the end of a week Hertford writes again, to thank Lord Robert Dudley for his kind intentions, and to beg him to be a means of obtaining the queen's grace. In his postscript he entreats Lord Robert "to present, in his behalf, his poor token of gloves to her majesty, earnestly requesting to send him word of her liking or finding fault, that he might amend what was wrong for the next time." To which the favourite replies, as if the gloves had been made by Hertford:—"My Lord, I have delivered your handywork where you required me. There is no fault to be found with these, for they be perfect in their kind; yet if in the next you make the same a little stronger, as I have shewed to Thurgans, I think it will be all the lack that may be supplied to the want in these."²

And now Hertford's mother, the Duchess of Somerset, took up the advocacy of the case for her son and daughter-in-law. Offensive and arrogant as her character was considered by everyone, it was not probable she could do much good. Though fallen from the high estate she had held as the lady paramount of the court of the young king, Edward VI., and sorely visited by adversity, having also stooped to a second marriage infinitely beneath her rank, the old pride of the haughty Anne Stanhope, who jostled a queen for precedence, was not a whit tamed. In her letter of remonstrance, instead of imitating the piteous and lowly entreaties of Lady Katharine

¹ State Papers, vol. xxxiii. fol. 27.

² Ibid. vol. xxx. fol. 77.

Gray to Queen Elizabeth, and the perpetual *cousining* of Cecil used by that lady and her uncle, Lord John, she boldly approaches something like the truth of the case, by pointing out the wrong "of this young couple, waxing old in prison."

We, who have been admitted by the hand of Time behind the scenes, know how useless it was for the proud old duchess to goad Cecil with her sollicitations for Hertford and Katharine, since he has said "that he himself was somewhat in disgrace for the part he had already taken as their advocate with the queen."

"Anne Duchess of Somerset to Sir William Cecil.¹

"Good Master Secretary,—After this long silence, and for that, as yet, mine old occasion *lets* [hinders] mine attendance, I have presumed by letter to renew my suit for my son [Lord Hertford] to the queen's majesty, and have likewise written to my Lord of Leicester, praying you to set in your helping hand to end this tedious suit; wherein for me to reason how much her highness' [Queen Elizabeth's] displeasure is too long lasting, or how unmeet it is this young couple should thus wax old in prison, or how far better it were for them to be abroad and learn to *serve* [the queen], I will not say; but leave those and like speeches to the friendly setting forth of my lord [Leicester] and you. Only my seeking is, that as there is none other cause, but hath some favourable order or end since her majesty's reign, so by your earnest conferring and joining with my good lord [Leicester], this young couple may feel somelike of her majesty's plentiful mercy; to the procurement whereof, the more earnest my lord and you shew yourselves, the more shall you set forth the queen's majesty's honour, and, as a mother, I must needs say, the better discharge your calling and credit. And so, resting in prayer that God would bless your *travail* to some comfortable end, I take my leave.

"Your assured loving friend,

"ANNE SOMERSET.

"To my very loving friend, Mr. Secretary."

After nearly a year's pause, the Duchess of Somerset took the opportunity of the approach of Passion-week to plead the cause of the unfortunate couple, through her old servant Cecil, with the queen; yet again made matters worse, by putting Elizabeth on her conscience instead of lowly bending to her absolutism.

"Anne Duchess of Somerset to Sir William Cecil.²

"Good Mr. Secretary,—If I have let you alone all this while, I pray you to think it was to tarry for my Lord Leicester's assistance, to whom as I have now written to take some occasion to do good in my

¹ Lansdowne MS. No. 102, art. 57.

² Lansdowne MS., No. 9, pt. 32, endorsed April 18, 1565.

son's case, so are these to pray you to *provoke* [urge] him and join with him to further the same; trusting the occasion of this Holy Week and charitable time for forgiveness, earnestly set forth by his lordship and you, will bring forth some comfortable fruit of relief to the long afflicted parties, wherein my lord and you cannot go so far, but God's cause and the queen's honour bid you go farther. Thus much I thought it good to write, as giving occasion for my lord and you to move the queen's majesty to mercy, and not still to suffer *this* case, alone, to rest without *all* [any] favour and forgiveness."

While the poor prisoner remained in some sort of hope that the queen would ultimately relent, a political pamphleteer put an end to all expectation of mercy, by publishing a dissertation on the right succession to the crown. "Here," writes Cecil,¹ "has fallen out a troublesome fond matter. John Hales had secretly made a book in the time of the last Parliament, wherein he hath taken upon him to discuss no small matter, vizt., the title to the crown after the queen's majesty, having confuted and rejected the line of the Scottish queen, and made the line of the Lady Frances, mother to Lady Katharine Gray, the only next and lawful. He is committed to the Fleet for this boldness, specially because he had communicated it to several persons. My Lord John Gray is in trouble also for it. Beside, John Hales hath procured sentence and counsel of lawyers beyond seas, in maintenance of the lawfulness of the Earl of Hertford's marriage with Lady Katharine. This offendeth the queen's majesty very much."

In another letter, dated May 9, 1564, Cecil declares that he himself is not free from the queen's suspicions, on account of the attention he gave the cases of those imprisoned on this account.

Melancholy as Katharine's letters to Cecil and her petitions to the queen represent her to have been during her residence at Pergo, she was comparatively happy in the sympathy of her kind uncle and his paternal care. But sadder days were at hand, for Lord John Gray expired at the end of the second year of Katharine's abode under his hospitable roof, and she was immediately transferred to the custody of the Lord Petre.

Cecil writes, the latter end of November, "that Lord John Gray died at Pergo five days ago, and that his friends reported that he died of thought"—meaning great uneasiness of mind; but his gout was enough to have caused his death.

¹ Lansdowne MS., No. 102, art 49.

CHAPTER X.

LADY KATHARINE did not long continue in the custody of Lord Petre, for the queen compelled Sir John Wentworth, a venerable man in the decline of life, with an aged and very sickly wife, to receive her unfortunate cousin, notwithstanding all his protestations of the unfitness of his sick wife to undertake the charge of the noble prisoner; but his protestations were all in vain. Thither Lady Katharine, her baby boy, and their attendants, were sent by the queen's commands, and quartered on Sir John Wentworth at Gosfield Hall, a strong, gloomy, brick fortress, built round a quadrangular court, strongly fortified, without any windows on the ground-floor, and so built that no admittance could be forced to those above without great difficulty, and passing through every room.

The park was pleasant and well wooded, with a noble piece of water of 107 acres. The mansion, which is still in existence, is two miles from Halstead, in Essex, and forty-four from London. There Lady Katharine and her little one remained some weary months, with nothing to amuse or cheer them. At length Sir John Wentworth departed this life, leaving his lady still very sick; but she was not relieved of her melancholy guest, who was compelled to remain in the house of death and mourning in spite of all remonstrances of the executor, Mr. Rook Green, a distant kinsman of the family, who vainly protested that the daughter and heiress of the family required to have it cleared. Notwithstanding all their earnest protestations of the inconvenience of having such an inmate, Lady Katharine was forced to abide.

"I do not deal thus plainly and truly with you," wrote Mr. Rook Green to Cecil, "for that I am loth to take charge of her ladyship (if I were meet for the same), for any misliking I have of her or he.s; for I must, for truth's sake, confess, as one that hath had good experience of her ladyship's behaviour, how that it hath been very honourable and quiet, and her ladyship's servants very orderly."

He represents, however, "that if he is compelled to take charge of her ladyship, he shall be compelled to take her to his own house, which is by no means fit for her reception, for he has no wife and many children."

After long hesitation and delay, the queen, instead of releasing her forlorn kinswoman, consigned her to the care of Sir Owen Hopton, who

had succeeded to the lieutenancy of the Tower. The charge was very inconvenient to him, for he had prepared to take a pleasant change and relaxing holiday with his wife in a small residence they possessed at Ipswich, and he could not receive poor Lady Katharine till the end of October. At last, however, he arranged to go to Gosfield Hall, and there the hapless prisoner, Lady Katharine, and her infant son were surrendered to him by Mr. Rook Green, and he took her servants and property into his possession in the name of the queen.

They were already on the road into Suffolk. Sir Owen Hopton had obtained the queen's permission to take his unfortunate charge to his beautiful newly-built mansion, Cockfield Hall, close to the lovely village of Yoxford in Suffolk. They stopped, rested, supped and slept at Ipswich, where the bill for her one supper and one dinner, for lodging and horse-meat, was 8*l.* 10*s.* Then for one bait at Snape, when the said Lady Katharine came from Ipswich to Cockfield, twenty shillings. He also paid twenty shillings for the hire of a cart for the carriage of the stuff and apparel of Lady Katharine from Ipswich to Cockfield Hall.

CHAPTER XI.

LADY KATHARINE was in the last stage of atrophy decline, and soon after her arrival at Cockfield Hall, Sir Owen Hopton found it necessary to send to London for the queen's physician, Dr. Symonds. Lady Katharine derived no benefit from his prescriptions, and after he had left her became so ill, that Sir Owen Hopton wrote in alarm to Sir William Cecil, on the 11th of January, acquainting him with the dangerous illness of the Lady Katharine, who had kept her bed three days, and requesting permission for Dr. Symonds to visit her again. The petition was granted; but medical advice was all too late for the fragile, heart-broken invalid, who was never to behold her husband nor her first-born child again.¹

The paper entitled "*Manner of her Departing*"² was written and sent to court, and it still remains an historical document of the times—one of those inestimable vouchers which base historical biography on the solid foundation of fact. We quote it verbatim:—

"All the night Lady Katharine continued in prayer, saying of psalms, and hearing them read of others, sometimes saying after others; and as soon as one psalm was done, she would call for another to be

¹ Harleian MS.

² *Ibid.*, No. 39; fol. 380, edited by Sir H.

Ellis.—*Original Letters*, vol. ii. p. 283, 2nd series

said. Many times she would rehearse the prayers appointed for the Visitation of the Sick (in the Book of Common Prayer), and five or six times the same night she repeated the prayers appointed to be said at the hour of death. When those about her would say, as comfort, 'Madam, be of good cheer; with God's help you shall live and do well many years,' she would answer, 'No, no; no life in this world; but in the world to come I hope to live for ever: for here is nothing but care and misery, and there is life everlasting.' Then, finding herself fail, she said, 'Lord, have mercy upon me! for now I begin to faint.' And all the time of her fainting, when any about her would chafe and rub her to restore her, she would lift up her hands and eyes to heaven and say, 'Father of heaven, for thy Son Christ's sake, have mercy upon me!' Then said the Lady Hopton to her, 'Madam, be of good comfort, for with God's favour you shall live and escape this; for Mrs. Cousins saith you have escaped many dangers when you were as like to die as you be now.'

"'No, no, my lady,' replied Lady Katharine, 'my time is come, and it is not God's will I should live longer. His will be done, and not mine.' Then, looking on those about her, she added, 'As I am, so you shall behold the picture of yourselves.'

"About six or seven of the clock in the morning, she desired them to cause Sir Owen Hopton to come to her; and when he came he said, 'Good madam, how do you?' And she said, 'Even going to God, Sir Owen, even as fast as I can; and I pray you, and the rest that be about me, to bear witness with me that I die a true Christian, and that I believe to be saved by the death of Christ, and that I am sure that He hath shed His most precious blood for me; and I ask God and all the world forgiveness, and I forgive all the world.' Then added she to Sir Owen Hopton, 'I beseech you promise me one thing, that you yourself, with your own mouth, will make this request unto the queen's majesty, which shall be the last suit and request I ever shall make to her highness, even from the mouth of a dead woman, that she would forgive her displeasure towards me, as my hope is she hath done. I must needs confess I have greatly offended her, in that I made my choice without her knowledge, otherwise I take God to witness, I had never the heart to think any evil against her majesty; and that she would be good unto my children, and not impute my fault unto them, whom I give wholly to her majesty; for in my life they have had few friends, and fewer shall they have when I am dead, except her majesty be gracious unto them; and I desire her highness to be good unto my lord [Hertford], for I know this my death will be heavy news to him; that her grace will be so good as to send liberty to glad his sorrowful heart withal.'"

Hertford was then a prisoner in the Tower, and had been so for

nearly seven years, and it was nine before Elizabeth set him at liberty, when youth and all its hopes and bright hours were fled for ever.

“‘I shall further desire you, Sir Owen,’ said the hapless heiress of Henry VIII.’s will to the benevolent Lieutenant of the Tower, ‘to deliver from me certain commendations and tokens to my lord and husband.’

“‘Give me the box,’ said she to Mrs. Cousins, ‘wherein my wedding-ring is;’ and when she had opened it and takes out her ring of betrothal with a pointed diamond in it, she said, ‘Here, Sir Owen, deliver this to my lord: this is the ring that I received of him when I gave myself unto him and gave him my faith.’

“‘What say you, madam,’ replied Sir Owen Hopton, ‘was this your wedding-ring?’”

It is plainly to be perceived, from the sharp abruptness of the question, that he well remembered the remarkable evidence both she and Lord Hertford separately gave, regarding the poetical wedding-ring.

“‘No, Sir Owen,’ said the dying Lady Katharine, ‘this was the ring of my assurance [betrothment] to Lord Hertford: there is my wedding-ring,’ she continued, taking another ring, all of gold, out of the box. She continued, ‘Deliver this also to my lord, and pray him, even as I have been to him (as I take God to witness I have been) a true and a faithful wife, that he will be a loving and natural father to our children, to whom I give the same blessing that God gave unto Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.’ And then took she out another ring with a death’s head enamelled on it, and she said:—

“‘This shall be the last token to my lord that ever I shall send him; it is the picture of myself.’ The motto of this mourning-ring was ‘*While I lyve yours.*’ Then looking down upon her hands, Lady Katharine saw her nails look purple, and said with a joyful countenance, ‘Lo He comes! Yea, even so come, Lord Jesus!’ Then she added, ‘Welcome death!’

“And embracing herself, as it were, with her arms, and lifting up her eyes and hands to heaven, and striking her breast with her hands, she brake forth with these words—

“‘O Lord! for thy manifold mercies, blot out of thy book all mine offences!’

“Whereby Sir Owen Hopton, perceiving her to draw towards her end, said to Mr. Boekeham, ‘Were it not best to send to the church that the bell may be rung?’

“And Lady Katharine, overhearing him, said, ‘Good Sir Owen, let it be so.’”

Such was the real custom of the passing bell, called thus, because it was solemnly tolled while the spirit of the penitent was actually

passing out of the body, in order that the charitable neighbours might join in prayer for a Christian soul departing. Such is the real demand of the dolorous and importunate call of the death-bell. It was not sounded that wintry morning among the noisy, bustling streets of the great city, where the urgency of business scarcely permits the crowds, rushing along, to remember they have souls themselves, much less to tarry in their race for gold to pray for any other person. With better feeling was it heard over dale and woodland glade, from the antique spire of the sweet village of Yoxford, where the persecuted heiress of a royal line came among the simple peasantry of East Anglia, to find a resting-place for her wearied head. It is singular that in the present times the passing bell is rung out, not that the dying may have the benefit of Christian prayer, but to remind neighbours that a fellow-creature is just departed.

Immediately after this conversation, Lady Katharine perceived her death fast advancing, and entered into prayer. She said:—

“O Lord! into thy hands I commend my spirit,” and closing her eyes with her own hands, “she yielded unto God her meek spirit at nine o’clock in the morning of the 27th of January, 1567-68.”

She was interred in Yoxford church, and an entry in the parish register-book still remains to certify the fact that a princess of the royal blood of England was interred in that sequestered Suffolk church.

The date of the entry in the register¹ declares that “*Y^e Ladye Katharyne Graye was buried Feb. 21, 1567 (8).*” As her death took place on January 27 of that year, it is probable that her body was embalmed—a circumstance corroborated by another MS. in the College of Arms:²—“There be buried in the chancel of the church at Yoxford, Suffolk, the bowels of the Lady Katharine, wife to Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford. This Lady Katharine had been committed prisoner to Sir Owen Hopton, Lieutenant of the Tower, for marrying without the queen’s knowledge, and was by him kept at Cockfield Hall, Suffolk, being *his house* where she died.”

The statement is perfectly true regarding the ownership of the beautiful Gothic mansion of Cockfield, which can be clearly traced, from the possession of Sir Owen Hopton, to the Brookes of Suffolk, and from them inherited by Sir John Blois, Bart. As this ancient family of true old English gentlemen have principally resided at Cockfield Hall, excepting when bearing arms in the service of their country, the

¹ Which we copied by the kind permission of the late Revd. Henry W. Rous Birch, when he was Incumbent of Yoxford.

² From Reyce’s MSS. relating to Suffolk Antiquities, now in the College of Arms. “Feb. 6. Particular account of the expen-

diture of 76*l.* towards the charges of the funeral of Lady Cath. Gray.—March 10, 1568. Charges of cering and mourning, and 140*l.* allowed by the queen for burying Lady Cath.”

venerable seat presents much the same aspect as when it afforded a peaceful shelter to the dying Lady Katharine Gray.

There was given to the poor in alms at the funeral, 4*l.* 17*s.* 8*d.*, which sum was charged by Sir Owen Hopton to the Exchequer of Queen Elizabeth, and allowed by her Majesty, among the other expenses "for the interment and funeral of our cousin, the Lady Katharine, lately deceased, daughter of our entirely beloved cousin, the Lady Frances, Duchess of Suffolk, the care of which is remitted to Sir Owen Hopton, Knight, to whom the sum of threescore pounds and ten is ordered to be paid for the fees of officers of arms, banners, scutcheons, hearse, and other things about the said burial."

This included "the travelling expenses of the heralds, and the painter's work for a great banner of arms, for four banner rolls, six dozen scutcheons of paper in metal for garnishing the hearse, and six dozen of paper scutcheons in colours, six great scutcheons on buckram, &c. &c."

"Also for the frame of the hearse 68*4l.*, and paid to the taylours for working the cloth and other things upon the hearse 20*s.*"

"Sir Owen Hopton is allowed for the board of the Lady Katharine and her servants, for fourteen weeks, 70*l.*, and for four meals and two nights' lodgings of the mourners, being to the number of seventy-seven, and for their horse-meat during the time, besides a great number of comers to the solemnity of the burial."

"Also paid to one Mr. Thomas Spenn, for the carrying and coffining of the Lady Katharine Gray, 6*l.*"

"For singing men at the same funeral 20*s.*, and also for watchers by the corpse of the Lady Katharine."

There is the queen's warrant to the Exchequer to pay 140*l.* to Sir Owen Hopton, dated March 10, for household expenses and funeral charges of Lady Katharine Gray.¹

A small black stone was long pointed out by the tradition of the villagers of Yoxford as the place where rest the remains of Lady Katharine Gray—"Lady Jane Gray," as they usually call her; nor would this have been remembered excepting for the fidelity of one of her little spaniels, whom no caresses nor even force could detach from the spot, but there he stretched himself, and there he remained till he died. The hapless princess would have been utterly forgotten by the simple peasantry among whom she came to die, had not the fidelity of her dog been even to her as a monument more lasting than some of costly price and elaborate workmanship. Strange that both Queen Elizabeth's victims, her heiress by Act of Parliament, Lady Katharine Gray, and her heiress by lineal descent, Mary Queen of Scots, should each have had a faithful dog die of grief at their deaths!

The tradition of the Suffolk village respecting the dog of Lady

¹ State Papers; Elizabeth, vol. xlv. fol. 4.

Katharine Gray is somewhat authenticated by the letters and entries of the former Licutenant of the Tower, Sir Edward Warren, concerning the dogs she had in her prison-lodgings in the Tower of London.

The marriage of Lady Katharine Gray and Lord Hertford was not established till the reign of James I., when the priest that united them came forward and deposed to the fact of having joined their hands in holy matrimony, which, with other circumstances, induced a jury at common law to find the marriage legal and good.

Portraits of Lady Katharine Gray, holding her infant son in her arms, are said, by the great authority of Sir Henry Ellis, to be preserved at Alnwick and at Warwick Castles. The Alnwick Castle portrait is attributed to Holbein; which assertion does not agree with chronology, since that painter died of the plague in the year 1554, and Lady Katharine's boy was not born until 1561.

There is a small half-length nameless portrait in the possession of Sir John Blois, Bart., of Cockfield Hall, of the Elizabethan era, painted on an oblong square of oaken panel, in a good style of art for the period, the likeness of which to Lady Jane Gray, only nearly doubling her years, with dark hair, and attenuated with sickness and sorrow, plainly indicates as a contemporary portrait of poor Lady Katharine Gray, probably painted for Sir Owen Hopton. Her dress—a costume strictly of the period—is of dark brown velvet, cut square across the breast, and confined to the waist with a gold chain and jewelled clasp. The sleeves are long, finished at the wrists with small ruffles, and she wears a crimson scarf on her shoulders. Her dark chestnut hair is folded in Madonna bands, beneath a short-eared cap of the Tudor period, the front of which is formed of white silk, surmounted with a coronet of goldsmith's work brought round the face, above a roll of crimson velvet. Over the back of the head is a black veil, tucked up in the fashion of a hood. She is engaged in writing, or rather sanding with the sand-box the letter she has just written, and pensively regards, with downcast eyes. A penknife with a green handle lies before her on her writing-table, and an unlighted taper of red wax. A curious folding inkstand, half-open, showing a spare pen and two bottles, one containing ink, is close to her right hand; on the left is an elegantly shaped vase.

Nothing can be more touchingly expressive of melancholy than her attitude. Her forehead is lofty, nobly developed, and intellectual; her features soft and feminine, but the lower part of the face shows the wasting ravages of the fatal malady that was conducting this learned and unfortunate princess to an untimely grave.

The Earl of Hertford remained in prison two years after Lady Katharine's death. At the end of his nine years' incarceration he was released from the Tower, upon payment of his heavy fines, amounting

to 15,000*l.* or 20,000*l.* He came out of imprisonment as spirit-broken and subdued as his worst enemy could desire. As the legitimization of the children he had by the unfortunate Katharine Gray seemed hopeless in the reign of Elizabeth, he married again—perhaps in hopes of having heirs to his title of undisputed rank.

His second lady was sister to the unfortunate Lady Sheffield, secretly married to the all-powerful Leicester. Both were daughters to William Howard, Lord Effingham, and maids of honour and near cousins to Queen Elizabeth. Lady Frances Howard, who gave her hand to Lord Hertford, had contested the heart of Leicester with her sister Lady Sheffield. One of Burleigh's letters declares that Leicester was in love with them both, but the widow conquered.

It will scarcely be credited that Hertford invited Queen Elizabeth to honour him with a visit at his seat of Elvetham, and entertained her with great splendour and unbounded flattery—forgetful, we should think, of the broken heart of Lady Katharine Gray, and the slur she had cast on the legitimacy of their sons.

His second wife, Frances, Countess of Hertford, brought him no children, and after her death he married another, Lady Frances Howard, also a cousin of the queen, and daughter of Lord Bindon, but the widow of Prannel, the handsome London vintner, who had left her an enormous fortune.

After her marriage with Hertford, she gave symptoms of the haughty temper for which she was afterwards celebrated in the decline of life; but the earl was accustomed to take down her pride by exclaiming, "Frank! Frank! how long is it since thou wert wedded to Prannel?"

Not long after her marriage to the Earl of Hertford, the queen sent him again to the Tower, for having caused the opinions he had formerly obtained on the legitimacy of the children by Lady Katharine Gray to be registered in the Court of Arches.

His new countess hastened up to London to become his advocate with the queen, and presented herself daily at the palace with petitions for his relief. The queen would not see her, "but sent her broths of a morning, and meats from her own trencher, with gracious assurances that neither her lord's life nor fortune should be touched."

The earl survived his first wife fifty-four years; he had the satisfaction of proving the legality of their marriage and the legitimacy of their children after the death of Queen Elizabeth. He died in the eighty-third year of his life.

He had no offspring by either of his two last wives. On his tomb in Salisbury Cathedral no other wife is mentioned but the Lady Katharine Gray.

The following is a literal translation from the barbarous Latin epitaph on the Earl of Hertford and the dearly-loved wife of his youth :

SACRED TO YE MEMORY OF
EDWARD,

EARL OF HERTFORD, BARON BEAUCHAMP, ETC.,

SON AND HEIR

Of the most illustrious Prince Edward, Duke of Somerset,
Earl of Hertford, Viscount Beauchamp, and Baron Seymour,

Most renowned Companion of the Order of the Garter,

Uncle of King Edward VI. and Regent of his Kingdoms,

Most worthy Protector of his Dominions and Dependencies,

Commander-in-Chief of His Army and Lord Treasurer, [and]

Earl-Marshal of England, by Anna his wife, of most illustrious and ancient lineage.

Also of his most dear and beloved Consort

KATHARINE,

Daughter and Heiress of Henry and Frances Gray, Duke and Duchess of Suffolk,

And granddaughter of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, by Mary, sister of Henry VIII.

Queen-dowager of France, and great-granddaughter of Henry VII.

An Incomparable pair [Katharine and Hertford],

Who after having experienced alternate changes of fortune here,¹ at length they rest
together in the same concord in which they lived.

SHE

A woman distinguished as an example of uprightness, piety, beauty, and faith, the best
and most illustrious not only of her own but of every age, calmly and piously
breathed her last January xxii. in the year 1567.

HE

The most perfect pattern of nobility,

The preserver of pristine manners and discipline,

Endowed with eloquence, wisdom, innocence, and gravity,

And enrolled not less by virtue and learning than by splendour of birth,

As one who had pursued his studies in company with Prince Edward, the son of
King Henry,

A most determined Defender of Religion,

A constant Assertor of Justice and Righteousness,

Of the utmost fidelity and ability in

Administering the Provinces entrusted to him,

Having filled the office of Ambassador to the

Archdukes² for his Britannic Majesty the most excellent King James.

Great in his munificence at home and abroad,

And as excelling in goodness, so more richly endowed in mind than in wealth.

Nor did he ever employ his power in oppression of his dependents.

Full of honours, full of years,

He yielded to nature in his 83rd year on vi. April in the year 1620.

By the heroine of this epitaph [*ex heroina*]

He had two sons.

¹ This plainly confirms the local tradition, that Lady Katharine's body was removed from its first resting-place in Yoxford Church, by her grandson, William Seymour, and interred by her husband in Salisbury Cathedral. A precedent had been

furnished by the removal of the body of Mary Queen of Scots from Peterborough to Westminster Abbey.

² Clara Eugenia and her consort, the Archduke, sovereigns of the Low Countries.

THE LADY MARY GRAY.

CHAPTER I.

LADY MARY was the youngest daughter of Henry Gray, Duke of Suffolk, and Lady Frances Brandon, his wife, the niece of Henry VIII.

Lady Mary was born in the year 1545. She was so very small that she was accounted dwarfish; nevertheless, the regal succession of England and Ireland being entailed on her and her posterity by the will of Edward VI., in the event of her elder sisters dying without issue, she was a person of great importance.

The same day (Whitsunday, 1553) that Lady Jane Gray was married to Lord Guildford Dudley, and Lady Katharine Gray to Lord Hertford, Lady Mary, though scarcely eight years old, was solemnly betrothed to her adult kinsman, Arthur Lord Gray, of Wilton.

On the failure of the Northumberland and Suffolk plot to place Lady Jane Gray on the throne in the succeeding July, and the triumphant elevation of Queen Mary to the sovereignty of the realm, Lady Mary Gray was forsaken by her betrothed husband, and took refuge from the storm in the peaceful obscurity of the nursery. She remained there, unmolested, during the tragic deaths of her sister Lady Jane Gray, Lord Guildford Dudley, her father, the Duke of Suffolk, her uncle, Lord Thomas Gray, and the hasty and indecorous marriage of her mother with Adrian Stokes.

After the latter event, Queen Mary appointed Lady Mary, with her sister, Lady Katharine, to the office of maids of honour in her palace.

On Queen Elizabeth's accession to the throne, they remained in her household. Their mother died in 1559. They were both probably with her, as they attended her funeral: Lady Mary was then fourteen.

In 1561 she had the distress and terror of learning that her sister, Lady Katharine, was sent to the Tower for presuming to marry the Earl of Hertford without the queen's consent.

Lady Mary was now of an age to marry, but it was vain to expect the queen would allow her to wed according to her degree. Time passed away, and she entered her twentieth year single and solitary. About that period a mysterious affection sprang up between Lady Mary Gray and an official in the palace, who bore the title of the Serjeant-porter. The important portal of Westminster Palace opening

on the Thames, called the Water-gate, was entrusted to the care of a gentleman of gigantic stature and some military prowess, named Thomas Keyes.¹ Certainly his name and his office agreed very well—so well, that it is possible his immediate ancestors might have been hereditary sergeant-porters, and derived their name from the exercise of the said office. In some old chronicle mention is made that “Bows!” was shouted when the archers were required to make their appearance, for defence on the walls, and when the porter of a gate was needed, “Keys!” was the cry.

Thomas Keyes, Esq., of Kent, the largest gentleman at court, was sergeant-porter and master of the revels. In point of rank he was equal, if not superior, to Adrian Stokes, who had married Lady Mary’s mother, the Lady Frances, or to Master Bertie, the second husband of Katharine, Duchess of Suffolk, whom she called her grandmother, or to Newdigate, the second husband of Anne Stanhope, the proud Duchess of Somerset; all of whom were the servitors of the dowager ladies who took them for second helpmates. No one but the widow of her grandfather, Suffolk, had incurred any rebuke from the crown on account of disproportioned marriage. It could not be denied that the warrior who had guardianship of the queen’s Westminster Gateway²—a portal that communicated by water with all Europe—was a more responsible gentleman than either of those who possessed, or had possessed, the hands and incomes of the above royally allied duchesses. Mr. Sergeant-porter Keyes could boast some distant connection with Queen Elizabeth herself, as he was kinsman to the prosperous family of the Knollys,³ with whom the daughter of Mary Boleyn, Katharine Carey, had married, and who were the dearest, if not the nearest, of all queen Elizabeth’s relations. There is little doubt but that in the cousinship with the queen’s darling cousin, Lettice Knollys, and her numerous tribe of brothers and sisters, originated the presumption of Sergeant-porter Keyes, when he aspired to the diminutive hand of Lady Mary Gray. “He was a sort of judge, but only regarding dice,” says Fuller—an assertion which may be corrected by explaining that he was rather a sort of executioner, since all rioters and brawlers in royal palaces were delivered over to the sergeant-porter for castigation by his grooms in the porter’s lodge. One of the strong towers which constituted the principal gateway of every royal residence invariably contained a prison-cell for the incarceration of offenders. On the other hand, there was a pleasant reception-room for noble or royal

¹ Camden erroneously calls him Martin Keyes; but his own hand, in the State Paper Office, has distinctly written his signature Thomas.

² It was with great difficulty rent to pieces about the year 1808, when so many historical

antiques of the ancient palace of Westminster were destroyed. The strength of the water-gate was prodigious.—*Gentleman’s Magazine* for that year, p. 797.

³ State Paper Office: Examination of Lady Mary Gray’s marriage.

guests, when accidents of weather or the fluctuations of the tide caused any delay in the embarkations of the courtiers on the bosom of the Thames, the approved highway of the metropolis. Such voyages were of daily occurrence, especially in the summer season, when Queen Elizabeth and her maids of honour were perpetually migrating from Whitehall and Westminster to Hampton Court, Richmond, Windsor, or Greenwich.

The courtship of Lady Mary Gray and Mr. Sergeant-porter undoubtedly commenced on these occasions, and was carried on in his apartments in the Water-gate, Westminster.¹ Lady Mary never mentioned her attachment to anyone, although Mr. Sergeant-porter had given her two little rings as tokens of his affection; next, a ring set with four rubies and a diamond, which it appears was a ring of betrothal, besides a gold chain with a little hanging bottle of mother-of-pearl. Mr. Thomas Keyes was by no means a youthful lover; he was a widower with several children; and, as he declared afterwards, had faithfully served the crown in his office for twenty-two years. He must have been between forty and fifty years of age.

Matters were progressing thus lovingly with the gigantic gentleman-porter and the petite maid of honour, when, about the 10th or 12th of August, 1565, one of the sons of Sir Francis Knollys was married at court. His wedding-day, in consequence of his near relationship to the queen, was kept there as a festival. It evidently encouraged Mr. Sergeant-porter to press his suit with his betrothed; for he might represent that, as his kinsman was the queen's cousin, why should her Majesty object to her kinswoman wedding him, who was already allied to her? The same evening the sergeant-porter provided a little wedding-ring, its smallness being particularly noted, and having prevailed on the Lady Mary Gray to meet a few of his friends at his chamber by the Water-gate, Westminster, she consented to become his wife.

About nine at night there assembled at his apartment in the Water-gate the brother of the sergeant-porter, Mr. Edward Keyes, and his friend Mr. Martin Cawsley, a Cambridge student. These were the bridesmen. They were attended by Mr. Cheyney's man. The bride was accompanied by Mrs. Goldwell, an attendant of Lady Howard. The priest was vested in a very short gown. He was an old man, short of stature, and very fat. No one could tell his name. It is supposed that he was a proscribed Zuinglian or Genevan minister. He united the hands of the rash couple according to the form of matrimony in the Book of Common Prayer. The bridegroom put on the finger of his diminutive lady-love the fatal little gold ring, which was to become the source of such infinite trouble to all present. Unlike the mar-

¹ Examinations of Lady Mary's marriage: State Paper Office.

² Ibid

riage of her unfortunate sister to the Earl of Hertford, a few years before, here were witnesses in plenty. Lady Mary and her husband might consider that, though the queen could punish them, she could not invalidate their wedlock, as she did that of Lady Katharine, on account of the demise of the only witness present besides the unknown priest.

Secrecy, however, was not very likely to be observed by every person present, in a place, withal, that was the principal thoroughfare of the court itself, and the focus of all news and gossip.

CHAPTER II.

BEFORE the first quarter of Lady Mary's honeymoon had waned away, the news had reached the royal ears, then so far distant as Windsor Castle. It is not a very hazardous supposition to deem, by means of Mistress Goldwell, the Lady Howard's damsel, who was the brideswoman, for the first outbreak of the enormous injury to royalty was manifested in letters between Lord William Howard and Mr. Secretary Cecil, who dolefully agree that "the offence to the queen's grace is very great, and her majesty taketh it much to heart."¹ "Here is an unhappy chance and a monstrous," wrote Cecil, in his turn, to one of his familiars, Sir Thomas Smith, clerk of the privy council.² "The sergeant-porter, being the biggest gentleman in this court, hath married secretly the Lady Mary Gray, the least of all the court." An epistolary lamentation was responded from Lord William Howard to Cecil concerning "this very fond and lewde [silly and unadvised] matter, betwixt my Lady Mary Gray and Mr. Sergeant-porter."

It may be supposed that these mutterings of thunder, from distant Windsor, boded no good to the unfortunate transgressors. In fact, the newly-married pair were speedily seized, by the orders of the offended virginal majesty of England, and subjected to rigorous cross-questioning from the 19th of August to the 22nd, when the information which has furnished the narrative of their marriage was elicited in the course of this long examination regarding their "pretended marriage." The narrow circumstances of the unfortunate bride were revealed in the course of the vigorous inquisition, which clearly proved that the sergeant-porter had not taken the royally descended Lady Mary for love of gain. The poor girl, out of the rich demesnes of Ferrars-Groby and Bonville, to which, by right, she ought to have been coheiress,

¹ Letter of Lord Howard to Cecil; Lansdowne MS., No. 102, fol. 62, August 19, 1565.

² *Ibid.* August 21.

since Bonville came by female heirs, had only a paltry stipend of 20*l.* per annum which she could call her own! Queen Mary had confiscated her father's property, it is true, after he had been twice in arms, and had twice proclaimed a rival queen. But wherefore did Queen Elizabeth retain the property of the forlorn heiress of Bonville? For neither of the surviving sisters of the house of Gray had been mixed up with any overt act of treason against her title.

Lady Mary Gray received as salary for her court appointments, by the hands of Lady Clinton (the fair Geraldine), her near relative of the Gray blood, 80*l.* per annum. Lady Clinton, afterwards Countess of Lincoln, held a high office at the court of her cousin, Queen Elizabeth; her mother had been granddaughter to Queen Elizabeth Woodville.

When the privy council had cross-questioned the petite bride and the giant bridegroom, until both the unfortunate persons were, as they piteously declared, utterly bewildered, orders were issued to capture and cage all the witnesses of the marriage, and, moreover, to consign the hapless pair to separate prisons. Upon the sergeant-porter fell the heaviest effects of the virgin monarch's wrath: he, on August 22nd, was consigned to the tender mercies of the warden of the Fleet, who received him into the noisome portals of that prison. A warrant was addressed to the warden at the same time, charging him "to keep in safe and separate ward Thomas Keyes, late sergeant-porter, for an offence which the queen's majesty *taketh moche to harte*;" and, that the poor wretch might experience the utmost stretch of severity that his gaoler could inflict, the above words are inclined in the original document.¹ His imprisonment was not only to be separate, but solitary and silent, without communication with any one. A dear penalty the poor gentleman paid for his ambition of becoming first cousin to his sovereign lady by wedlock with her diminutive kinswoman.

Lady Mary Gray remained under the care of the "Mother of the Maids," that professional guardian responsible for all stray lambs from the fold of Queen Bess's damsels of honour. Before the end of the fateful month of August, before her most miserable honeymoon had half waned, a precept was issued by Queen Elizabeth to William Hawtrey, Esq., of Buckinghamshire, "that he do forthwith repair to court, and take into his charge and custody the lady Mary Gray, and convey her forthwith to his house, The Chequers, without permitting her to hold conference with any one, or to have liberty to go abroad, suffering only one waiting-woman to have access to her. For Mr. Hawtrey's charges and expenses concerning the said Lady Mary, the queen's majesty will see him satisfied in reason."

¹ State Paper Office.

In compliance with this mandate, my Lady Mary, on the 1st of September, was mounted on a pillion behind the Buckinghamshire squire, and, followed by his serving-men and her maid, with two or three packhorses, the whole cortège took the western road, and in due time reached the Chiltern Hills, on which was seated the beautiful old mansion of The Chequers—ancient even then—where the weeping bride was deposited in the most doleful frame of mind.

The example of her sister, Lady Katharine, was so little heeded by poor Lady Mary, that all the cruel doings which overwhelmed her and her lately-chosen spouse seem to have fallen on her by surprise.

Her unfortunate sister Katharine was the mother of two male children; but Lady Mary considered that her little nephews were not legal heirs “masles,” as Archbishop Parker had just declared their illegitimacy on account of the failure of witnesses at their parents’ marriage. Her own marriage at the Water-gate was witnessed by too many to be invalidated on the same score, but, nevertheless, was declared by her royal cousin’s partial Star Chamber to be but a “pretensed wedlock.” Six weeks’ seclusion at The Chequers sufficed to produce deep repentance and complaining impatience of her sojourn there. All the enchanting spots round the old house were unheded by the little imprisoned fairy, though they seemed made to figure in the romantic history of a captive princess. There, in the garden, was an enormous and venerable tree called “Thiney Stephens’ elm,” there was a labyrinth on the hill, lawns named Velvet Lawns, and springs called Silver Springs,¹ from all and each of which the bride of the sergeant-porter earnestly desired to escape. So little did she know of the disposition of her implacable royal mistress, that, as early as December 16, 1565, in the sixth week from her transgression, she wrote to Cecil, “I did trust to have wholly obtained her majesty’s favour before this time, the which having once obtained I trust never to lose again. But now I perceive that I am so unhappy a creature, as I must yet be without that great and long-desired jewel till it please God to put into her majesty’s harte to forgive and pardon me my great and heinous erime.”

¹ Burgon’s *Life and Times of Sir Thomas Gresham*, vol. ii. p. 392.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Queen Elizabeth visited Lord Windsor at Bradenham, on her return from one of her great progresses to Oxford, her unfortunate kinswoman, in terms of the lowest humiliation, entreated permission that she, "the queen's prisoner and most poor wretche,¹ might have access to her Majesty's grace, for the purpose of pleading for herself in person." The degrading petition was treated with silent contempt by the royal arbitress of her fate. Elizabeth, who had herself been a captive, left her to pine unbedded in hopeless melancholy.

So wore away the time of the Lady Mary among the green solitudes of the Chiltern Hills. The feeble wailings of the poor prisoner, joined to the remonstrances of Mr. Hawtrey (who had as little relish for her company as she had for his silver springs and velvet lawns), were at last so far heeded by her royal kinswoman, that preparations were made to commit her to the charge of her own kindred.

Meanwhile the partner of the little lady in the crime of marriage with a cousin of the crown was subjected to a far more dismal destiny than an enforced residence in a pleasant country house. His lamentations since the period of his committal were piteous, and his petitions numerous against the continuance of his confinement in the miserable prison of the Fleet, according to his own descriptive style of complaining. The hapless man had likewise a Chancery suit on his hands; for the privy council ordered the warden of the Fleet² "to suffer Thomas Keyes, late sergeant-porter, and now close prisoner there, to receive a casket of writings sent him by Mr. Comptroller's servant, touching such matters as he hath depending in law." Apparently the casket had been part of his property at his former residence, the Water-gate, which was under the jurisdiction of the comptroller of Queen Elizabeth's Westminster Palace. The warden of the Fleet was likewise to permit his lawyers to have access to him, and confers with him, regarding his law business, but only in the warden's presence, who was to hear all they had to say.³

In the course of less than twelve months from his wretched marriage, the unfortunate Keyes offered to make renunciation of his royally-allied bride, and submit to his marriage being declared no marriage, if he might be let out of the Fleet, and suffered to retire into his native county of Kent. He pleaded, but in vain, "that he had formerly done the crown good service in suppressing insurrections." The seal

¹ State Papers.*Gresham*, vol. ii. p. 396.² *Burgon's Life and Times of Sir Thomas*³ State Paper Office, October 1565.

of the disconsolate prisoner to these dolorous letters is impressed with a coat of arms, being two keys quartering some other coat, probably that of his first wife. The date of his offer to renounce his dearly-bought alliance is July 25, 1566.

This proposal was submitted to the then Bishop of London, Dr. Edmund Grindal,¹ who refused to recognise any renunciation of the matrimonial bond by either of the unfortunate twain who had so rashly assumed it, but to leave the sentence to the irresistible Court of Arches. Thomas Keyes was detained in prison by the authority of the Bishop of London, who, however, had the humanity to suggest "that the wretched man might be permitted to leave the noisome and narrow prison-room he had inhabited for twelve months, and depart into the country for change of air." "I have still *stayed* [detained] him in the Fleet," wrote Grindal² to Cecil; "but if it please the lords [of the council] to let him have some free air, the next term some substantial order might be taken with him, by the advice of those learned in the law, it were a great benefit to him; for his bulk of body being such as I know it to be, his confinement in the Fleet putteth him to great inconvenience. God keep you.

"From Fulham, August 5, 1566.

"Yours in Christ,

"EDMUND LONDON."³

The charitable suggestion of his diocesan, regarding the necessity of fresh air for the incarcerated Colossus, only prevailed on his goalers to let him recreate himself in the Fleet garden—for, strange to say, the Fleet prison had a garden in the maiden reign. The airings which poor Keyes took in this delectable pleasance, however, lasted no longer than the ensuing December, when, a new and less merciful warden being appointed to the prison, he not only forbade him the use of "the Fleet garden," but condemned him to keep his chamber for three-quarters of a year. As the information relative to the new warden's cruelty is only known by means of the poor prisoner's letters remaining among the State Papers, of course there is no means of ascertaining how he had provoked such harshness, as he does not relate any provocation given by himself.

Previously, it seems, the queen had permitted Keyes to cook his own meat in his own lodging; now the warden forbade any such indulgence: his provision was brought from some of the prison purveyors. So carelessly cruel those who supplied him were, that he relates, as fact, the circumstance of his being given beef for dinner which had previously been dropped into some poison prepared for

¹ Queen Elizabeth's former tutor

² State Paper Letter.

³ State Paper Office, December 21, 1566.

a dog that had the mange.¹ The abhorrent meal, if really meant to put an end to Keyes, did not succeed; the strength of his enormous frame resisted dog-poison, but he was made very ill, and was forced to ask for medical aid. He was attended by Dr. Langford, who elicited the cause of his malady by some kind of inquisition into the mysteries of the Fleet prison flesh-pots, but charged his miserable patient a whole mark, or 6s. 8d., for his professional services. Very moderate, indeed, considering the amount of service performed, for Dr. Langford not only cured his said patient of the effects of poison, but provided him with a very good grievance, if he had known how to make the most of it. It is curious, however, to find the witless giant complaining with equal bitterness of the wickedness of not being permitted to harm the poor London sparrows by knocking them over with a cross-bow charged with pebbles, when they were recreating themselves in the dusky delights of Fleet Prison gardens. Here was a singular perversion of the mind of a reasoning creature: he, who was suffering severely from the cruelty of his own species, bewails his hard fate because he was prevented from destroying and maiming poor little birds, which were doing him no injury, neither could their destruction be to him any benefit. "I had," he says, in one of his grievance-letters,² "a stone-bow,³ to shoot at birds out of my prison window, for the refreshment of myself sometimes; but even this slight solace is denied me."

It is positively beyond any woman's patience to find a huge man petitioning to do mischief as a solace, which any seven-year-old urchin, reared in a London kennel, would be ashamed of, if he has the grace to frequent a ragged-school for the amendment of his moral perceptions. It is possible, however, that he cooked his game, the sparrows, to improve his prison diet.

Leaving Lady Mary Gray's spouse fretting at the Fleet, because he had no means of molesting the poor garden-sparrows, we find the lady herself removing by the royal mandate from Mr. Hawtrey's seat at The Chequers, in the Chilterns, to the care of her female relatives in London. It is very evident that her company was unwelcome where-soever she went. Her noble relatives felt not only that she had degraded them and herself by her unequal alliance, but that there was a provoking degree of ridicule attached to her contested wedlock with the huge sergeant of the Westminster Water-gate.

Queen Elizabeth and Cecil had originally destined the afflicted little lady to the custody of the Duke of Somerset's widow,⁴ but the proud old duchess was consigned about the same time, by a higher potentate

¹ State Paper Office, December 21, 1566.

² State Paper Office: Letter from Thomas Keyes, late sergeant-porter.

³ A cross-bow or arblast, made to discharge pebbles instead of arrows.

⁴ Cecil's *Diary*, in Murdin's edition of the *Burleigh Papers*.

than Elizabeth herself, to the keeping of a still more inexorable gaoler—Death; therefore the care of Lady Mary Gray fell on Katharine Duchess of Suffolk.

CHAPTER IV.

ONE summer's evening, Mr. Hawtrey made his appearance at Minory House, near the Tower, with his poor little prisoner perched on a pillion behind him, followed by her man and maid, riding on another steed, in the same fashion. Mr. Hawtrey deposited his charge, with the said maid and man, quite unexpectedly, with Katharine Duchess-dowager of Suffolk.

The ladies of the Gray family called the sprightly dowager, the fourth spouse of their grandsire, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, their grandmother. The subtle Cecil had evidently caused the Duchess of Suffolk to be taken by surprise, lest that quick-witted lady should have found some means of eluding the troublesome burden cast upon her hospitality. As it was, her Grace of Suffolk manifested as little pleasure at the arrival of her guest as she did when, by the last request of Lord Thomas Seymour, she had to receive the orphan babe of her bosom friend, Queen Katharine Parr. Her first demand of Mr. Hawtrey was, "Where was the Lady Mary's stuff? For that, indeed, she had nothing wherewith to furnish or to dress up her chamber, as The Minories was totally unfurnished. She did not usually reside there. Her dwelling was in Leicestershire; and, when she was in town, she herself borrowed stuff or household furniture of the Lady Eleonore."¹ The hospitable Buckinghamshire squire, it seems, had never tormented his forlorn guest respecting "stuff." She and her man and her maid had been accommodated with the best he had at The Chequers, and, it seems, he told the duchess as much, who lamented that "*She* was not so well stored for the Lady Mary as Mr. Hawtrey was, but was forced to borrow furniture from her neighbours in the Tower [of London]."²

Poor Lady Mary, who had never since her absurd marriage been in the presence of her witty and lively step-grandame, was ready to sink with grief and shame at the discussion. Whatsoever bed the great lady found for her that night at The Minories, be sure the pillow was copiously watered with her tears! Whatsoever hunger or exhaustion she had felt after her long pillion journey behind Hawtrey, it is beyond dispute she ate not a morsel of food either that night or for two succeeding days.

¹ State Paper Office: Letter of Katharine Duchess of Suffolk, Aug. 9, 1567.

² Ibid.

And, howsoever the witty Dowager of Suffolk came into possession of The Minories, she could not forget that the luckless Lady Mary had a prior claim on it, for it had heretofore been her unfortunate father's town-house, as the following abstract will prove:—"A patent was granted by Edward VI. to Henry Duke of Suffolk, January 13, 1552-53, of that chief mansion and messuage called the Minory House, within the precincts of the monastery called The Minories, without Aldgate, London, and divers houses belonging to the said Minories situate within London."¹ Somehow, in the strange scramble that took place for houses, goods, and chattels, as the professors of the divers religions of the sixteenth century mounted aloft on the wheel of fortune, Duchess Katharine of Suffolk had got possession of her stepson Henry's grant of The Minories, and had retained it, for we here find her in full possession.

The chamber furniture belonging to Lady Mary, regarding which the duchess was making such sharp inquisition, was in all probability the poor belongings which had been used by the impoverished girl when she was maid of honour to her cousin-queen at Whitehall and Westminster. Squire Hawtreys had her goods honourably sent to The Minories the next day, with the assurance "that they had not been used," and probably had not been unpacked, whilst the Lady Mary was his guest in his beautiful and hospitable mansion at the Chilterns. When the appurtenances of her dejected guest were unfolded and examined by the practical duchess, what comments, what satire, what ridicule they drew forth from her! Then poor Mary Gray had full experience of those minor miseries which add heart-sickness to heart-aches, and are far more difficult to bear.

The Duchess Katharine of Suffolk possessed remarkable talents for investigating the belongings of unwelcome guests. She immediately commenced drawing up to her dear "Mr. Sekrettory" (as she drolly designated Secretary Cecil) a lively description of the defects of poor Lady Mary's "stuff." Never had she had such scope for her sarcastic pen as in the miserable appurtenances of King Henry VII.'s great-granddaughter—a princess on whom the reversion of the crowns of England and Ireland was even then settled, by an unrevoked Act of Parliament.

No pen can do justice to the tatterdemalion condition of Lady Mary Gray's personal property like that of the Duchess Katharine of Suffolk, who saith as follows:—"She hath nothing but an old *livery* feather bed, all to torn and full of patches, without either bolster or counterpane, but two old pillows, one longer than the other, an old quilt of silk, so *tottered* [tattered] as the cotton of it comes out, such a little piteous canopy of red sarcenet as is scant good enough to cover some

¹ Strype, *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 229.

secret stool." It would seem that Lady Mary had used occasionally this red canopy as a Cloth of State, and received her guests under its shelter to indicate her near connection to royalty; hence the bitter derision with which the lady duchess, her step-grandmother, mentions it. "Then," she continues, "there are two little pieces of old hangings, both of them not seven yards broad."¹

It was no great marvel that the mortification of hearing such comments on her only personal property, added to her other afflictions, reduced the hapless prisoner to the state of despair which prevented her from swallowing any nourishment for two days, and at last positively alarmed her satirical hostess for her life. So away the duchess hurried Lady Mary to Greenwich Palace, thinking that if anything happened to her, she had better die under the roof of the queen her cousin than anywhere else. Queen Elizabeth was not then at Greenwich; she was with her court and cabinet ministers, making her summer progress. The lady-duchess had an eye to certain of the Tower palace stores of furniture, in order to replenish the bare walls of Minory House without having recourse to her own purse for any outlay towards making a guest-chamber comfortable for the hapless Lady Mary. So, ceasing suddenly from her satirical strain, she assumes a style of frank jocoseness, in hopes that Cecil will procure Queen Elizabeth's sanction for all she required in Lady Mary's lodging. "Wherefore," says she, "I pray you consider of this, and if you shall think it meet [proper], be a means for her to the queen's majesty that she may have the furniture of one chamber for herself and her maid. And she and I will play the good housewives, and make shift with her old bed for her man. Also I would, if I durst, beg further some old silver pots to fetch her drink in, and two little cups for her to drink out of, one for her beer, the other for her wine. A silver basin and ewer, I fear, were too much [to ask]; but all these things she lacks, and it were meet she hath, but she hath nothing in the world. And truly, if I were able to give it her, she should never trouble her majesty for it. Look, whatever it shall please her majesty to appoint for her shall be always ready to be delivered again, in as good case as her wearing shall have left it, whensoever it shall please her majesty to call for it."² The duchess then proceeds to declare the state of her poor prisoner. "I trust she will do well hereafter; for, notwithstanding that I am sure she is very glad to be with me, yet, I assure you, she is otherwise, not only in countenance, but in very deed, so sad and so ashamed of her fault—I think it is because she has never seen me since before [it happened]—so that I cannot yet, since she came, get her to eat. All she hath eaten now these two days is not so much as

¹ State Paper Office: Letter of Katharine Duchess of Suffolk to Cecil, August 9, 1567.

² *Ibid.*

a chicken's leg. She makes me even afraid of her [life], and therefore I write the gladlier, for that I think a little comfort would do well. And so I end my long begging letter; but, if you can help us to these alms, we will never beg *no* more, but work for our living like honest poor folk—so, as I trust by God's help, the queen shall have cause to think well of us, and you shall have no cause to repent you of any good deed you shall do for us. Praying God to be with you and rest. From the queen's house at Greenwich, this ninth day of August."

It seems that Queen Elizabeth had lately given the Duchess Katharine of Suffolk apartments at her Greenwich Palace, whither she took her distressed kinswoman when she really began to be alarmed lest with fretting and fasting the hapless lady would die on her hands. The Duchess Katharine had not long had possession of the Greenwich Palace apartments, as she sends a thankful message to the queen by her premier for the grant of them in these words:—

"And for my liding [lodging] so well here, I pray you most friendly to give her majesty most humble thanks for me, and, as my bounden duty is, so I do daily pray God to look upon her as her majesty hath mercifully looked upon me.

"Your assured friend to my power,

"KATHARINE SUFFOLK.

"Master Sekrettory."¹

CHAPTER V.

AFTER the first heartrending troubles—apparently arising from her reception, and the vexation of hearing all that the lively Duchess Katharine had to say regarding her ragged quilt and wretched bedding, and the mockery elicited by her ludicrous canopy—the Lady Mary settled for two years, in something like comfort, in her father's old house in the Minories and other habitations of her unwilling hostess.

Lady Mary became sponsor to a little girl, and called her god-daughter Jane—we hope we may be permitted to guess—in tender memory of her peerless sister, the Lady Jane Gray. Her godchild, whose name was Merrick, finally became the co-heiress of her little property. Lady Mary Bertie was remembered by the poor prisoner with tenderness to the last hour of her existence. She called her sister. This lady appears to have been of the noble line of De Vere, daughter to the Earl of Oxford, and the wife of Peregrine Bertie, the

¹ State Paper Office MS.

son of the Duchess Katharine of Suffolk, and heir to the barony of Willoughby.

Whilst Lady Mary Gray sojourned in the family of the Duchess of Suffolk, her sister, Lady Katharine, died in captivity at the house of Sir Owen Hopton, January 1567-68. There was no long rest for Lady Mary Gray afterwards: she had become in the eyes of any party that chose to believe in the asserted illegitimacy of her sister's sons, the representative of King Edward VI.'s famous testamentary settlement. Nature it is true had been unkind to her, and fortune not much better: she had, withal, placed herself in a most ludicrous light by means of her marriage; yet, in those unsettled times even she might serve for a peg to hang an adverse faction upon.

Queen Elizabeth knew her times; she was well aware that the Duchess Katharine of Suffolk was looked up to as a martyr by the Puritan party. It was felt, therefore, that little Lady Mary, a most sincere disciple of the Genevan sect, ought not to remain under her wing long after the death of Katharine Gray had added to her political importance. If the queen is blamed for harassing her relatives of the blood royal, the heartless politicians who set them up to annoy her government, little caring what miseries befell them in the process of knocking down, ought not to escape reprobation as the primary causes of her Majesty's harshness. The hapless Lady Mary was not suffered to remain many months in the home she had found with her adopted sister, Lady Bertie, the kind and noble daughter of De Vere.

Lady Mary Gray was transferred to a very different guardian from those on whom she had been hitherto imposed, even on Sir Thomas Gresham, Queen Elizabeth's relative on the Boleyn side, and the zealous supporter of her government. Thenceforth Lady Mary was destined to a change of situation and companions, when she was domiciled at Gresham House, with the king of London city. The change seems to have been painful to herself; while on the part of Sir Thomas, after he became acquainted with his inmate, his aversion to the office of her keeper passed all the bounds of common courtesy; as to his wife, Lady Gresham, she never mentioned the guest intruded on her but as the "heart sorrow of her life."

If Lady Mary Gray indulged in a perpetual course of lamentation and bewailment, all that can be said on the matter is that surely no woman ever had greater reason in every relation of life; whether as daughter, wife, or sister, sorrowful thoughts must have met her at every turn. She is not mentioned as an accomplished person; learned she certainly was; but the gloomy turn of the books she studied was sufficient to have rendered her a most dolorous guest. Yet no specific accusation was ever brought against the hapless little lady, no outbreaks of temper, or traits of pride, arrogance, or assumption.

The library she possessed, into which she plunged her sad thoughts when too sombre for mortal endurance, was according to the following inventory:—"Mr. Knox his Answer to the Adversary of God's Predestination;" "Mr. Knewstubbe's Readings;" "The Ship of Assured Safety," by D. Cradocke; "Mr. Cartwright's First and Second Reply;" "The Second Course of the Hunter of the Romish Fox." Then the little Lady Mary possessed, and occasionally studied, "Godly Mr. Whitgift's Answer;" "Mr. Dearing's Reply;" "Dr. Fulkes' Answer to the Popish Demands;" "Dr. Fulkes' Answer to Allen¹ touching Purgatory;" "The First Admonition to the Parliament;" "The Image of God," by Hutchenson; "The Duty of Perseverance;" "The Edict of Pacification;" "The Book of Martyrs," in two volumes; Mr. Latimer's "Sermons on the Four Evangelists;" "A Treatise of the Deeds of the True Successors of Christ;" "The Life of the Countie Baltazer Castaglione;" and "A Treatise of the Resurrection of the Dead." She possessed three editions of the Bible, the Geneva translation, the Bishops', and the French. She had a Common Prayer Book, Palgrave's French Dictionary and Grammar, and an Italian Commentary.

Lady Mary and her religious library were in June 1569 conveyed to Gresham House, the new home of this poor homeless scion of royalty, which once occupied the large area between Bishopsgate Street and Winchester Street, in after days covered by the Excise Office and its dependencies. Then it had a chapel and a large and beautiful garden, with Crosby Palace on one side, and Winchester House on the other, interspersed with all the trees and pleasantries which once made London a city of gardens. Gresham House was delightfully situated. Sometimes the Gresham family removed to Osterley House, near Brentford, which was the favourite country retirement of Sir Thomas, the king of London. Osterley bears some likeness at present to what it was in the days of its illustrious founder; its dark brick walls and ancient tapestry have witnessed the pensive visits of the poor prisoner, when, with some dusky tome, she crossed the quadrangles to the flower-gardens, to console herself with the hope that all her troubles would end with her life, and that she should find rest in the better world.

In the course of little more than a year, Sir Thomas Gresham began to be most importunate for the removal of his inmate; in every letter he wrote to the premier or to the Earl of Leicester, the burden of the epistle was the removal of the Lady Mary Gray. Sometimes the opulent merchant offered bribes, or earnest entreaties; although he brings no complaints of any ill conduct of his unfortunate guest. "I have written," he says, in a letter to Cecil,² "to my lord of Leicester to move the queen's majesty for the removing of the Lady

¹ Probably Cardinal Allen. ² Burgh's *Life and Times of Gresham*, vol. ii. p. 406.

Mary Gray, who has been with me this fifteen months. I pray you set your good helping hand for the removal of her; for my wife would gladly ride into Norfolk to see her old mother, who is fourscore and ten, and not likely to live long."

No later than the very next month, Sir Thomas Gresham wrote another importunate epistle, declaring "that it had pleased God to visit one in his own house at Osterley with the plague," on which account he and his wife intended, with the queen's permission, to ride down with all their servants to his house at Mayfield, in Sussex, thirty-five miles out of London. "Most humbly beseeching to know the queen's majesty's pleasure," he continues, "as to what I shall do with my Lady Mary Gray, trusting that now her majesty will be so good to me as to remove her from me, considering that she hath now been with me sixteen months. Other [news] I have not to molest your honour withal."

Assuredly such reckoning up, month by month, of the time of Lady Mary's abiding at Gresham House or Osterley Park, was not very complimentary to her, still less when, in another complaining letter, he calls her "Lady Gresham's *bondiage and harte sorrow*."¹ All these remonstrances are useless; the unwelcome inmate continued one month after another, till months swelled to years.

CHAPTER VI.

ONE morning in the beginning of September, 1571, Dr. Smythe, Lady Mary Gray's physician,² arrived at Gresham House with a request to confer with Sir Thomas Gresham. His business being to communicate the news that poor Thomas Keyes had departed from this troublesome state of existence, and to request that Sir Thomas Gresham would break the intelligence to the Lady Mary.

When the worst had been done to Thomas Keyes' constitution by incarceration in the noisome Fleet prison, he had been permitted to stay under surveillance in his native county of Kent. He went no farther than Lewisham, where, however, he died, still waiting for "pardon and comfort, if only for the sake of his poor children, who," he says, "innocent as they are, suffer punishment with me for my offence."³ "If it were her majesty's and your honour's pleasure," he wrote to Cecil, "to fetter me with iron gyves, I could willingly endure it; but to bear the cruelty of this warden of the Fleet, without cause, is no small grief to my heart."⁴

¹ Gresham to Cecil, October 22, 1570.

² Ibid., September 8, 1571.

³ State Paper Office MS.

⁴ Ibid.

Stout and strong as the gigantic gentleman might have been, his heart and spirit at last gave way, and his death, at Lewisham, left the unfortunate Lady Mary with somewhat better prospects as his widow than as his wife. Sir Thomas Gresham fulfilled the kindly office the physician had prescribed to him, and broke the fact to Lady Mary that she was a widow. Never did any high-born dame take the events of this life less *en princesse* than she did; her warm affections were manifest on the occasion like a simple woman in middle life. She received the intelligence with bursts of grief, her thoughts being divided between the possibility of the purchase of widow's mourning and her less worldly wish to assist and support the wretched children of the deceased, in which she only acted according to the dictates of a good and just heart; since it was owing to her imprudent marriage with Keyes that the comfortable home of his children, at the Water-gate lodge, had been changed into sharing with him the narrow prison-room of the dreary gaol of the Fleet.

"His death," wrote Sir Thomas Gresham to Cecil,¹ "she grievously taketh: she hath requested me to write to you to be a mean to the queen's majesty to be good to her, and that she may have her majesty's leave to keep and bring up his poor children. As likewise I desire to know her majesty's pleasure, whether I shall suffer her to wear any black mourning apparel or not. Trusting that now I shall be presently despatched of her by your good means."²

By his last uncivil clause he meant to express his hope of being quickly ridded of his unwelcome inmate now death had taken undisputed possession of her disputed spouse. There is good reason to suppose that the Lady Mary Gray's marriage was not set on one side by the ecclesiastical law, and that Keyes died her husband. Sir Thomas Gresham removed her to his country seat, Osterley Park, soon after her widowhood; from thence she wrote to Cecil (at that time Lord Burghley, Burleigh or Bowerley, as the city knight always wrote the premier's title).

Lady Mary's letter represented "that as God had taken away the cause of her majesty's displeasure, she begged to be restored to her favour—that great and long-desired jewel." To this epistle she ventured to sign her name, "Mary Keyes"³—not a very likely step towards obtaining her object! Some remonstrance was made against her boldness; for in a letter written a very few days afterwards, she signs herself again Mary Gray. As early as September 5, Sir Thomas Gresham made another strenuous effort to rid his house of her, renewing his suit to Burleigh "for the removal of my Lady Mary Gray, for the quietness of my poor wife." Lady Gresham, it is to be feared, made her house of Osterley not a very peaceful abode, either to the

¹ State Paper Office MS.² State Paper Office MS., September 2, 1571.³ *Ibid.*

new-made widow or to her own far-famed lord and master, since the knight rode from Osterley to London, three days afterwards, for the express purpose of personally making petition to be relieved from his inmate, and to back her own earnest request "that she might be removed to her father-in-law, Adrian Stokes, at the Charterhouse, there to dwell and keep house with him."

Notwithstanding the strenuous and unanimous efforts of both parties, Lady Mary had no resource but to accompany her unwilling hostess to their country-house in distant Sussex. From Mayfield Sir Thomas Gresham renewed his entreaties on his usual grievance: by the tenor of his letter it appears that hopes had been given of compliance. He dates his letter "March 1571-72, Mayfield," and addresses my lord Bowerly as "My very singular good lord." "This," he continues, "is to render unto your lordship both my wife's humble thanks and mine, for the good remembrance you have of my wife's suit for the removing of my lady Mary Gray, wherein your lordship shall do her no small pleasure, considering what bondage and heart-sorrow she hath had for this three years, wherein I have often moved the queen's majesty to be good unto me and her, as your lordship doth right well know. Most humbly desiring your lordship, that I may have an end thereof now, an it be possible?" To facilitate the possibility, the sagacious merchant adds the following convincing argument:—"And whereas I have allowed my lord of Oxford [Burleigh's daughter's husband] *for his money but after the rate of ten per centum*, I shall be content to allow him after *twelve per centum*! with any other service I can do for him and you."¹ This was an irresistible style of arguing; and now the only difficulty remaining was, where was to be the poor lady's abiding-place. The queen left it all to Leicester and Burleigh; but, unfortunately, Lady Mary Gray was very poor, and as she herself represented, in a very reasonable letter to Lord Burleigh, it was not likely anyone would board her for the sum she could offer. Burleigh disapproved of her choice of Adrian Stokes, her father-in-law, for a guardian and requested that she would name some other person among her friends. Lady Mary replied that she knew no other who would receive her, and pathetically entreated the premier "to speak unto her majesty, that as it hath pleased her (wholly undeserved by my past fault) *to set me at liberty*, so, seeing I am destitute of all friends—only God and her majesty—so I may by her most gracious appointment be in some place of rest. My living is not so great (as your lordship doth know) whereby I may help myself into any place, for I have but fourscore pounds a year of her majesty; of mine own I have but twenty pounds [per annum]; and, as your lordship knoweth, there is nobody will board me for so little. As for my father-in-law, I know

¹ Burgon's *Life of Gresham*, vol. ii, pp. 412, 413.

he will give me nothing now, for before his marriage I had little, and now I look for less.¹ Wherefore, being in this misery, I know not to whom to fly for succour but only unto her majesty."²

CHAPTER VII.

LADY MARY GRAY, when she wrote this letter, May 24, 1572, was actually set at liberty; but, like the poor gentleman released from the Bastille, she did not know where to bend her steps. Her income of 80*l.* per annum, derived from Queen Elizabeth, had evidently been paid to those who had had the care of her. She could not reckon on its continuance; and here she was, after seven long years' captivity, alone in the wide world, with but twenty pounds per annum she could call her own! The only door open to the poor friendless one, Burleigh, for some state reasons, forbade her to enter. Her step-father, Adrian Stokes, had offered her admittance to some of the wide, deserted chambers of "the haunted *Chartreuse*." Shelter from the weather for herself, her faithful maid and man, her books, and the choice collection of goods and chattels described by her step-grandame, was all the widower of Frances Brandon would, or perhaps could, afford her. Her unwilling host, Sir Thomas Gresham, sent a letter of thanks soon after to Burleigh, "for delivery [*Anglicè*, deliverance] from the Lady Mary Gray."³ Poor soul! if she had been a boa or a python coiled round him, he could not have said more. In this epistle, he sums up her possessions and expectations. "She hath in law twenty pound by the year, and this is all she hath in possession; and in reversion, of the Duchess of Suffolk [Katharine], 500 marks [or 333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*], and another 500 marks at the death of her step-father, Adrian Stokes."⁴ The interdict from the only friend of the poor homeless state captive must have been soon after taken off, for Lady Mary Gray settled with her mother's widower in the Charterhouse. Adrian Stokes possessed a life interest in the Charterhouse in right of his second wife Frances Duchess of Suffolk.

No more lamenting letters from Lady Mary Gray or any of her guardians occur. She kept her solemn promise, and abstained from marriage for the time to come, and, walking warily through her short remnant of life, avoided rousing the royal jealousy. It seems probable that Queen Elizabeth did not deprive her of the fourscore pounds per annum, which helped her to make head against the attacks of gaunt poverty. She was rich enough to present to the queen at Hampton

¹ Adrian Stokes married again after the decease of his high-born consort, the Lady Frances.

² State Paper Office: Letter, May 24

1572.

³ State Paper Office M3.: Letter, July 19, 1572.

⁴ *Ibid.*

Court, on New Year's day, 1577-78, "four dozen buttons of gold, in each of them a seed pearl, and two pairs of sweet gloves."¹ The said gold buttons must have been from some family hoard she had inherited from her mother, for her slender income could scarcely have furnished the perfumed gloves, much less the golden buttons with seed pearls. Queen Elizabeth made the exchange of gifts of the season, which was one indication that Lady Mary was in some degree of favour. Usually the exchange of value preponderated strongly in the favour of royalty. In this instance, her Majesty acknowledged the gold buttons by the gift of a silver cup with a cover, weighing 18 ounces. Lady Mary had apparently returned to the protection of Katharine Duchess of Suffolk, or had received permission from her to live at her Tower or Castle of the Barbican,² by Red Cross Street.

Lady Mary Gray's death occurred April 20, 1578.³ Her will was made the day of her death, April 20, 1578. She describes herself as "a widow, of the parish of St. Botolph, without Aldersgate, of whole mind and of good and perfect remembrance." She bequeathed her body "to be buried where the queen's majesty shall think most convenient." The little property she possessed she willed between her god-daughter, Jane Merrick, and her adopted sister, Lady Mary Bertie. She died possessed of some jewels, and left a pair of gold bracelets, with a *jank* stone set in each bracelet, which had belonged to her mother, Frances Brandon. The *jank* stones were most likely jargoons, a species of brown topaz, brought from Ceylon. An inventory in the State Paper Office of her curious library dates her death within a few days. It is headed, "The names of all such books as the Lady Marie Gray left behind her at her death, June 1, 1578."⁴

¹ Nichols's *Progresses*, vol. ii. pp. 65, 81.

² The Barbican is mentioned as the Duchess of Suffolk's house.—Machyn's *Diary*, p. 308.

³ Str. po's *Annals*, vol. ii. p. 548; Collins' *Peerage*, vol. ii. p. 231.

⁴ The unfortunate Lady Mary Gray never possessed the small proportion of her paternal property which was to revert to her at the death of her step-father, Adrian Stokes, for he, having married again, lived at Bradgate in affluence, surviving the hapless heiress of that and other princely domains of the Gray property three or four years. In the thirty-third year of Queen Elizabeth, 1581, all the family, Katharine, Mary, and their step-father, Adrian Stokes, had passed from the face of the earth.

According to the inquisition regarding the payment of the livery of the queen's freehold lands, Adrian Stokes till that year held the manor of Wykes, in Lincolnshire, vacant in the thirty-third year of Elizabeth by the death of the said Adrian, late tenant by the courtesy of England (that is, as widower of the Lady Frances), and by the

death of the Lady Mary, one of the daughters and co-heirs of the Lady Frances, late Duchess of Suffolk, daughter and co-heir of Charles (Brandon), Duke of Suffolk. Lady Frances' dower on the lordship of Astley likewise occupies several Chapter-house manuscripts,* which was given after her death, as a life-rent, to her widower Adrian Stokes, as repeatedly rehearsed, "by the courtesy of England." Such was one of the regulations of the curious feudal law which still governed the freehold property in this country; but more real courtesy would have been shown in giving part of the income to the almost destitute daughter. Yet, however destitute and impoverished the Lady Mary might be, she died heiress, by the Act of Parliamentary Settlement, to the crown of England; for the Act which placed the nomination of the regal succession in the hand of the dying sovereign Edward VI. had never been repealed.

* Chapter-house MS., by favour of F. Devon, Esq.

THE LADY ELEANOR BRANDON, COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND.

THIS lady was the second daughter of Mary Tudor, Queen-dowager of France, by her marriage with Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. She was granddaughter to Henry VII. and niece to Henry VIII.

On the day of her sister the Lady Frances's marriage to Henry Gray, Marquis of Dorset, she was betrothed to Henry Lord Clifford, eldest son to Henry Earl of Cumberland, by his wife Lady Margaret Percy. He was the grandson of Henry Lord Clifford, the Shepherd Lord, and nearly related to the king, to whom his grandmother, Anne St. John, of Bletsoe, was first cousin by the half-blood, being the niece of Margaret Countess of Richmond, the offspring of her mother's second marriage with Lord St. John of Bletsoe. In consequence of this alliance, Henry Earl of Cumberland was educated and brought up with the king, with whom he was on such intimate terms that Henry had no objection to give his fair young niece to Clifford's son, who was nineteen years old at the time when their betrothal was completed by a solemn marriage. This took place at Midsummer, 1537, at the Duke of Suffolk's palace, near the stately church of St. Mary Overie, with very great pomp, and was distinguished by the presence of the king and his court.

The Earl of Cumberland, in honour of this illustrious marriage, to testify his respect for his demi-royal daughter-in-law, and give her delight, built the great gallery at Skipton Castle, with the towers at the east end, in an octangular form. These stately additions to the castle were constructed in such an incredibly short time, that in less than four months they were begun and finished.

It was nine months after her bridal before the Lady Eleanor was conducted to Skipton Castle, where she was received with great joy and festivity by the parents of her lord, who treated her with the greatest love and reverence. They had the happiness of seeing her become fruitful.

She bore two sons and a daughter in quick succession. Her royal uncle, Henry VIII., presented her husband with the rich gift of Bolton Abbey and other monastic spoils.

The Lady Eleanor, with her attendant ladies and first-born son, were sojourning at Bolton Abbey during the perilous period of "The Pilgrimage of Grace," ten miles from her lord's castle at Skipton, which was then hotly besieged by the insurgent forces. The Lady Eleanor

was wholly in their power, without the slightest means of defence, and involved in the most frightful danger. The insurgents, hoping to terrify her husband from his allegiance, sent word to him that they would make his wife and infant son hostages for his conduct, threatening "that the next day they would place them in front of the storming party; and, if the attacks were repelled, she and all other ladies should be given up to the lowest ruffians in the camp." From this dreadful fate Eleanor was preserved by the chivalry and courage of Christopher Aske, the brother of the insurgent leader, Robert Aske. Christopher Aske, who preserved his loyalty to his sovereign, had just before, with forty of his followers, arrived at Skipton Castle to the succour of his cousin, the Earl of Cumberland, whose own retinue had deserted to the Pilgrims.

As soon as he was informed of the peril of the fair young Lady Clifford, her infant, and ladies, Christopher undertook the gallant enterprise of delivering them. Accompanied only by the Vicar of Skipton, a groom, and a boy, he performed the dangerous feat of passing through the besiegers' camp. His knowledge of the country and its inhabitants, enabled him, when once without that formidable circuit, to procure horses and volunteers, by the aid of which he succeeded in carrying off the lady, her babe, and the companions of her escape, at dead of night, through the moors and glens, unsuspected, and halted not till he had brought them to a place of safety.¹

The portraits of the Lord and Lady Clifford are at Skipton Castle. The Lady Eleanor is very pretty, her hair is dressed with strings of pearls, and she wears a double throat-necklace of pearls. She has lovely hazel eyes, and a clear, delicate complexion. Her husband is young and handsome.

The Earl of Cumberland, her husband's father, departed this life in 1542, and Lord Clifford succeeded to the honours and estates of the family. The Lady Eleanor became in consequence Countess of Cumberland; but she had the grief of losing her sons. Henry Lord Clifford died when only two or three years old, and was buried in the Clifford vault, in Skipton Church. Their second son, Charles Lord Clifford, died also in his infancy, and was buried in the same place.

The Lady Eleanor removed to Brougham Castle, probably for change of scene, but died there about the end of November, 1547, in the flower of her days, and was buried at Skipton Church. She was cousin-german to Edward VI., to Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, and James V. of Scotland, and cousin twice removed from her husband by the blood of the St. Johns.

Her husband took her death so much to heart that he pined away and fell into a languishing atrophy, and, after a few months, became

¹ Examination of Christopher Aske, Rol's' House MS., 1st series, 840.

to all appearance dead. In this state he was stripped, and laid out on a long table, with a black velvet hearse-cloth spread over him, probably in preparation for embalming.¹ Symptoms of life being fortunately perceived by some of his friends, he was put into a warm bed, and cordials being administered, he revived, and, by the use of a milk diet, became a strong man. He married a second wife, by whom he had two sons and a daughter. He was interred beside the beloved wife of his youth, the Lady Eleanor Brandon, in Skipton Church.

The epitaph of the noble pair is as follows:—"Here lies interred, in this vault, Henry Clifford and his first wife, the Lady Eleanor Brandon's Grace, by whom he had only one daughter that lived, the Lady Margaret Clifford, afterwards Countess of Derby. And by his second wife, Anne Dacres, who also lies here interred, he had his two sons, George and Francis, succeeding Earls of Cumberland after him, and the Lady Jane Clifford, wife to Philip Earl of Wharton. He died in Brougham Castle, in the county of Westmoreland, the 6th of January, MDLXX."²

¹ Whittaker's *Cravenshire*, pp. 314-15.

² The following is Whittaker's description of the coffins in the Clifford vault beneath the high altar of Skipton Church, which he obtained permission to visit:—"First," he says, "lies Henry, the first earl, whose leaden coffin was much corroded, and exhibited the skeleton of a short and very stout man, with a profusion of long flaxen hair gathered into a knot at the back of the skull; next were the remains of Margaret Percy, his countess, a very slender and diminutive woman. The third coffin contained the Lady Eleanor's Grace, the

coffin much decayed, and the skeleton, as might have been expected of Henry VIII.'s niece and Charles Brandon's daughter, was that of a tall, long-limbed female. At her right hand was her husband Henry, the second Earl of Cumberland, a very tall and rather slender man, through whose thin envelope of lead, resembling a winding-sheet folded in bold drapery over the limbs, something of the shape of the face might be distinguished, a long prominent nose being conspicuous. Next lay his son by Anne Dacres, Francis Lord Clifford, who died in boyhood."

THE LADY MARGARET CLIFFORD, COUNTESS OF DERBY AND QUEEN IN MAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE LADY MARGARET CLIFFORD was the last, but not the least unfortunate, of the princesses of the younger female line of the Royal House of Tudor, on whom the crowns of England and Ireland were despotically entailed, by the wills of Henry VIII. and his son Edward VI., in direct violation of the rights of the representatives of Margaret Tudor, Queen of Scotland, the eldest daughter of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York.

Margaret Clifford was born in her father's castle of Brougham, in Cumberland, in the year 1540; she was bereaved of her mother before she had completed her seventh year. The grief of her father, the Earl of Cumberland, for the death of his beloved wife, reduced him to so melancholy a condition, that Margaret, their only surviving child, was almost doubly orphaned.

As the greatest territorial heiress in England, and one of the reversionary heiresses on whom the fatal heritage of the regal succession had been settled by her royal uncle, Henry VIII., with consent of his slavish Parliament, Margaret Clifford was early marked by the aspiring Dudley, Earl of Warwick, subsequently Duke of Northumberland, for the wife of his fourth and only unmarried son, Lord Guildford Dudley; Lady Jane Gray being at that time contracted to the Earl of Hertford, eldest son of the Protector Somerset.

The title of Lady Margaret Clifford to the royal succession was considered by some better than that of Lady Frances Brandon and her children, because Lady Eleanor Brandon was not born till after the death of Anne Brown, the previously wedded wife of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who had persisted in claiming him for her husband after his lofty marriage with Mary Tudor, Queen-dowager of France.

The report that Warwick, soon after he had obtained the title of Duke of Northumberland, was about to marry his youngest son to the great-granddaughter of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York, occasioned much agitation in London. The indignant comments of an attached follower of the unhappy widow of the beheaded Protector Somerset was made matter of a Star Chamber investigation, in consequence of Sir William Stafford, the widower of Mary Boleyn, aunt to the Princess Elizabeth, having denounced "the unseemly sayings of Mistress Elizabeth Huggins" to the privy council, in regard to this lofty alliance to which Northumberland was said to aspire.

This Mistress Elizabeth Huggins, it seems, had come down from London on a visit to Rochford, the family seat of the Boleyns in Essex, of which Sir William Stafford, as the widower of Mary Boleyn, was then in possession. At supper, Mistress Huggins thought proper, most imprudently, to bewail the late Protector Somerset's death and the reverses of his family, especially the miseries of her former lady the widowed Duchess of Somerset, who was then a close prisoner in the Tower expecting every day to be led out to death. "All the work of Northumberland, who deserved the axe himself," Mistress Huggins indignantly observed; and, after repeating the report, "that he was about to marry his son Lord Guildford to the Lady Margaret Clifford, with the consent of the king, who had planned the match at Northumberland's suggestion," she added, with a stout gesture, "Have at the crown by your leave."¹

Mistress Elizabeth Huggins, finding herself denounced by her inhospitable host, and in the hands of Sir Arthur Darcy, the Lieutenant of the Tower, declared "that she had heard the marriage of the Lord Guildford Dudley with the Earl of Cumberland's daughter spoken of in London, but by whom she remembered not; and so," she said, "the first night at supper at Rochford, showing herself very glad thereof, and thought all her hearers were also very glad to hear of that marriage." Thus she adroitly turned the tables on the pitiful informer, and defeated Northumberland's ambitious schemes, for the Earl of Cumberland, who had recovered from his long melancholy, came forward, and boldly refused his consent to the marriage of his daughter, alleging "that she was already precontracted"²—to whom the proud northern noble did not explain.

Scarcely a year later, Northumberland, having formed an alliance with Henry Gray, Duke of Suffolk, for the marriage of Lord Guildford Dudley and Lady Jane Gray, could not resist the temptation of a royal alliance for his brother, Sir Andrew Dudley, with Lady Margaret Clifford, the representative of the second branch of the royal Tudor lineage in the female line. This marriage was resolved on by the

¹ *Zurich Letters*: Hilles to Bullinger.

² Harleian MS., No. 358.

confederates, and had progressed so far, that a warrant was issued for the bridegroom, who held the very convenient office of Master of the Wardrobe, to take from thence such silks and jewels as the Lady Margaret Clifford, daughter of the Earl of Cumberland, and himself required for their wedding-apparel.¹

Fortunately, the Lady Margaret was safe in the keeping of the earl her father, and thus escaped the snare and the ruin which overwhelmed the aspiring house of Dudley on the failure of Northumberland's attempts to place Lady Jane Gray on the throne.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER the successive acts of the fearful tragedy which sent Lady Jane Gray, her husband, her father, and her uncle to the scaffold, had been played out, Lady Margaret Clifford was received as one of the great ladies of Queen Mary's court, and finally, when fifteen, was married with the full consent of her royal kinswoman to the Lord Strange, eldest son of the Earl of Derby.

The marriage was solemnised at Westminster Palace, February 12, 1555. The queen was at that time ill—too ill to take any part in the festivities or to appear at the wedding; but her consort Philip exerted himself vigorously on the occasion in honour of the cousin of his queen.

A great banquet succeeded the nuptials, after which there were jousts and a tourney on horseback with swords; then followed the supper, and the bridal festivities concluded with the Moorish war-play of *juogo de canes*, in which King Philip joined, and, as usual, excelled all the players.

In this instance, the game took place by torch and cresset lights—picturesque enough. Sixty cressets, or flaming fire-baskets raised on high, with a hundred torches, shed a bright radiance on a scene entirely new to the English; in fact, no other than the Moorish game of the "Jereed," renowned in the history of Granada.

The cauc-tilting by daylight on another occasion is thus described by Machyn. The 26th of November, after Feckenham had preached a sermon—for it was Sunday—"the king's grace, and my Lord Fitzwalter, and divers Spaniards, did ride in divers colours: King Philip in red, some in yellow, some in green, some in white, and some in blue, with targets and canes in their hands, hurling the canes against each other. The trumpets, banners, and drums, made of metals, were of the same colours."²

¹ MS. Royal: 18 C. xxiv. fol. 364.

² Machyn's *Diary*.

After his marriage with the Lady Margaret Clifford, the Lord Strange, who had been the principal favourite of King Edward VI., is often mentioned as bearing the sword of State before King Philip—an honour usually awarded in those days to a near relative of the crown, which Lord Strange became as the husband of the great-granddaughter of the queen's aunt, the Queen-duchess of Suffolk.

As early as 1557, the Lady Strange had asserted her right to the royal succession to be superior to that of her cousins, the Lady Katharine and Mary Gray, because, she said, "of the treason that was on their house; for their sister, Lady Jane Gray, had been tried, attainted, and executed for treason, and their father also; consequently they were," she pretended, "excluded from the succession; but she [the Lady Margaret], being the nearest in blood and legitimately of English birth, had the best claim to the throne at the queen's death without lawful issue."¹

The Lady Strange enjoyed the favour of the queen, and next to her cousin Margaret, Countess of Lennox, she had the post of first lady in waiting, and, in the absence of the Countess of Lennox, took precedence of all the other ladies in the court and household of her royal cousin.²

At the death of Queen Mary, she occupied, generally speaking, the highest place about Queen Elizabeth, in all her state pageantry and progresses.

Nichols records that, "in 1561, the Lady Margaret, then Lady Strange, presented for her New Year's offering to Queen Elizabeth a little round measure of gold, to contain a pomander or scent-ball within it. The queen acknowledged this present by the gift of a silver gilt bowl, with a cover weighing sixteen ounces."

When Queen Elizabeth visited Cambridge in 1564, the Lady Margaret attended her at the performances of the play of "*Aulularia*," in the church of King's College, and bore her train.³

When not engaged in waiting on the queen, the Lady Margaret and her lord were residing with their young family at Gaddesden, in Berkshire, about twenty miles from London. The Lord Strange was very extravagant and inconsiderate in his conduct, and was accustomed to resort to his noble father-in-law, the Earl of Cumberland, for assistance in his difficulties, till he was at last indebted to him in the sum of eight thousand pounds, for which, although he had given a bond, he did not intend to pay. This made Lady Margaret very unhappy, especially as she learned through her personal attendants, Mrs. Caleshill and Mrs. Newton, that her lord was privily taking measures with his steward, William Hatley, to defeat the bond, by privily selling or

¹ *Memoir of Giovanni Michele.*

² Nichols's *Progresses.* §

³ *Ibid.*

leasing the property on which he had pretended to give the earl security for the repayment of this large sum.¹

She had also the grief of finding that her lord was not only dishonourable to her father, but unfaithful to herself, he having formed a guilty intimacy with another woman, by whom he had a family.²

In addition to these faults, he was often personally unkind to the poor lady, and when she, moved by a virtuous desire to pay her debts, sold one of her estates, he claimed a large portion of the proceeds, and endeavoured to deprive her of five hundred pounds of the residue, which was by arbitration adjudged to be her share. Then he endeavoured to possess himself of her jewels, by wheedling and trying to prevail on her to allow him to pledge them. As she resolutely refused to trust them in his hands, he seized all the plate at Gaddesden, and sent it up to London for the purpose of raising money for his own use. He told Morrice Freeman, one of his officials, "that as he was well acquainted with Mrs. Newton, who waited on Lady Strange, to deal with her from him, to report everything her lady did or said to him from time to time, promising that if she did, he would reward her with a hundred or two pounds towards her marriage." Freeman did as his lord had commissioned him, but Mrs. Newton scornfully replied—

"These are my lord's old practices," refusing to listen to anything he could say to tempt her to play the spy and informer against her lady.

The Lady Margaret, under the pressure of these conjugal wrongs, declared that "she would leave her lord, appeal to the queen for protection, and inform her majesty how she was treated by her husband;" but Mrs. Caleshill, her woman, persuaded her to be reconciled, and for a time she was so. Nevertheless, Lord Strange endeavoured to separate the faithful Caleshill from her. At another time, Lord Strange told his servants, Hatley and Griffiths, "that if his lady left Gaddesden, he would take away her children, and place her eldest boy with the Earl of Derby his father, the second with his brother Sir Thomas Stanley, take the third into his own hands, and carry him to Lord Robert Dudley, with whom he intended to take up his abode." The Lady Margaret complained bitterly of the unkindness of her lord, and protested to Hatley "that she would repair to the queen, and tell her of all her griefs," but Hatley endeavoured to dissuade her from leaving Gaddesden.

"Tush!" said Griffiths, who overheard the conference, "let her go. If she were once gone, we would get my lord down to his house at Ritstone, and carry the money down with us. If she will, she may. Let her tarry where she lists"³

¹ State Paper MS., Rolls' Court.

² Ibid.

³ State Paper Record, July 18, 1567, No. 28.

Lord Strange then suddenly withdrew from Gaddesden, declaring himself unable to pay the expense of housekeeping, leaving his unfortunate lady and children without any means of sustenance, and carrying off all his plate with him. His lady appealed for aid to the Countess of Derby his mother, and received a letter in reply, but so blotted with tears that neither she nor anyone else could read it.¹ Still, she had a powerful friend in Sir William Cecil, to whom she confided her griefs and wrongs; and as she retained the queen's favour, her husband was fain to promise better conduct, if she would submit to another reconciliation.

CHAPTER III.

MARGARET was plunged in grief at the death of her last remaining parent, the Earl of Cumberland, in the early part of 1570. On this event the queen wrote to the Earl of Derby, expressing "her desire that his daughter-in-law, the Lady Margaret Strange, should continue in attendance on her."²

Her Majesty in this letter condescends to observe, "that she is sorry to perceive how much Lady Margaret is grieved by the death of her father, the Earl of Cumberland, and informs the Earl of Derby that she has licensed her to dispose of certain land for payment of her debts."³ The same day, February 18, Margaret's husband, Henry Stanley, Lord Strange, is also written to in her Majesty's name, signifying her pleasure "that the Lady Margaret should continue her attendance on her;" and informing him "that she has granted to Lady Margaret Strange, and to him, permission to sell some convenient portion of her lands held by Katharine Duchess of Suffolk."⁴

Within the month the queen found occasion to write again to Lord Strange, censuring him for his desire of appropriating any part of his wife's patrimony for the payment of his own debts.⁵

Rebellion had just before convulsed the northern counties, and filled them with blood and confiscation. We find that the Earl of Huntingdon, the descendant of "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence," endeavoured to create distrust of the noble families connected, either by descent or marriage, with the royal house of Tudor, with the view of bringing himself nearer to the throne. In one of his private letters to Cecil, he insinuates the probability "that the Earl of Derby will play as false a part as the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland did

¹ State Paper Record, July 18, 1567, No. 28.

² State Paper MS.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ *Ibid.*

⁵ *Ibid.*, March 14.

last year.”¹ The Countess of Derby was aunt to Lady Westmoreland; his two younger sons—Thomas and Edward Stanley, the brothers of Henry Lord Strange, Lady Margaret’s husband—were secret adherents of the Queen of Scots, though their principles were not then openly avowed.

Huntingdon contents himself with hypocritical innuendoes against the head of the house—the Earl of Derby, Lord Strange’s father. “I know he hath hitherto been loyal,” writes Huntingdon, “and even the last year, as you know, gave good testimony of his fidelity and of his own disposition. But he may be drawn by evil counsel—God knoweth to what! I fear he hath, even at this time, many wicked counsellors, and some too near him.”² The candid relative seems here to point at the Countess of Derby; he knew that in the rising of the northern earls, when they had sent a circular urging Lord Derby to rise for his religion, the earl had sent it to Queen Elizabeth. But, lest this sensible action should be remembered too much to the credit of the Earl of Derby, his kinsman draws a picture of the recusant state of the earl’s establishment, beginning by confessing his sins for him—at the head and front thereof was the startling fact that he kept a conjuror. Wheresoever such a trumpery accusation is the leading article of offence, it may be taken for granted that nothing worse can be alleged against the party denounced.

“There is one Browne, a conjuror,”³ proceeds cousin Huntingdon, “in his house kept secretly. There is also one Uphall, who was a pirate, and had lately his pardon, that could tell somewhat, as I hear, if you could get him. He that carried my Lord Morley⁴ was also within this se’nnight kept secretly there. Lord Derby, with his whole family, never raged so much against religion [Protestant] as they do now; he never came to common prayer for this quarter of a year, as I hear, neither doth any of his family, except five or six persons. I dare not write what more I hear, because I cannot justify and prove it yet; but this may suffice for you, in time to look to it.”

Such incendiary matter is bad enough; but then follows a requisition for Cecil to send in one of his tempters, to blow up a plot out of the embers that the Earl of Derby himself was evidently struggling to keep down. The next is a clause worthy of the enemy of mankind himself:—

“And surely, in my simple opinion, if you would send some faithful and wise spy, that would dissemble to come from [the Duke of] Alva and feign Popery, you might understand all; for if all be true that be said, there is a very fond company in the house at this present.

¹ Haynes’s *State Papers*, p. 603: Huntingdon to Cecil, Aug. 24, 1570.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ Who had just retired to Bruges.

I doubt not you can and will use this matter better than I can advise you. Yet let me wish you to take heed to which of your companions [Cabinet councillors], though you be but five together, you utter this matter [a word illegible occurs], lest it be in Latham House sooner than you would have it, for some of you have men attending on you that deal not always well. I pray God save our Elizabeth, and confound all her enemies! And thus I take my leave, committing you to God's tuition. Your assured poor *friend*,

"H. HUNTINGDON.

"P.S.—Because none there [at Latham House] should know of my letter, I would not send it by my servant, but have desired Mr. *Ad.* to deliver it to you in secret. When you have read it, I pray you burn it, and forget the name of the *writer*."

As to historical documents, we constantly find that when letters are especially requested to be burnt, they are invariably carefully preserved. Such was the case with this curious epistle. Although it was nearly ten years before the troubles of the Lady Margaret reached their climax, it proved the seed whence they sprang, as from it may be traced the noxious species of spies introduced into the household of the Stanley family.

The attack on the father of Lady Margaret's husband was the more unjustifiable, because he had offered to raise ten thousand men at his own charge for the suppressing of the northern insurrection, had it been needed. So loyal to the queen and so influential and beloved was he, that the holding up his hand would have been as effectual as the displaying of his banner. Indeed, this nobleman was one of the most justly popular men of the era, and the most munificent and princely in his style of living.

He had two hundred and twenty servants in his cheque-roll for forty-two years, and twice a day sixty old and decrepit poor were fed with meat; and on every Good Friday, for thirty-five years, he fed two thousand seven hundred with meat, drink, and money. Every gentleman in his service had a man and horse to attend him, and his allowance for the expense of his house only was four thousand pounds a year, besides the produce of his two great parks and very large demesnes; inasmuch that his house was styled the Northern Court. Once a month he looked into his income, and once a week into his disbursements, that none should wrong him, nor be wronged by him, the Earl of Derby. His house was a college of discipline, instruction, and accomplishment, his and his lady's servants being so many young gentlemen and ladies, trained up to govern themselves by the example of this noble pair.

¹ Haynes's *Burleigh Papers*, p. 604.

His two younger sons, Sir Edward and Sir Thomas Stanley, were unfortunately in league with other members of the Church of Rome in Lancashire, in the cause of Mary Queen of Scots, and kept a ship at Liverpool for the purpose of favouring her escape to Flanders. The treachery of young Rolleston, one of their confederates, rendered this plot ineffectual.

The Earl of Derby died in 1574, and Margaret's husband, Lord Strange (his eldest son), assumed and succeeded to the family estates and honours: he took her to live at Latham House in feudal splendour.

Nothing more remarkable occurred in the two previous years than the New Year's gifts that the Lady Margaret presented to her royal mistress in 1572 and 1573. As usual, they illustrate quaintly the costume of the era. First, the Lady Margaret presented two jewels of gold: the one being "an oysterye [perhaps an oyster] garnished with two blue sapphires, sundry small diamonds and rubies, with two pearls hanging by a small chain, at a knot, having two diamonds and rubies thereat; the other being a little tablet of gold, having therein a spider and fly of opal, with one pearl pendant."

CHAPTER IV.

QUEEN ELIZABETH had, by her despotic cruelty, broken the heart of Lady Katharine Gray, and caused her sons to be declared illegitimate, torn Lady Mary Gray from her husband, and confined them separately till his death, when she remembered that she had only cleared the stage of the elder line of Suffolk, to make room for the younger, Lady Margaret and her sons, who became the immediate objects of her jealousy.

By her desire, the Earl of Sussex wrote to Lord Derby, offering to place his eldest son, Fernando Lord Strange, in the royal household, and to give him suitable advice as to his conduct in this situation, to which Derby gratefully replied in the following elaborate terms:—

"EARL OF DERBY TO LORD SUSSEX.

"My very good Lord,—Like as I have always found myself greatly bound to your lordship for your continual friendship towards me, so do I think me doubly bound to you for that honourable care it seemeth by your late letter you have over my son Strange. And after your friendly assurance for his attendance on her majesty at convenient times, it pleaseth your good lordship to offer that friendship not only to advertise him of times fit for his attendance, but also give him your loving advice and direction for his behaviour from time to

time, which favour and courtesy had been my part. I acknowledge first to have desired of your lordship surety, as your regard over him is father-like, and your loving friendship towards me not small. So make account of me to be by all means ready to yield your lordship that which may be required of a friend or kinsman. And as I have, according to your wish, advertised him, that my pleasure is that he shall be at your lordship's direction, so I hope that the better there be, God will bless him with discretion to perceive how much he is bound to you, and with good disposition to endeavour himself to deserve it; and when before I have kept him at his book, without any great care for apparel or other things fit for any place than that where he is, so now I will take order that he may be provided of things necessary for him in the times of his attendance at the court, not doubting but, as your lordship doth wish him both learned and well-mannered, so your lordship will (the times for attendance ended) cause him to repair back, with a charge from you to apply the same; and so, desiring I may hear from your lordship from time to time of his behaviour, I commend me most heartily to the same, and wish you as myself to fare.

"Your lordship's assured loving cousin and ready friend during my life,

"H. DERBY.¹

"From my Castle of Rushen, May 13."

This was Rushen Castle, in the Isle of Man, where the Earls of Derby were at that time kings. It must have been written soon after Earl Henry's accession to his family honours in 1574, when his eldest son was still a youth. Fernando Strange was favourably received by Elizabeth, though suspiciously regarded as one of the male representatives of Mary Tudor, the sister of Henry VIII., on whom the regal succession had been illegally settled, to the prejudice of the elder claims of the descendants of Margaret Tudor, the elder sister, by the despotic will of that prince.

The New Year's gift of the Lady Margaret, Countess of Derby, in 1577-78, to the queen was a petticoat of white satin, raised with a broad embroidery of divers coloured flowers, delivered to Rauf Hoope, yeoman of the guards.

The Lady Margaret also presented, the next year, a trained gown of tawny velvet, and she received a costly double-gilt bowl from the queen, made by the royal goldsmith (Brandon), who was probably cousin to this noble lady on her grandfather's side. The bowl weighed fifty ounces.

Up to this period at least, no diminution of the royal favour was perceptible.

¹ Collection of Letters, edited by Leonard Howard.

Queen Elizabeth having placed Fernando Lord Strange in her household, immediately under her own observation, and within the watchful attention of her practised spies, next determined to take the first opportunity of arresting the Countess of Derby, and holding her in prison, as a hostage for the loyalty of her husband and sons. So great was the caution, however, with which the countess and her family behaved, that it was long ere the queen could find any pretence for taking her into custody, and she was at last reduced to adopt the futile and exploded accusation of occult practices.

Lady Margaret had become a nervous invalid, and was suffering from chronic rheumatism and toothache; on which account she had withdrawn herself from the fatigues and restraints of courtly life, and retired to her husband's family seat at Latham, in Lancashire, where she was endeavouring to obtain relief from her aches and pains by employing a celebrated empiric of the name of Randall, who had undertaken to cure her lameness and relieve her toothache by his skill, and the application of certain remedies, which he chose to administer himself and to watch their effect.

Dr. Randall had the advantage of the four spring and summer months to commence his practice, and the invalid found herself better, and was in hopes of deriving great benefit from sedulously pursuing his prescriptions; but the queen, being informed by her spies of what was going on at Latham House, in the absence of the Earl of Derby, sent and arrested the countess, her quack doctor, and upper servants, on the accusation that they all were enleagu'd with the countess in practising against her royal life by art-magic.

Randall, terrified at the idea of the rack and the flaming pile, confessed all with which it pleased his accusers to charge him and his luckless patient.¹

Lady Derby was in consequence torn from her home, and separated from her husband and family. No one ventured to intercede for her, or to plead her cause to the queen. At last, hearing of the death of Dr. Randall, she ventured to write the following piteous supplicatory letter to the Secretary of State, Sir Francis Walsingham, pathetically representing her ill-health and great affliction from her imprisonment:—

“THE COUNTESS OF DERBY TO SIR FRANCIS WALSHINGHAM.

“Right Honourable,—If but one and not many troubles and afflictions were laid upon me at once, I would then endeavour myself to

¹ “Twenty-third year of Elizabeth, the 28th of November, William Randal was arraigned in the Court of Queen's Bench for conjuring to know where treasure was hid in the earth, and good-feloniously taken where become. With him were arraigned

Thomas Elkes, Lupton, Rafe, Spaly, and Christopher Waddington. Randal, Elkes, Waddington, and Spaly were found guilty, and had judgment to be hanged. Randal was executed, and the others were respited.”

bear therewith, and forbear, for remedy thereof, to trouble any of my good friends. Sickness and weakness in my body and limbs I have of long time been accustomed to suffer, and, finding small remedy (after proof of many), lastly, upon information of some about me, that one Randall had a special remedy for the cure of my disease, by applying of outward things, I had him in my house from May until August following, in which time I found some ease by his medicine; but since I have understood, by report, that man to have lived in great wickedness, wherewith it hath pleased God to suffer him, among others, not a little to plague me with his slanderous tongue whilst he lived. What repentance he took thereof before his death, God knoweth. Good Sir, the heavy and long-continued displeasure which her majesty thereby, and by the accusation of some others, hath laid upon me, doth more vex my heart and spirit than ever any infirmity hath done my body; and yet I ever have, do, and will confess, that her majesty hath dealt both graciously and mercifully with me, in committing me unto such a place, where is wholesome and good air, without the which I had perished, and unto such a person, whom I find is my good kinsman.”¹

Mr. Seckford was the kinsman to whom the countess alludes in her letter to Walsingham. He held the office of Master of Requests, in Elizabeth's time one of some importance. Mr. Seckford had a fine mansion in St. John's, Clerkenwell, to which Lady Derby was removed soon after her arrest, and dwelt under his care and superintendence as comfortably as a state prisoner could be expected to do; but, to add to her troubles, she was deeply involved in debt, and thus pitifully complains to Walsingham of the importunity of her creditors, whom her restraint and confinement did not prevent from disturbing her:—

“The last affliction,” says she, “tormented my soul with the continual clamour and outcry of many of my poor creditors, for whom I find no remedy, unless it may please her highness to license my lord and me to sell so much land, of my inheritance, as may discharge the same, whereof, though her highness be in reversion, yet there be about twenty persons inheritable thereunto as heirs of the body of my grandfather, Charles Duke of Suffolk. I humbly pray you to be a means unto her highness herein, and for her clemency and mercy to be extended towards me, whom I take the High God to witness that I have ever feared and loved, and so will continue whilst my life endureth.

“Thus committing myself to your good consideration, and us both to God, I crave to trouble you (May, 1580).

“Her majesty's prisoner and your assured friend,

“M. DERBY.”²

¹ Harleian MS., No. 787, fol. 16.

² Additional MSS., No. 15,891, fol. 89.

It does not appear that the unfortunate lady derived any benefit from her piteous supplication to Mr. Secretary Walsingham, nor indeed from any of her old acquaintance in the court and cabinet of her royal cousin, with the single exception of the Vice-Chamberlain, Sir Christopher Hatton, to whom she applied in behalf of one of her servants, who had been falsely accused of treasonable designs by one of her enemies.

The case of this hapless person Lady Derby knew would be far more pitiable than her own; because it was one of the iniquities of Elizabeth's Star Chamber counsels to force evidence against any noble family, whose ruin was intended, by seizing a trusted domestic, and compelling him by threats, and, if that were ineffectual, by the extremity of torture, to make depositions fatal to his lord or lady, concerning practices of alleged conspiracies to take their sovereign's life. Depositions thus extorted were sufficient, in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, to send princes and nobles of their own royal lineage to the block; in short, to furnish pretexts for cutting off anyone who had the misfortune of incurring the ill-will either of the monarch or an influential member of the privy council.

There is reason, from the following letter, to infer that Lady Derby had employed the powerful intercession of the favourite Vice-Chamberlain successfully in behalf of her servant :—

"I am altogether beholden unto you," she writes, "for your honourable care of my man's miserable cause, whose adversary God amend; neither is his 'better' [herself] void of enemies. But God alone can revenge the injury, and regard his innocency. Myself at this instant sickly, in heart perplexed, and in mind, as it were, excited somewhat, amazed, but not altogether amated [terrified]. In good sooth, the hope of her highness's favour is my only relief. The regard of her gracious goodness towards me in my suit shall most comfort me, and depress the rage of my enemy.

"Well, to God and our good queen I commit both cause and creature, and yourself, my friend, bind me ever yours. Thus scribbling rudely, I leave hastily, but heartily, with my loving salutations.

"Yours as faithfully as you to me,

"MARGARET DERBY."¹

Unfortunately, there is neither date of time or place to this letter. After three years of dolcful captivity from the date of her letter to Sir Francis Walsingham, the Countess of Derby writes again to Sir Christopher Hatton, the man the queen delighted to honour, and from her letter to him we learn that she had, through his kind offices, succeeded in placing herself in the queen's sight, and making her humble obeisance as her Majesty passed the house where she was

¹ Additional MSS., No. 15,891, fol. 89.

compelled to abide; and she seems to have derived some hope and even pleasure from the circumstance, to judge from the tone of her letter to Mr. Vice-Chamberlain Sir Christopher Hatton, to whom she writes:—

“My dear and noble good Friend,—Having by means of your honourable favour obtained that grace as to present myself to the view of her majesty, at what time her highness removed from her house of Sion to Outlands, my humble suit is now you would happily find that good leisure and opportunity as to let it be known unto her majesty, that thereby I received that hope of her gracious further good liking, which since hath not only brought life in me, but also emboldens me more and more to prostrate myself, as a loyal and faithful subject unto my so good and gracious a princess. Wherefore, that I may at length desist and leave off, though ever most bound unto your noble courtesies, my request at this instant once again is, that by the means of your happy motion I may come to the kissing of her highness’ hand, which would yield me that comfort as no earthly thing the like. Good Mr. Vice-Chamberlain, let me not seem tedious (though so indeed) unto you; for were it that I possessed all things, yet in this her majesty’s disgrace I esteem myself as possessing nothing, inasmuch as I take her highness unto me as life with her gracious favour, but as death with her heavy displeasure. Thus holding you as my surest hold and most honourable good friend, from whom must proceed my chiefest good, I humbly take my leave.

“From Clerkenwell, the 26th of September, 1583.

“Your assured and most bounden poor

“MARGARET DERBY.”¹

CHAPTER V.

LADY DERBY remained struggling with ill-health and oppressed with poverty, of both which afflictions she bitterly complains, in her next letter to her friend the Vice-Chamberlain. It is, unfortunately, without date. But the queen had, we understand from it, somewhat loosened her chains, but did not, we gather, restore her unconditionally to freedom, for she could not change her own abiding-place, though evidently in very wretched health. But, at any rate, she professes excessive gratitude for the small mercy her royal cousin had granted, at the solicitation of Sir Christopher Hatton, to whom poor Lady Derby thus writes:—

¹ Additional MSS., No. 15,891.

"Your honourable dealing hath bound me so much unto you as it is *unpossible* you should make a gentle-woman more beholden unto you than I am; for the liberty I have attained unto at her majesty's hands (whose feet I lie under) I do freely acknowledge to have only proceeded from her goodness by your honourable mediation. You are the sole person in court that hath taken compassion on me and hath given comfort unto my careful heart, and, under God, kept life itself within my breast. All these noble kindnesses are derived from your virtue and good favour towards me a poor wretched abandoned lady, no way able to yield you thankfulness worthy thereof. You are the rock I build on. That made me yesterday so bold to send Bessy Lambert unto you to deliver you at large the state of my body and the poverty of my purse, whom you heard with that willingness as I am double and treble beholden to you and humbly thank you for it.¹

"I well hoped," continues the anxious, half-liberated prisoner, "by your good means unto her majesty, to have placed myself in that air that I best agree withal. These sudden faintings and overcomings which I am seldom out of, have so weakened and afflicted my feeble body since my coming hither, that I am many times as a woman brought to death's door and revived again beyond all expectation. My cousin Seckford," pursues she, "hath built him a house at Clerkenwell, which is not yet thoroughly finished. I would gladly be his tenant; for the air, as I take it, cannot be much unlike his house at St. John's; but I hear now they die of the sickness round about it, so that though I could and would, yet I dare not adventure to take it; but I hope it will stay ere long, and in the meanwhile I purpose to provide me of some house about Highgate to remain until Michaelmas. If I can find any, I will embolden myself, upon your pleasure, to trouble you with my letters, beseeching you to move her majesty for mercy and favour towards me, when time shall serve you; for in effect, as I am now, I live dying, and death were much better welcome unto me than life, if I must be still in her highness's misliking.

"Pardon me, I pray you, for my tedious lines, and God send you as much happiness as ever had noble gentleman. Your most bounden friend,

"MARGARET DERBY."²

It is a great pity this letter also is undated, and there is not the slightest indication to surmise either when it was written or at what place. But it was undoubtedly prior to Hatton's promotion to the woolsack, for in another letter we shall find the Lady Margaret alluding to his elevation to that high office.

The cousin Seckford, whom the Lady Margaret mentions in the above

¹ Harleian MS., No. 787, fol. 16,

² *Ibid.*

letter, was one of the most benevolent characters of the period. He was the second son of a fine old English squire, Thomas Seckford, or Sackford, and was born at Seckford Hall, near Woodbridge, in Suffolk. He was brought up to the profession of the law, in which he obtained such great eminence, that he was made by Queen Elizabeth Master of the Court of Requests, a now obsolete branch of the Legislature, but then important and lucrative. Having amassed a large fortune, he built a noble mansion at the end of St. James's Walk, at Clerkenwell, which he named, in honour of the beloved town associated with his earliest recollections, Woodbridge Hall; it stood within the monastic pleasance of St. Marie's Close, which, at great expense, he enclosed with an extensive brick wall. Within the same spacious enclosure he built other houses, which he bequeathed to the poor for a hospital, with bountiful funds for its perpetual maintenance. Nor was he forgetful of his native town, for he erected seventeen almshouses for the residence of thirteen poor old men, and separate houses for three women, to mind and attend to their comforts.

He also built a beautiful mortuary chapel on the north side of the fine old church at Woodbridge. Christopher Saxton, the first publisher of county maps, was his servant, and through the munificent patronage of Thomas Seckford,¹ was enabled to carry his learned ideas into practice.

At the period the Lady Margaret was entreating the aid of all the influential members of Elizabeth's court and cabinet to break her chains, we find two of the literati of the period courting her patronage and addressing her in terms of praise—Thomas Lupton and Robert Green; one, in his dedication, commending her affability, the other eulogising her courtesy. Robert Green dedicated his book, "*The Mirrour of Modesty*," 12mo., to her, in 1584; Thomas Lupton, his ingenious quarto volume, entitled, "*A Thousand Notable Things of Sundry Sorts*," in 1586. It is possible that neither of the said authors were cognisant of her adversity, as there were no newspapers, and she had never been brought to trial for her alleged offences against the queen's Majesty.

It is a remarkable fact that the husband of Lady Margaret, Henry Earl of Derby, made not the slightest effort to obtain the liberation of his unfortunate wife, but continued to bask in the royal favour all the time she was languishing in prison.

The queen, who had, on his noble father's death, dignified him with the Order of the Garter, now sent him on an embassy to Flanders to treat with the Prince of Parma, and some little time after his return employed him 'to carry the insignia of the Garter to Paris, to invest the King of France² with that order. He also became one of the tools of her iniquitous ministry in the judicial murder of Mary Queen of Scots, by assisting at her mock trial at Fotheringay

¹ Seckford died in the year 1588, aged 72.

² Henry III.

Castle, and afterwards uniting with the base conclave in pronouncing sentence of death on the royal victim in the Star Chamber. By this crime he placed his issue by Lady Margaret one degree nearer to the throne. The cruelty and shameless injustice of Elizabeth to the luckless wife of his bosom, who had now been incarcerated for so many long years on the frivolous, and indeed impossible pretext, of practising against her Majesty's life by magic, might have suggested to the earl the fact that the crime of both princesses was their proximity to the regal succession, Mary Stuart as the representative of the elder hereditary line, and Margaret Countess of Derby of the parliamentary.

If we view his conduct from the mildest point of view, fears for his own safety, as the husband of the unfortunate Margaret Countess of Derby and the father of her sons, might possibly have influenced the earl in rendering himself one of Elizabeth's craven tools in assisting to condemn the hapless Queen of Scotland to the block.

As Sir Christopher Hatton was not promoted to the office of Lord Chancellor till April 29, 1587, it is certain that the following letter of Lady Derby, which is, like the others, undated, could not have been addressed to him till after that period.

It appears that in consequence of his favourable offices for Lady Derby to the queen, that lady had been released from her causeless durance, and permitted to reside at Isleworth, and that he had exhorted Lady Derby to write very humbly and gratefully to her Majesty, returning thanks for the very generous and gracious manner in which she had been treated.

Lady Margaret, by delaying her thanks, seems to have had small inclination to pour forth those florid expressions of loyalty, love, and gratitude, that were expected of her by the jealous despot, who had torn her from her husband and children, and kept her for upwards of ten years in hopeless bondage for a pretended offence. However, as the Lady Derby did not possess the truly royal spirit of either of her murdered cousins, Lady Jane Gray or Mary Queen of Scots, she indited a letter to Queen Elizabeth in the most abject strain of adulation, and sent it to her really kind friend, the Lord Chancellor Hatton, with her humble entreaty that he would read and amend anything he might deem amiss, and return it to herself, which, pursues she earnestly, "I beg, for God's sake, that you will do, even as your tender justice and the dignity of the place you are called unto demands.

"When you have seen it, I expect the return of it, with your pleasure and good advice, which, when I have written as well as I can, I will speedily send it you again, to be exhibited to her majesty, whom God long preserve, and send you great happiness and honour.

"Your bounden friend,

"MAR. DERBY."¹

¹ Additional MSS., No. 15,891, fol. 32.

CHAPTER VI.

MARGARET'S letter to Queen Elizabeth, painfully insincere and carefully studied as it is, must have disgusted the clear-sighted sovereign to whom it is addressed, by convincing her that it must be diametrically opposed to the sentiments of the unfortunate lady, who had received so many years of bitter sorrow and tribulation at her hands. How anyone under such circumstances could have written in that strain, we are at a loss to imagine; but here is the letter:—

“My dread and gracious Sovereign, most renowned in all clemency and justice,—I do prostrate myself, and most humbly crave that it will please your highness favourably to read, and mercifully to conceive, of these few lines and wretched estate of a very poor distressed woman, whose heart, God knoweth, hath long been overwhelmed with heaviness through the great loss of your majesty's favour and gracious countenance, which heretofore right joyfully I did possess; the only want of which hath made me eat my tears instead of bread, and to endure all griefs beside, that your gracious and high wisdom may imagine. But, most dear sovereign, I confess and acknowledge that I have found great mercy and goodness at your hands, that in your merciful consideration you sent me to the house of your majesty's grave officer, the Master of Requests, my very good friend and kinsman; and now from thence it hath pleased your highness, according to your accustomed benignity and rare goodness, to give order unto your honourable counsellors, the Lord Chancellor and Mr. Vice-Chamberlain, for my delivery to Isleworth House: for all which sweet branches from the tree of your majesty's mercy, I am, and so take myself to be, most dutifully bounden and thankful unto your highness, as I trust they will testify whom I besought with earnest unfeigned tears, upon my knees, to be mediators to your majesty for more plenty of your most noble favour, pity, and mercy towards me, without the good hope whereof I do account myself, heart and mind, to be in the black dungeon of sorrow and despair; and therefore, with more loyalness of heart than my pen can express, I lie most humbly at your gracious feet, and pray to God that shortly my heavy and dry sorrows may be quenched with the sweet dew and moisture of your majesty's abundant grace and virtue.

“Your majesty's most woful and miserable thrall,

“MAR. DERBY.”¹

¹ Additional MSS., No. 15,891, fol. 32.

But why, if Elizabeth had restored her to liberty, does she subscribe herself "Your majesty's woful and miserable thrall"?

Too well aware was Margaret that she was in like case with the poor mouse, whom its feline captor flatters with the hope of life and freedom while holding it under her paw, only awaiting the next moment to inflict the fatal blow.

Lady Margaret did not partake the lofty courage and unbending fortitude with which the kindred victims of state policy, Lady Jane Gray and Mary Queen of Scots, had met their doom. She does not expostulate with the queen for all the years of sorrow she had suffered. It is a strange fact that she ventured not to supplicate to be restored to her husband and her children. She does not even allude to them. A dark shadow of almost impenetrable obscurity seems to overhang her destiny.

There is no reason to believe that she and her husband ever lived together again. He was constituted by Queen Elizabeth, in April, 1589, Lord High Steward of England and sole judge at the trial of Philip Earl of Arundel for high treason. Her Majesty was also pleased to grant to Henry Earl of Derby, by her royal patent, for five years, the office of Lord High Chamberlain of Chester. Some time after this he determined to visit the Isle of Man, and on his way thither came to his house at Liverpool, called the Tower. While he was waiting there for a passage, the corporation of that town paid him the compliment of erecting for him a sumptuous stall in the church. He died in 1593, having been married to the Lady Margaret Clifford thirty-eight years. She attended his sumptuous funeral at Ormskirk in Lancashire.

In the course of their union she had borne four sons and a daughter to him. Edward, their first-born, died very young, so did Francis and her daughter. Fernando, Lord Strange, succeeded to the family honours and estates. He was a very accomplished young man, who married Alice the daughter of Sir John Spencer of Althorpe, in Northamptonshire, by whom he had only three daughters, who, as females, were incapable of either inheriting the earldom of Derby or the kingdom of Man.

Earl Fernando only enjoyed these honours a few brief months, for he died April 16, 1594. After a short but violent illness, which was, according to the temper of the times, imputed to the occult practices of a person of the name of Hacket, who had vainly tempted him to assume the title of King of England, as the male heir and representative of his grandmother, Lady Eleanor Brandon, and, finding Earl Fernando's loyalty impregnable, had threatened him with an untimely death.

His symptoms were so agonising as to defy all medical aid, and, after

his death, a little image of wax, stuffed with hair precisely the colour of his own, was found in his chamber, which was absurdly supposed to have been the cause of all his sufferings. Lord William Stanley, the youngest son of Henry Earl of Derby and the Lady Margaret, succeeded to the earldom of Derby and the kingdom of Man. A few weeks after the mysterious death of Earl Fernando, William Earl of Derby married the daughter of De Vere, Earl of Oxford, by the daughter of the prime minister, Burleigh, by whom he was the father of the loyal cavalier James Earl of Derby, who was beheaded by Oliver Cromwell after the battle of Worcester.

The Lady Margaret Countess of Derby returned to London, where she finally took up her abode at Clerkenwell, in one of her late cousin and friendly jailer Thomas Seckford's houses, which she had purchased of him before his death. She departed this life in 1596, and was buried in St. Edmund's Chapel, Westminster Abbey.

Her portrait remains at Skipton Castle, showing that she possessed much of the beauty of her race.

"It is remarkable of this lady," observes Camden in his record of her death, "that through an idle mixture of curiosity and ambition, supported by sanguine hopes and a credulous fancy, she much used the conversations of necromancers and figure-flingers; upon which account she lost a great share in the queen's inclinations a little before her death." This is the only mention of the Lady Margaret Countess of Derby by the usually circumstantial Camden, and it is certain that Elizabeth's favour was forfeited fifteen or twenty years before the death of the Lady Margaret.

The long inscription under her portrait at Skipton Castle, evidently written by a contemporary, bears the following high testimony to her worth:—

"She was a virtuous, noble, and kind-hearted lady, and full of goodness."

Very dearly, it must be acknowledged, were the ladies who shared the fatal heritage of the royal Tudor blood doomed to pay for the illegal attempt of Henry VIII. to reverse the laws of primogeniture in favour of the posterity of his younger sister.

THE LADY ARABELLA STUART.¹

CHAPTER I.

HAVING completed the lives of the princesses of the younger line of the royal House of Tudor, we shall conclude this melancholy volume with that of Arabella Stuart, who though, as the great-granddaughter of Margaret Tudor, Princess Royal of England, she occupied a higher place in the regal succession than the representatives of Mary Tudor, her younger sister, was not born till much later in the century, and survived the youngest of her cousins of the Brandon lineage twenty years.

Lord Charles Stuart, her father, was the last surviving son of the Lady Margaret Douglas, Countess of Lennox, and brother of the unfortunate Henry Lord Darnley, consort of Mary Queen of Scots, and by her favour titular King of Scotland.

After Mary Queen of Scots, King James her son, and Lady Lennox, from whom his right was derived, Lord Charles Stuart was presumptive heir of England. He was regarded with jealous eyes by Queen Elizabeth, who kept him in the background as much as possible. In the autumn of 1574, the Countess of Lennox obtained Queen Elizabeth's permission to visit her domain of Settrington, in Yorkshire, and left London accompanied by her son; but instead of proceeding into Yorkshire, she visited Katharine, Duchess-dowager of Suffolk, at her house at Huntingdon, where she met the Countess of Shrewsbury, who was accompanied by her daughter, Elizabeth Cavendish, one of her numerous family by her third husband, Sir William Cavendish.

The Countess of Shrewsbury invited Lady Lennox, with her son and the Duchess-dowager of Suffolk, to accompany her to Rufford Hall, her seat in that neighbourhood, where she entertained the party for

¹ See "Life of Margaret Countess of Lennox," in vol. ii. of *Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses connected with the Regal Succession of Great Britain* by Agnes Strickland.

several days. Lord Charles fell in love with Elizabeth Cavendish at first sight, and so engaged himself to her that their marriage followed as a matter of course.

Queen Elizabeth was infuriated when she learned what had taken place, and committed the mother of the bridegroom and the mother of the bride to the Tower, also the favourite servant of Lord Charles, who was said to have persuaded his lord to this unauthorised wedlock. There they lay for several months. While the mothers of the bridegroom and bride were in prison, the bride fled to Chatsworth, where, towards the close of the summer of 1575, she gave birth to the first and only child of her marriage with Lord Charles Stuart, Lady Arabella, or, as she was more familiarly called, Arabella Stuart.

The captive Queen of Scots frankly and affectionately acknowledged Arabella as her niece, conferred the title of Earl Lennox on Lord Charles, the father of the babe, and desired that he and his wife should always be entitled the Earl and Countess of Lennox.

On the emancipation of Lady Margaret, the Dowager-Countess of Lennox, from her imprisonment in the Tower, the young Earl and Countess of Lennox, as the parents of Arabella were now entitled, came with their infant daughter to reside with her in her house at Hackney. The Lady Margaret, who was now on perfect terms of confidence and good-will with her daughter-in-law, the Queen of Scots, with whom she had long established a loving correspondence, had the pleasure of receiving a letter from her soon after, enclosing a costly present for the infant Arabella, and also for the young Countess of Lennox, with an affectionate message of remembrance to the latter.

The captive queen and calumniated widow of Darnley never had the satisfaction of receiving the affectionate and reverential reply of the mother and sister-in-law of her murdered husband to this letter, written eight years after she had been withering in an English prison. It was intercepted by the emissaries of Cecil and Walsingham, and remains in the State Paper Office, where we had the happiness of discovering it, and leave to print a facsimile for the life of Mary Stuart, in which it appeared several years ago, and still affords Lady Lennox's witness in Mary's favour. The following is her allusion to the infant Arabella:—

“And now must I yield your majesty my most humble thanks for your good remembrance of our little daughter here [Arabella], who one day may serve your highness, Almighty God grant, and to your majesty long and happy life.¹ Hackney, this vith of November. Your majesty's most humble and loving mother and aunt,

“M. L.”

¹ See the facsimile of her letter at length in vol. iii. of *Life of Mary Stuart*, by Agnes Strickland, published by Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh.

Can any mother, however prejudiced against Mary Stuart, believe that Lady Lennox could thus have written to the alleged murderess of her son, unless possessed of convincing proofs of her innocence of that crime? Nature forbids the idea.

Between the date of the Lady Margaret's letter and the signature, her other daughter-in-law, Elizabeth Cavendish, the daughter of the Countess of Shrewsbury, who for nearly seven years had been domesticated with Queen Mary and her household, has written the following reverential little letter to her:—

"I most humbly thank your majesty that it pleased your highness to remember me, your poor servant, both with a token and in my lady grace's letter, which is not little to my comfort. I can but wish and pray God for your majesty's long and happy estate, till time I may do your majesty better service, which I think long to do, and shall always be as ready thereto as any servant your majesty hath, accordingly as in duty I am bound. I beseech your highness pardon these rude lines, and accept the good heart of the writer, who loves and honours your majesty unfeignedly. Your majesty's most humble and lowly servant during life,

"E. LENNOX."

These letters being intercepted, never reached the captive queen, to whom they would have afforded so much pleasure, but they remain in the State Paper Office to confute the deliberate false witness of the so-called historians, who shame not to quote Buchanan's forgeries with all their anachronisms and self-contradictions as evidences—the only evidences—that were ever produced of Mary Stuart's guilt.

Arabella's father, the young Earl of Lennox, died in the year 1576, leaving her an orphan in the first year of her age, unconscious of her loss. She is kindly mentioned and cared for in the will made by Mary Queen of Scots the following year, 1577. "I give," says the royal testatrix, "to my niece Arabella the earldom of Lennox, held by her late father, and enjoin my son, as my heir and successor, to obey my will in this particular"—James being himself the rightful Earl of Lennox.

The infant Arabella, in addition to her claims on the earldom of Lennox, was only four degrees from the thrones of England, Ireland, and Scotland.

The importance of Arabella's position was well understood by her haughty grandame, the Countess of Shrewsbury, who lost no time in reclaiming her from the Lady Margaret, Countess-dowager of Lennox, and commanded her daughter, the young widow of Charles Ear of Lennox, to repair with the precious babe to her at Sheffield Castle.

There is a lovely and most curious portrait of Lady Arabella Stuart



LADY ARABELLA STUART,

OB. 1615.

in the gallery of the Duke of Devonshire, at Hardwick, which represents her after her father's death in her orphan infancy. The inscription on the picture is "Arabella Comitessa Lennox, *ætatis suæ* 23 *menses*, anno Do. 1577," satisfactorily indicating that she was born in 1575, and witnessing that she had ceased to wear mourning for her father at that date. She is attired in white satin trimmed with pearls and brocaded with crimson and gold flowers. She has rich epaulettes of pearls, and her full embroidered sleeves are confined to her tiny wrists with costly jewelled bracelets. A garland of pearls and coloured gems surrounds her throat, and a costly necklace, like the collar of an order, supports a countess's coronet and a shield, with this motto, "*Pour parvenir j'indure.*"

Her golden hair is raised from her infant brow and combed back over a roll of white embroidered silk, surmounted with a frontlet of goldsmith's work, enriched with gems, and terminating with one pendent pearl on the forehead. She is exquisitely fair, with large blue eyes. The pretty red lips are pursed up with a look of earnest thought, apparently on some subject beyond her years. In her hand she holds a doll—a quaint doll of the period is a curious study—yclad in the precise costume of Mary Stuart in her bright morning days, when Queen of France, a crimson brocade bell-shaped robe, open in front to show a rich green kirtle, buttoned down with pearls and fringed with pear-shaped pearls round the bottom. Dolly is adorned with ruff, slashed sleeves, and ruffles. Her *coiffure* is an evident imitation of the peruke of the virgin queen.

CHAPTER II.

SCARCELY had the young widowed mother of the little Arabella settled herself and her child quietly at Sheffield Castle, when she was compelled by the importunity of her ambitious mother, the Countess of Shrewsbury, to accompany her to London, and urge Arabella's claims to the earldom of Lennox.

The Regent Mar, on the death of Matthew Earl of Lennox, had conferred the earldom on Earl Matthew's son, Lord Charles Stuart, although the young king was the rightful heir. The captive Queen of Scots, without any intention of legalising the act of the usurping regent, had also bestowed the same on Lord Charles and his heirs for ever.

But the Regent Mar was dead, and Morton (Mar's successor) thought proper to disallow the rights of the infant Arabella to succeed her

father, refusing to grant the Countess Elizabeth's dower, or to allow her to act as guardian to the infant heiress of the earldom, whose claims he denied.

The young countess solicited the aid of Burleigh, and thus eloquently returned her acknowledgments to him for speaking in her child's behalf to the Scotch ambassador:—

"I can but yield your lordship most hearty thanks for your continual goodness towards me and my little one, and specially for your lordship's late good dealing with the Scotch ambassador for my poor child's right, for which, as also sundry other ways, we are for ever bound to your lordship, whom I beseech still to further that cause, as to your lordship may seem best. I can assure your lordship, the earldom of Lennox was granted by Act of Parliament to my lord my late husband and the heirs of his body, so that they should offer great wrong in seeking to take it from Arabella, which I trust by your lordship's good means will be prevented."¹

This letter is dated August 15. After ten days of anxious suspense the next applied herself to the Earl of Leicester, well knowing his influence with Queen Elizabeth, and hers with the Regent of Scotland. Leicester warmly advocated the cause of the infant Arabella in the council-chamber, on which account the widowed countess addressed the following letter to express her gratitude and to induce him to continue his good offices for her fatherless child:²—

"Your lordship's most honourable and earnest dealings of late in the just cause of my poor infant for the earldom of Lennox, declareth plainly your noble mind and disposition as well to support the distressed (otherwise utterly unable to maintain their right), as also your most apparent friendship towards them to whom your lordship professeth the same, whereby I and my friends, above all others, do in heart honour your lordship, as by whom we think ourselves chiefly assisted in all our causes, which, for my part, I cannot but acknowledge, and with most thankful mind wish your lordship all happiness, by whose only goodness I assure myself of a good end of that cause; and so praying for your lordship's health and prosperity long to continue, take my leave, at Newgate Street, this 25th of August, 1578.

"Your lordship's most bounden,

"E. LENNOX."³

In her postscript the poor young widow communicates to Lord Robert Dudley, in confidence, the uncomfortable predicament in which

¹ Ellis's *Historical Letters*, 2nd series, vol. ii. p. 58. ³ See *Calendar of Domestic Series of State Papers*, preserved in the State Paper Department.

² Collection of Letters edited by Leonard ment. Edited by Robert Simon, Esq. Howard, D.D., p. 363.

she was placed, by her imperious mother insisting on removing her from her comfortable quarters at Chelsea, for fear of the plague, and compelling her to lodge in Newgate Street—not the most comfortable situation in London before the fire:—

“My Lord,—My mother hearing of the infection at Chelsea, whereof, though there was no great danger, yet her fears were such as, having not any fit house, that for necessity I must presently come hither by her commandment, which I have obeyed.”

The application to the Earl of Leicester was unavailing. His friend, the Regent Morton, was displaced, and soon afterwards brought to the scaffold for his share in the murder of Darnley. The young king bestowed the title and appanage of Lennox on Esme Stuart, Lord of Aubigny, his cousin from France.

The Lady Margaret, Countess of Lennox, having departed this life in the spring of 1577, not without suspicion of poison, Queen Elizabeth seized all her property, leaving Arabella destitute, although she stood the third only from the regal succession.

Sir William Cavendish, in 1579, addressed a supplication to the queen that the pension of 400*l.* a year bestowed on his sister, the Countess of Lennox, and 200*l.* on her daughter, the Lady Arabella, may be continued so long as the lands appertaining to the Countess of Lennox remain in her Majesty's hands.

Sir William might have spared his pains. There was no extricating any portion of the Lennox property from the tenacious grasp of Queen Elizabeth. The mother of Arabella died very early in the year 1582—according to the computation then practised in England, it was still reckoned 1581. The poor little Arabella, thus bereaved of her last surviving parent, was left, in the seventh year of her age, entirely to the care and tutelage of her grandmother, Lady Shrewsbury.

Lord Shrewsbury's letter to Lord Robert Dudley and Burleigh, announcing the melancholy event, is full of kind feeling. “It hath pleased God,” writes he, “to call to His mercy, out of this transitory world, my daughter Lennox, this present Sunday, being the 21st of January, about three of the clock in the morning. Both towards God and the world she made a most godly and good end, was in most perfect memory all the time of her sickness, even to her last hour. Sundry times did she make her most earnest prayer to the Almighty for her majesty's most happy estate, and the long and prosperous continuance thereof; and, as one infinitely bound to her highness, humbly beseeched her majesty to have pity upon her poor orphan Arabella Stuart, and as, at all times heretofore, both the mother and poore daughter were most infinitely bound to her highness, so her

assured trust was that her majesty would continue the same accustomed goodness and bounty to the poor child she left.¹ And of this her suit and humble petition my said daughter Lennox, by her last will and testament, requireth both your lordships (to whom she acknowledged herself always most bound) in her name most lowly to make this humble petition to her majesty, and to present with all humility unto her majesty a poor remembrance, delivered by my daughter's own hands, which very shortly will be sent with my daughter's humble prayer for her highness' most happy estate, and most lowly beseeching her highness in such sort to accept thereof as it pleased the Almighty to receive the poor widow's mite."²

The Countess Elizabeth Lennox, whom Shrewsbury mentions with so much tenderness, was only his step-daughter. He speaks of the great affliction of his wife her mother. That lady writes a week later to Burleigh, thanking him for his past kindness. "How much your lordship did bind me," she says, "the poor woman that is gone, and my sweet *joull* Arabella, at our last being at court, neither the mother, during her life, nor I *can* ever forget, but most thankfully acknowledge it; and so I am well assured will the young babe, when her ripper years will suffer her to know her best friends."

Lady Shrewsbury next proceeds to call the minister's attention to a matter of great interest to her—the funds for the education and maintenance of the orphan. "I hope," continues she, "that her majesty, upon my most humble suit, will let the portion which her majesty bestowed on my daughter and my jewel Arabella remain wholly to the child for her better education. Her servants that are to look to her, her masters that are to train her up in all good learning and virtue, will require no small charge, wherefore my earnest request to your lordship is to recommend this my humble suit unto her majesty."³

After a delay of four months, the careful grandame wrote again to her friend Burleigh, to remind him of her suit in behalf of Arabella. The money she so pertinaciously claims was not a royal gift, but absolutely an allowance out of the English property of the Lady Margaret and her husband Matthew Earl of Lennox, seized by Elizabeth on the engagement of Mary Queen of Scots to their son Lord Darnley, and pertinaciously retained by her during the life of the Lady Margaret, except some scanty instalments for her maintenance and that of her son Lord Charles, and these two annuities of four hundred pounds to his wife and two hundred to his daughter, at the earnest petition of Lady Shrewsbury, as we see by the following letter from the countess to Burleigh, in which she says:—"It pleased her majesty, upon my

¹ Ellis's *Historical Letters*, 2nd series, vol. January 21st (1581-82).
iii. pp. 60-61.

² This letter is dated from Sheffield Manor, ³ Ellis's *Historical Letters*, 2nd series, vol. iii. p. 64.

humble suit, to grant unto my late daughter Lennox four hundred pounds, and to her dear and only daughter, Arabella, two hundred pounds yearly, for her better maintenance, *out of parcel of the land of her inheritance*, whereof the four hundred is now at her majesty's disposition by the death of my daughter Lennox, whom it pleased God, I doubt not in mercy, for her good, but to my no small grief, in her best time to take out of this world, whom I cannot yet remember but with a sorrowful troubled mind. I am now, my good lord, to be an humble suitor to the queen's majesty that it may please her to confirm that grant of the whole six hundred pounds, yearly, for the education of my dearest jewel Arabella; . . . and as I know your lordship hath especial care for the ordering of her majesty's revenues and estates every way, so trust I you will consider of the poor infant's case, who, under her majesty, is to appeal only unto your lordship for succour in all her distresses, who, I trust, cannot dislike of this my suit in her behalf, considering the charges incident to her bringing up. For although she were ever where her mother was during her life, yet can I not now like she should be here nor in any place else where I may not sometimes see her, and daily here I hear of her; and therefore charged with keeping house where she must be with such as is fit for her calling, of whom I have special care, not only as a natural mother hath of her best beloved child, but much greater in respect how she is in blood to her majesty; albeit one of the poorest, and depending wholly of her majesty's gracious bounty and goodness, and being now upon vii years, and very apt to learn and able to conceive what shall be taught her. The charge will so increase as I doubt not her majesty will well conceive the six hundred pounds yearly to be little enough, which, as your lordship knoweth, is but as so much in money for that the lands be in lease, and no further commodity to be looked for during the few years of the child's minority."¹

Arabella was with her grandmother, at Sheffield, when this letter was written, and it appears that two hundred a year was all that was allowed for the education and bringing up of this highly-connected child. Notwithstanding Lady Shrewsbury's disappointment as to the allowance, she regarded Arabella as the future Queen of England, for, after the captive Queen of Scots and the young king, she stood heiress presumptive to the throne. The boastful temper of the haughty countess impelled her to tell the unfortunate prisoner Queen Mary "that Arabella was the true heiress to the childless sovereign, Queen Elizabeth, not being an alien by birth like Mary and her son, who were of course ineligible for the royal succession."² Mary was, of course, deeply

¹ Ellis's *Historical Letters*, vol. iii. p. 66.

² Despatches of La Mothe Fénelon.

offended, and charged the French ambassador to inform Elizabeth of the ambitious presumption of the Countess of Shrewsbury, who had also betrothed her little granddaughter to the son of the Earl of Leicester,¹ through whom she trusted to compass her design. "The children," continued Mary, "are educated with the idea of marriage, and their portraits have been sent to each other."

The Countess of Shrewsbury, in return, accused Mary of alienating her husband's heart from her; she was then on bad terms with him on money matters, and departed from Sheffield Castle with Arabella to Chatsworth. She next commenced a Chancery suit against her lord, and encouraged her two younger sons by Sir William Cavendish to circulate scandals regarding Shrewsbury and his royal charge. All three were compelled to deny their assertions in the council-chamber, before the queen, her council, and the French ambassador, declaring on their knees that "the Queen of Scotland, since she had been in England, had never deported herself otherwise in honour and chastity than became a queen and a princess of her quality."

The murder of Mary Queen of Scots placed Arabella in such near proximity to the throne, that Queen Elizabeth determined to use her as a puppet to awaken the jealousy of her royal kin-man, the young King James, by affecting to treat her as her intended successor. She accordingly ordered her to come to London and await her pleasure.

Arabella proceeded to the metropolis under the care of her uncle and aunt, Lord and Lady Talbot, in July 1587, and while residing with them in their humble lodgings in Colman Street, continued to take lessons in French. They were so proud of her progress in this language, that when writing a joint letter to the all-potent minister, Lord Burleigh, they made Arabella finish with the following note to him in French:—

"Je prieray Dieu, Monsieur, vous donner une parfaite et entière santé, tout heureux et bon succès, et seray toujours preste à vous faire tout honneur et service.

"ARBELLA STUART."

At length the queen sent for her to court, and invited the lady of Châteauneuf, the French ambassador, and a great assembly of the English nobility to dinner. Arabella, though only twelve years old, was given the place of honour next the queen, as her nearest relation.

After dinner, when they had all withdrawn into a stately hall, her Majesty asked Madame de Châteauneuf "if she had remarked a little girl who had dined at her table." "She is my relation," continued the queen, and called the Lady Arabella to her. Madame de Château-

¹ This was the Earl of Denbigh, the son of the Earl of Leicester by his Countess Leticia Knolles, the widow of Walter Earl

of Essex. The boy died on July 19, 1594, and was buried in the Collegiate Church at Warwick.

neuf spoke much in her commendation, and remarked that "she spoke French very well, and seemed very sweet and gracious."

"Observe her well," said the queen, "for she is not so simple as you may think. One day she will be even as I am, lady mistress here; but I shall have been before her."¹

CHAPTER III.

HER visit to the court, brief as it was, disinclined the young Arabella to return to the toilsome routine of the elaborate education she was receiving by the orders of her grandmother, and when she returned to Wingfield she took advantage of the temporary absence of that lady to refuse all her tasks, and amuse herself in her own way. At last her naughty doings were thus communicated to the countess by her faithful controller, Nicholas Kynnersly:—

"My Lady Arabella at eight of the clock this night was merry and eat her meal well, but she went not to school this six days; therefore I would be glad of your ladyship coming home, if it were only for this."²

The return of the stern old countess had of course the effect of reducing the high-spirited girl to order for awhile; but, regarded, as she could not but perceive she was, as the future Queen of England, she occasionally manifested a will of her own.

The family of the old countess looking on Arabella as the future Queen of England, regarded her with pride and complacency instead of jealousy, and in all their letters have something agreeable to say of her, as Gilbert Lord Talbot and his wife, Mary Cavendish, write to the old countess:—"July 1, 1589. Our prayer to God is to prosper my Lady Arabella, and to bless our little ones, and to reward your ladyship for your great care and goodness to them. The queen," continues Gilbert, "asked me very carefully the last day I saw her for the Lady Arabella. God bless her with all His blessings."³

Arabella grew up a very lovely young woman, learned and accomplished; she was often spoken of as a future consort for her royal cousin, the King of Scotland. The astute premier of Queen Elizabeth, Lord Burleigh, is said to have taken great pains to prevent any alliance of the kind, intending Arabella for his son Sir Robert Cecil, in which case he would have strained every nerve to procure the regal suc-

¹ Letter of Châteauneuf, the French ambassador, to King Henry III., August 27, 1587.

² Hunter's *Hallamshire*.
³ Birch MS.

cession for her. The young lady having no inclination for this union, evaded it by declaring "that no match in England was worthy of her attention."

The first letter written to Arabella by her royal kinsman, the young King of Scotland, that was permitted to reach her hands, is very sensible and manly, and certainly worthy of the attention of her biographers.¹ He says:—"Although the natural bonds of blood, my dear cousin, be sufficient for the good entertainment of amity, yet will I not abstain from those common offices of letters, having now so long kept silence till the fame and report of so good parts in you have interpellated me. And as I cannot but in heart rejoice, so can I not forbear to signify to you hereby what contentment I have received, hearing of your so virtuous behaviour, wherein I pray you most heartily to continue; not that I doubt thereof, being certified of so full concurrence of nature and nurture, but that you may be the more encouraged to proceed in your virtuous demeanour, reaping the fruit of so honest estimation, the increase of your honour and joy, and your kindly affected friends, especially of me, whom it pleaseth most to see so virtuous and honourable scions arise of that race whereof we have both our descent. Now, hearing more certain notice of the place of your abode, I will the more frequently visit you by my letters, which I mean to be glad to do in person, expecting also to know from time to time of your estate by your own hand, which I look you will not weary to do, being first summoned by me, knowing how far I shall be pleased thereby.

"From Holyrood House, the 23rd of December, 1591.²

"Your loving and affectionate cousin,

"JAMES R."

Meantime a plot was discovered by the ministers of Queen Elizabeth for the abduction of Arabella by the agents of Spain, Sir William Stanley, Rolleston, and Semple, who had undertaken to convey her to Flanders. Arabella was then spending her time at Hardwick, under the care of her grandmother, the Dowager Countess of Shrewsbury.³

Burleigh sent a special messenger with a letter to the old countess, informing her of the discovery of the plot, and exhorting her to be very careful of the safety of the young lady, lest she should be stolen away.

Lady Shrewsbury, who was greatly troubled and alarmed at the tidings, writes confidentially in reply to the minister as follows:—

"I was at first much troubled to think that so wicked and mischievous practices should be devised to entrap my poor Arbella and me; but I put my trust in the Almighty, and will use such diligent

¹ State Papers; Scot. xlv. 12, fol. 123.

² *Ibid.*

³ Strype,

care as I doubt not but to prevent whatsoever shall be attempted by any wicked persons against the poor child. I am most bound to her majesty that it pleased her to appoint your lordship to give me knowledge of this wicked practice, and I humbly thank your lordship for advertising it. I will not have any unknown or suspected person to come to my house. I have little resort to me. My house is furnished with sufficient company. Arbell walks not late; at such time as she shall take the air, it shall be near the house, and well attended to; she goeth not into anybody's house at all. I see her almost every hour in the day. She lieth in my bed-chamber. If I can be more precise than I have been I will. I am bound in nature to be careful for Arbell. I find her loving and dutiful to me, yet her own good and safety is not more by me regarded than to accomplish her majesty's pleasure. I would rather wish many deaths than to see this or any suchlike wicked attempts prevail."¹

Then the old countess speaks with suspicion "of the seminary priest Harrison, who, about a year since," she says, "lay at his brother's house about a mile from Hardwick," where she and Arabella were then residing. She thought then to have had him apprehended, but found he had a licence for a time. He was probably one of Walsingham's spics, perhaps the same Harrison who forged Queen Elizabeth's sign-manual to the warrant for Mary Queen of Scots' execution; but of course Lady Shrewsbury was not entrusted with the secret of his practices with Walsingham. It is even possible he might have been employed to watch her and her family. "Since my coming into the country again," continues she, "I had some intelligence that the same seminary was come again to his brother's house. My son, William Cavendish, went thither of a sudden to search for him, but could not find him. I write thus much to your lordship, that if any such traitorous and naughty persons (through her majesty's clemency) be suffered to go abroad, that they may not harbor near my houses, Wingfield, Hardwick, and Chatsworth, in Derbyshire: they are the likeliest instruments to put a bad matter in execution."

The suspicious old lady next proceeds to discuss the possibility of one of Arabella's former masters having some concern with the project for her abduction. She says:—"One Morley, who hath attended on Arbell and read to her for the space of three years and a half, showed to be much discontented since my return into the country, saying, he had lived in hope to have some annuity granted him by Arbell out of her land, during his life, or some lease of grounds to the value of forty pounds a year, alledging that he was so much damaged by leaving the university, and now saw that she had not the ability to make him any such assurance. I understanding by divers that Morley

¹ Lady Shrewsbury to Burleigh; Ellis, 2nd series, p. 166.

was so much discontented, and withal having some cause to be doubtful of his forwardness in religion, though I cannot charge him with papistry, took occasion to part with him. After he was gone from my house, and all his stuff carried from hence, the next day he returned again very importunate to serve, without standing upon any recompence, which made me more suspicious and willing to part from him. I have another in my house who will supply Morley's place very well for the time. I will have those that shall be sufficiently honest and well disposed, as near as I can. I am inforced," continues the old countess, "to use the hand of my son, William Cavendish, not being able to write so much myself, for fear of bringing great pain to my head. He only is privy to your lordship's letter, and neither Arbell nor any other living shall be."

This letter is dated "From my house at Hardwick, the 21st of Sept., 1592."¹

Arbella was then seventeen, and had declined many offers of marriage. Her cousin, the King of Scotland, desired to match her with their mutual kinsman Esmé Stuart, his favourite minister and friend, whom he had created Duke of Lennox; but Queen Elizabeth angrily forbade the marriage. As the duke was many years older than Arabella, she received the interdict with perfect calmness.

Arabella was kept in the shade during the latter years of Elizabeth's reign. She resided chiefly in the country with her widowed grandmother, at one or other of her country seats in Derbyshire.

The old countess thought proper, at the beginning of the year 1600, to remind the queen of the existence of her fair young kinswoman, by employing Dorothy, Lady Stafford, to present New Year's gifts from herself and Lady Arabella, that of Lady Arabella being of great beauty and rarity, together with a dutiful letter from Lady Shrewsbury to the queen, humbly beseeching her majesty "to have a care of Arbella, that she might be bestowed to her good liking in marriage."

CHAPTER IV.

LADY STAFFORD was related both to the queen and Lady Arabella, for her mother, Ursula Pole, was daughter to Margaret Countess of Salisbury, daughter to George Duke of Clarence. She duly informs Lady Shrewsbury "that she had presented both hers and the Lady Arbella's New Year's gifts to the queen, who had been graciously pleased to accept them, and had taken an especial fancy to that of

¹ Lady Shrewsbury to Burleigh; Ellis, 2nd series, p. 168.

my Lady Arbella. It pleased her majesty," continues Lady Stafford, "to tell me that whereas, in certain former letters, of your ladyship's, your desire was that her majesty would have that regard for my Lady Arbella, that she might be carefully bestowed to her majesty's good liking; that alluding to the contents of these letters, her majesty told me she would be careful of her, and withal hath returned a token to my Lady Arbella, which is not so good as I could wish it, nor so good as her ladyship deserveth in respect to the rareness of that she sent to her majesty."

Arabella having attained the age of five-and-twenty in single blessedness, thought it time to enter into some alliance, for, although five-and-twenty is the very pride of woman's age, princesses were rarely disengaged ten years younger.

Perceiving that Elizabeth did not intend, to bestow her in marriage, Arabella engaged herself in a love-affair with the Earl of Northumberland, who undoubtedly would have been a suitable consort for her; but the queen was enraged when she learned what was proceeding, and sternly forbade it.

The neglected, plundered Arabella was an object of attention and the subject of busy intrigues on the Continent. In the first place, two of the descendants of Clarence, Arthur Pole and his brother Galfrid Pole, though much too aged to wed with her, were looking with longing eyes to her alliance. They told Cardinal d'Ossat,¹ "they were of the ancient royal blood of the Plantagenets," and solicited his interest with Henry IV. of France, his sovereign, to send them into England to the queen their relative, thinking they might by that means obtain sight and speech with her supposed heiress. Unfortunately for them, Arthur Pole was in the service of Cardinal Farnese, the brother of the Duke of Parma, and the pope thought the said cardinal would be a very suitable person to place on the throne of England, as the husband of Arabella, on the death of the declining English queen. The pope would have been glad to place the cardinal on the throne of England without Arabella, but was aware his party would not be strong enough unless he could make an alliance with hers.² He would have married her to the Duke of Parma, but the duke was already provided with a wife. The duke had pretensions to the throne of Portugal through the marriage of an infanta with one of his ancestors, and by that descent he and his brother the cardinal were representatives of John of Gaunt. As for the cardinal's vows, they were easily set aside, and the pope considered this arrangement would be a good thing for the Church.

Father Parson's book on the royal succession of England, published in 1594, made a great impression on the Continent, and especially on

¹ *Lettre du Cardinal d'Ossat à l'Évêque de Mayence*, p. 368.

² *Ibid.* pp. 617-18.

the pope and Cardinal d'Ossat, who tells his master, Henry IV., that, after the Queen of England, the King of Scotland and the Lady Arabella Stuart were nearest of the blood royal, that the Earls of Derby and Hertford came next to them; then of the House of Clarence were the Earl of Huntingdon and the brothers Arthur and Galfrid Pole, but that the title of the Duke of Parma and his brother, Cardinal Farnese, was far superior as representatives of the legitimate line of Lancaster, through their descent from Philippa Plantagenet, the eldest daughter of John of Gaunt. The objection to the King of Scotland, he stated, was, that he was not born in England, therefore an alien; and to Lady Arabella, that she was a woman, and of course ineligible, as three females reigning successively would be very distasteful to the English nation. But the like objection held good in regard to the infanta Clara Eugenia, to whom her brother, King Philip III., had made over his claims to the crown of England, derived from the second daughter of John Duke of Lancaster, since Clara Eugenia was no less a woman than Arabella Stuart.¹ There is room to believe Arabella was a Roman Catholic, and this affords a reason for the pope's anxiety for a marriage between her and Cardinal Farnese.

A rumour having been confidently spread that Arabella had become a convert to the Church of Rome, her cousin the King of Scotland, to whom it had been conveyed, thus notices the injurious report in a letter to Lord Henry Howard:—

"I am, from my heart, sorry for the accident which hath befallen Arabella, but as nature enforceth me to love her, as the creature nearest of kin to me, next my own children, so would I for her own weal that such order were taken as she might be preserved from evil company, and that evil-inclined persons might not have access unto her, abusing the frailty of her youth and sex; for if it be true, as I am credibly informed, that she is lately moved by the persuasions of the Jesuits to change her religion and declare herself Catholic, it may easily be judged that she hath been very evilly attended on by them that should have had greater care of her when persons so odious, not only to all good Englishmen, but to all the rest of the world, Spain only excepted, should have access to have conferred with her at such leisure as to have disputed and moved her in matters of religion."

The declining Queen Elizabeth was rendered very miserable by hearing, soon after the death of Lord Beauchamp's wife, that Arabella had proposed herself to him for a second consort, thus to unite her title with his, he being the eldest son of Lady Katharine Gray.² Many writers have confused Lord Beauchamp with his youthful son, William Seymour, whom Lady Arabella Stuart, ten years afterwards, married; but he, at this time, was a mere schoolboy, and it is very

¹ Cardinal d'Ossat to Henry IV. of France

² Lingard's *Notes*.

improbable that Arabella, a beautiful woman of seven-and-twenty, wooed by princes and nobles, would condescend to waste a thought on a lad so many years her junior. It was a connexion that, instead of strengthening her title, would expose her to the ridicule of every court in Europe.

By Cecil's advice, Arabella was arrested, and sent to the gloomy fortress of Sheriff Hutton in Yorkshire, to be kept out of the way of mischief.

Her name in connection with that of Katharine Gray's son continued to excite great irritability in the queen; and on the last night of her life, when three of her ministers endeavoured to induce her to name her successor, and mentioned Lord Beauchamp, she angrily exclaimed, "I will have no rascal's son to succeed me."

And these were her last words.¹

The Lady Arabella Stuart, being of the royal blood, was especially required to attend the funeral of Queen Elizabeth. Her place would indubitably have been to walk as chief lady mourner. She, however, refused to be present, saying, "Sith her access to the queen in her lifetime might not be permitted, she would not after her death be brought so near her, as on a stage for public spectacle."² This was a most philosophical renunciation of the opportunity of securing her place of near proximity to the English crown.

CHAPTER V.

THE accession of James I. to the throne of Great Britain brought freedom, wealth, and pleasure to Lady Arabella. She immediately received the eight hundred a year so shamelessly withheld by Queen Elizabeth, and also the two hundred a year which had been stopped during her imprisonment, and he accorded also an allowance of many dishes of meat for her household.

Arabella met and welcomed the queen, near her uncle Sir Charles Cavendish's seat, at Welbeck, having devised a pastoral masque for that purpose with a company of young persons of rank, dressed like shepherds and shepherdesses, crowned with flowers, and singing verses in honour of the meeting, and the blessings of peace which the accession of King James promised to secure to the united realm. Then came a troop of huntsmen, arrayed in green and silver, conducting a herd of tame deer, with their horns tipped with gold. These huntsmen announced the approach of Diana to welcome the queen; lastly appeared

¹ Lingard's *Notes*.

² Sloane MS., No. 718; Ellis's *Original Letters*, vol. iii. p. 59

Lady Arabella, in the character of the goddess, surrounded by her nymphs. The pageant was very successful, pleased the queen and delighted the princess royal, to whom Lady Arabella had been appointed state governess by the king.

Everything was most charming. It was Arabella's first public appearance, and when the king held a chapter of the Order of the Garter at Windsor, Lady Arabella and the young princess, her pupil, witnessed it from one of the window recesses in St. George's Hall.

The king and queen treated Arabella as the first lady of the court, and recognised her as next to the royal children in the succession.

The king granted her a fine income, and the queen behaved to her with the affectionate familiarity of a sister.

The queen's secretary and master of the guests, William Fowler, fell desperately in love with the Lady Arabella. He wrote in the most absurd and euphuistic strain to her uncle and aunt Shrewsbury on the subject of her perfections.¹ "I cannot forbear," he says, "from giving you advertisements of my great and good fortune in obtaining the acquaintance of my Lady Arabella, who may be to the first seven justly the eighth wonder of the world. I send two sonnets unto my most virtuous and honourable lady, the expressions of my honour to the honour of her whose sufficiency and perfections merit more regard than this ungrateful and depressing age will afford or suffer."

We only quote from one a few lines:—

"Thou goodly nymph, possess with heavenly fear,
Divine in soul, devout in life, and grave,
Rapt from thy sense and sex, thy spirit doth steer,
Joys to avoid which reason doth bereave.
O graces rare!" &c.

In another letter, he says:—"My Lady Arabella spends her time in lecture-reading, hearing of service, preaching, and visiting all the princesses. She will not hear of marriage. Indirectly there were speeches used in recommendation of Count Maurice, who pretendeth to be Duke of Gueldres. I dare not attempt her."²

Fowler would only have exposed himself to the laughter of the Lady Arabella if he had ventured to play the wooer in good earnest. She had ceased to think of Lord Beauchamp, and spent her days in innocent cheerfulness and mirth.

The court removed from London because of the infection of the plague; and Arabella writes the following lively letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury from Abingdon:³—

"At my return from Oxford, where I have spent this day, whilst my Lord Cecil, amongst many more weighty affairs, was despatching some of mine, I found my cousin Lacy had disburdened himself of

¹ Lodge's *Illustrations of History*.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*, vol. iii. p. 20.

the charge he had from you, and straight fell to prepare his freight back. I wrote to you of the reason of the delay of Taxis'¹ audience; it remaineth to tell how jovially he behaveth himself in the interim. He hath brought great store of Spanish gloves, hawks' hoods, leather for jerkins, and moreover a perfumer; these delicacies he bestoweth among our lords and ladies—I will not say with a hope to effeminate the one sex, but certainly with a hope to grow gracious with the other, as he already is. The curiosity of our sex drew many ladies and gentlemen to gaze at him betwixt his landing-place and Oxford, his abiding-place; which he, desirous to satisfy (I will not say nourish that vice), made his coach stay, and took occasion, with petty gifts and courtesies, to soon win more affections; who, comparing his manner with Monsieur de Rosny's, hold him a far welcomer guest. At Oxford he took some distaste about his lodging, and would needs lodge at an inn, because he had not all Christ's College to himself, and was not received into the town by the vice-chancellor *in pontificalibus*, which they never do but to the king or queen or chancellor of the university, as they say; but these scruples were soon digested, and he vouchsafeth to lodge in a piece of the college till his repair to the king at Winchester.

"Count AreMBERG² was here within these few days, and presented to the queen the archduke and the infanta's pictures, most excellently drawn. Yesterday the king and queen dined at a lodge of Sir Henry Lee's, three miles hence,³ and were accompanied by the French ambassador and a Dutch duke. I will not say we were merry at the Dutchkin, lest you complain of me for telling tales out of the queen's coach; but I could find it in my heart to write unto you some of our yesterday's adventures, but that it groweth late, and by the shortness of your letter I conjecture you would not have this honest gentleman overladen with superfluous relations."

Notwithstanding this remark, Lady Arabella goes on to discuss some court gossip in a lively strain; then, in conclusion, adds:—"But if ever there were such a virtue as courtesy at the court, I marvel what has become of it, for I protest I see little or none of it, but in the queen, who, ever since her coming to Newbury, hath spoken to the people as she passeth, and receiveth their prayers with thanks and thankful countenance bareface [that is, without a mask], to the great contentment of native and foreign people; for I would not have you think the French ambassador would leave that attractive virtue of our late Queen Elizabeth unremembered or uncommended, when he saw it

¹ The Spanish ambassador, Don Juan de Taxis, Conde de Villa Medina.

² The ambassador of the Archduke Albert and the Infanta Clara Eugenia, the sovereigns

of Flanders.

³ Dyckley Park, now the seat of Viscount Dillon.

imitated by our most gracious queen, lest you should think we infect even our neighbours with incivility. But what a theme have rude I gotten unawares! It is your own virtue I commend by the folly of the contrary vice, and so thinking on you, my pen accused myself before I was aware. Therefore I will put it to silence for this time, only adding a short but most hearty prayer for your prosperity in all kinds, and so humbly take my leave.

“Your lordship’s niece,

“ARABELLA STUART.

“From Woodstock, Sept. 16th.”

Her next remove was with the queen to Winchester, where she spent the summer. We are indebted to her lively pen for the following account of how they were endeavouring to while away their seclusion:—

“Will you know,” asks she, “how we spend our time on the queen’s side [her Majesty’s suite of apartments]? Whilst we were at Winchester there were certain child’s plays remembered by the queen’s fair ladies, such as ‘Risc, pig, and go,’ ‘I pray, my lord, give me a course in your park,’ ‘One penny follow me;’ and when I came to court they were as highly in request as ever cracking nuts was. So I was by the mistress of the revels not only compelled to play at I know not what (for till that day I never heard of a play called ‘Fire!’), but I was even persuaded by the princely example to play the child again. This exercise is mostly used from ten o’clock at night to two or three in the morning, but the day I made one it began at twilight and ended at supper-time.”¹

The poor queen and her ladies must have been sadly at a loss for diversion before they had recourse to these puerile though harmless games, in order to while away the hours, which passed heavily laden with court *ennui*, in the antique castle of Winchester.

CHAPTER VI.

EARLY in November Lady Arabella returned to London, having been warned that Sir Walter Raleigh and Lord Cobham designed to introduce her name as a party in the conspiracy against her royal cousin, the king. Accordingly she was in a gallery as a personal auditor of the trial, in the course of which Lord Cecil said:—

“Here hath been a touch of the Lady Arabella Stuart, a near kinswoman of the king. Let us not scandal[ise] the innocent by confusion of speech. She is as innocent of all those things as I or any one

¹ *Remarkable Trials in Great Britain*, vol. ii. p. 119.

here; only she received a letter from my Lord Cobham to prepare her [for the proceedings of the conspirators], which she laughed at, and directly sent it to the king. So far was she from discontentment [being malcontent with the government] that she laughed him [the conspirator Cobham] to scorn."

The Lord-Admiral Nottingham, the hero of the Armada, who was in a gallery, having the Lady Arabella by his side, then stood up and spoke:—"The lady here doth protest, upon her salvation, that she never dealt in any of these things [viz., with the conspiracy], and so she willeth me to tell the court."

Then Lord Cecil again explained, in the name of Lady Arabella:—"Lord Cobham wrote to my Lady Arabella to know if he might come to speak with her, giving her to understand that there were some about the king that laboured to disgrace her, but she doubted this was but a trick."

George Brook said "that his brother Lord Cobham urged him to procure Arabella to write letters to the King of Spain, but that he never did so."

Raleigh retorted with a personal insult on Lady Arabella, saying "she was a woman with whom he had no acquaintance, and of all whom he ever saw he liked her the least."

Lady Arabella was also present at Garnet's trial, but not publicly, for, like her royal cousin King James, she occupied a sheltered nook where she could hear and see without its being known.

At the approach of Christmas, Arabella felt much perplexed in the choice of her New Year's gifts to the queen, for she was very poor. She consulted a lady who was much in her Majesty's confidence, as to what would be likely to please, "and her answer was," writes Arabella to her aunt, Lady Shrewsbury, "the queen regarded not the value but the device. The gentlewoman neither liked gowns nor petticoats so well as some little bunch of rubies to hang in her ear, or some such daft toy. I mean to give her majesty two pairs of gloves lined, if London afford me not some toy I like better, whercof I cannot bethink me. The time is spent, and therefore you had need crave none of it. I am making the king a purse; and for all the world else I am unprovided. This time will manifest my poverty more than all the rest of the year. But why should I be ashamed of it when it is others' fault and not in me? My quarter's allowance will not defray this one charge, I believe."¹

This letter to her aunt, Lady Shrewsbury, is dated from Fulston, December 8, 1603.

She spent the Christmas merrily with the king and queen at Hampton Court, and was appointed carver to the queen. She herself jokes to

¹ Sloane MS., No. 4164.

her uncle and aunt, about her awkwardness in the performance of duties so unwonted to her; but she says, "the queen was very gracious, and took her unhandsome carving in very good part."

In February the court returned to London, and in the equestrian procession through the city Arabella was given the place next to the queen, which, according to her near relationship to the king, was her due. The favour she received from both was unbounded, which reconciled her to King James's refusal of the matrimonial proposal the King of Poland preferred to him for her hand by his ambassador.

The queen's brother, Duke Ulric of Holstein, was much in love with her; but though accounted a very comely man, he failed to win her heart. She appears to have enjoyed the pride of her conquests, but to have been wholly disinclined to marry.

The king now increased her income with a clear grant of 1,000*l.* per annum, free from all deductions and for life.¹ Yet Arabella was not comfortable, for she was suffering from chronic pain and constant fatigue of body from the boisterous sylvan sports to which both king and queen were so much addicted. She writes to her aunt the Countess of Shrewsbury, about this time, the following letter, which betrays her discomfort without entering into unavailing complaints:—

"Madame,—This everlasting hunting, the toothache and the continual moans by my Lord Cecil, makes me only write these few lines to show I am not unmindful of your commandments, and reserve the rest I have to write both to you and my uncle, some few hours longer till my pain assuage, and I have given my never intermitted attendance on the queen, who daily extendeth her favours more and more towards me. The Almighty send you and my uncle all prosperity, and keep me still, I beseech you, in your good opinion, who will ever remain

"Your ladyship's niece to command,

"ARABELLA STUART."²

The old Countess of Shrewsbury had not been on friendly terms with her granddaughter Arabella for several years, and now she was reported to be very ill, near death. Arabella considered it her duty to visit her, but she was so fearful of what reception she might obtain, that the king perceiving her uneasiness, wrote to the old lady, requesting her to see and be reconciled to his dear cousin Arabella.

To this the venerable countess reluctantly consented. Arabella went to see her, and was coldly received; her unconcealed affection for the young Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury and Sir Henry and Lady Cavendish prevented her from joining in the abuse the old lady lavished on them, so the reconciliation was only nominal,³ and Arabella gladly returned to court, where she was treated with unfeigned respect and admiration.

¹ Document in State Paper Office, December 8, 1604.

² Sloane MS., No. 4164, undated.

³ Lodge's *Illustrations of History*, vol. iii.

CHAPTER VII.

THE queen retired to Greenwich for her confinement. Arabella had apartments in the palace, and was invited to stand with the queen's brother, Ulric Duke of Holstein, and the Countess of Northumberland for the royal infant, a little princess, who was named Mary.

The king was in such high glee at the birth of his first English child, that he told Lady Arabella to ask what she would, and he would grant it. Arabella requested him to confer a peerage on her uncle, Sir Henry Cavendish. The king graciously assented to the petition, and created him Baron Cavendish of Hardwick.¹

Fêtes, masques, and all sorts of gaieties followed the reappearance of the queen in the court, in all which Arabella participated.

Lady Arabella was beloved and esteemed by her royal kinsman, Henry Prince of Wales; from his childhood he sought to oblige her in every possible way, and to no person was his early death a severer blow. So early as 1605 he exerted himself to prefer a kinsman of hers whom she had recommended to his patronage. She acknowledged his kindness by the following letter:—

“Sir,—My intention to attend your highness to-morrow, God willing, cannot stay me from acknowledging, by these few lines, how infinitely I am bound to your highness for your gracious disposition to me, which faileth not to show itself on every occasion, whether accidental or begged by me, as this high favour and grace it hath pleased your highness to do my kinsman at my humble suit. I trust, to-morrow, to let your highness understand such reasons for my presumption as shall make it excusable. For your highness shall perceive I both understand with what extraordinary respect suits are to be presented to your highness, and withal that your goodness doth so temper your greatness, as encourageth both me and many others to hope we may taste the fruits of the one by the means of the other.

“The Almighty make your highness every way such as I, Mr. Newton,² and Sir David Murray³ (the only intercessors I have used in my suit) wish you, and then you shall be even such as you are now—your growth in virtue and grace with God and man being the only alteration we shall pray for. And so in all humility I cease.

“Your highness's most humble and dutiful

“ARABELLA STUART.”

¹ Lodge's *Illustrations of History*, vol. iii.

² The prince's tutor.

³ Gentleman of the robes, and Prince Henry's principal associate.

Arabella was with her uncle and aunt at their seat, Sheffield Castle, whence she wrote again to her accomplished kinsman, Henry Prince of Wales:—

“May it please your highness,—I have received your highness’s letter, wherein I am let to understand that the queen’s majesty is pleased to commend Cutting, my servant, for the King of Denmark, concerning the which your highness requireth my answer to her majesty, the which I have accordingly returned by the bearer, referring him to her majesty’s good pleasure and disposition. And though I may have some cause to be sorry to have lost the contentment of a good lute, yet I must confess I am right glad to have found any occasion whereby to express to her majesty and your highness the humble respect which I owe you, and the readiness of my disposition to be conformed to your good pleasures, wherein I have placed a great part of the satisfaction which my heart can receive.

“I have, according to your highness’s direction, signified unto my uncle and annt of Shrewsbury your highness’s gracious vouchsafing to remember them, who with all duty present their most humble thanks, and say they will ever pray for your highness’s most happy prosperity, and yet my uncle saith ‘he carrieth the same spleen in his heart to your highness that he hath ever done.’

“And so praying to the Almighty for your highness’s felicity, I humbly cease writing.

“Your highness’s most humble and dutiful

“ARABELLA STUART.

“From Sheffield Castle, this March 15, 1607.”

Arabella’s retreat into the country was prudent at this time, for she had involved herself deeply in debt, having little knowledge of the value of money, of which she had been kept almost entirely without, till the accession of her cousin, King James, to the throne of Great Britain. Probably she had reckoned in too sanguine a manner on a vast accession of property on the death of her grandmother, the old Countess of Shrewsbury. That event occurred in February, 1608, but her will, which had been long made, commenced with tender expressions towards her very loving grandchild, Arabella Stuart, “to whom she leaves all the pearls and jewels she has at her decease, and a crystal glass framed with lapis lazarus.¹ And one sable with the head of gold set with precious stones, and a white sable [an ermine] with the head of gold enamelled.” This seems a species of throat-tippet, where the gold heads of the little creatures were worn by way of finish. One thousand pounds in money is likewise allotted to the loving Arabella, whom she recommends to her long-deceased royal mistress, Queen

¹ Lazuli.

Elizabeth, entreating also that "her majesty will accept the poor widow's mite of a gold cup worth 200*l.*, and that she would fulfil all her majesty had most graciously oftentimes said she would and be good to the orphan Arbell;" and she beseeches her "to receive Arbell to wait upon herself, as the greatest comfort to that desolate poor orphan now left only to depend on her gracious providence, whose most faithful loyalty and careful willing service unto your majesty in all true allegiance," continues she, "I dare and do answer for as for myself." Then Arabella is left the reversion of all her rich goods and personals, in case neither of her Cavendish sons leave heirs. The old countess must have made this will some time after the death of the earl her husband November 18, 1590.

The will concludes with glancings of displeasure at the Earl of Shrewsbury, her son-in-law, and her daughter Mary Cavendish, his wife, her eldest son Henry Cavendish, and her daughter-in-law, his wife, the Lady Grace Talbot.

By a codicil, dated March 20, 1603, three days before the death of Queen Elizabeth, she disinherited her granddaughter, Arabella, of all these goodly bequests, saying "she had changed her mind, and that neither Arabella nor her son Henry should have any benefit by the said gifts or legacies." Assuredly the "reading of the will of Bess of Hardwick" would have been a good study for Wilkie.

The king probably hearing of his unlucky cousin's disappointment, did his best to comfort her by granting her the power of conceding to ostlers and innkeepers licences to retail oats to travellers' horses at sixpence profit above the market price, on each bushel of the ancient Winchester measure: if they charged more, they were liable to forfeit 5*l.* for each offence. The profit of Lady Arabella was but sixpence yearly on each inn, but that must have amounted to a handsome revenue. Many abuses were to be rectified by this arrangement; among others, establishing an assize of oats, preventing the innkeepers from making the villainous measure of six pecks out of every honest Winchester bushel, and taking advantage of the dear years that preceded 1608, when they had raised their oats to 6*d.* per peck, and had never reduced the price; noting likewise that the profit of 6*d.* per Winchester bushel was more than the law had ever allowed them before.

CHAPTER VIII.

It has been affirmed that Lady Arabella Stuart was straitened in her circumstances by the jealous policy of James I.; but all preceding evidence and the following statement wholly contradict that report.

Mr. Chamberlaine wrote to Sir Dudley Carlton, the New year of 1608: —“Whatever the devise of the mask may be which is put off till *Sunday*, and whatever success the ladies may have in their dancing, yet shall you be sure to see great riches in jewels; one lady, and she under the degree of a baroness, is said to be furnished with jewels worth 100,000*l.*, and the Lady Arabella goes far beyond her.”¹

This year Arabella was attacked with the small-pox, but recovered through the tender care of Lady Skinner, who kindly nursed and waited upon her in her illness.

The king, understanding that she was still embarrassed in her circumstances, which had occasioned her to demean herself in a very disobliging manner to him, and absent herself from court, graciously invited her to return to her former place and duty, and to enable her to do so, presented her with a thousand marks to pay her debts, increased her income, and gave her a cupboard of plate to the value of two hundred pounds. This was but as a drop of water in comparison with her need, for she had amassed a vast stock of costly jewels, which had absorbed all her money and credit. She was so deeply in debt that the donation of a thousand marks seemed almost mockery, yet she did not apply to her relatives for aid.

Some of her letters are written in a caustic style at this time, as if she were suffering from some concealed cause of uneasiness; indeed the following epistle to the Earl of Shrewsbury bears evidence of latent insanity:—

“Because I know not that your lordship hath forsaken one recreation that you have liked before, I presume to send you a few idle lines to read in your chair, after you have tired yourself either with affairs or any sport that bringeth uneasiness. Knowing you well advertised in serious matters, I make it my object to make you merry, and show my desire to please you even in playing the fool. For no folly is greater, I trow, than to laugh when one smarteth; but my aunt’s divinity can tell you, St. Laurence, deriding his tormentors, even upon the gridiron, bade them turn him on the other side, for that he lay on was sufficiently broiled. I should not know how to excuse myself from either insensibleness or contempt of injuries.

“I find if one rob a house, and build a church with the money, the wronged party may go pipe in an ivy-leaf for any redress, for money so well bestowed must not be taken from the holy work, though the right owner go begging. Unto you it is given to understand parables or to command the comment; but if you hold this opinion of the scribes and Pharisees, I condemn your lordship, by your leave, for a heretic, by the authority of Pope Joan, for there is a text saith, ‘Thou must not do evil that good may come thereof.’

¹ Mr. Chamberlaine to Sir Ralph Winwood Lodge, vol. iii. p. 117.

"But now from doctrine to miracles. I assure you within these few days I saw a pair of virginals make good music without help of any hand, but of one that did nothing but warm, not move, a glass some five or six feet from them. And if I thought thus great folks invisibly and far off work in matters to tune them as they please, I pray your lordship forgive me, and I hope God will, to whose holy protection I humbly recommend your lordship.

"I humbly pray your lordship to bestow two of the next good parsonages of yours that shall fall, on me: not that I mean to convert them to mine own benefit, for though I pass rather for a good clerk than for a worldly wise woman, I aspire to no degree of Pope Joan, but some good ends, whereof the bearer will tell your lordship one. My boldness shows how honourably I believe of your disposing such livings.

"Your lordship's niece,

"ARABELLA STUART.

"From Broad St.,¹ June 17, 1609.

[Endorsed]

"To the Right Honourable my very good uncle the Earl of Shrewsbury."

The Earl of Hertford had, in the year 1608, caused the validity of his marriage with Lady Katharine Gray to be brought to a fair trial, when the aged priest who had performed the ceremony came forward, and deposed to the fact of having united them in holy matrimony, and the court to which he had appealed pronounced the wedlock lawful and the offspring legitimate.

Lord Beauchamp's plight with Lady Arabella had long ere this been dissolved, but his second son, William Seymour, on advancing towards man's estate, conceived the idea of rendering himself agreeable enough to Lady Arabella, to supply his father's place in her heart.

There was great disparity in their age, on the wrong side, unfortunately—a point not taken into consideration by writers who endeavour to weave a love-tale out of the story of Lady Arabella and her young kinsman; but the evidence of Margaret Countess of Lennox's letter to Mary Stuart, which we were so fortunate as to discover among the State Paper Records, and have printed in the life of Mary Stuart, speaks of the infant Arabella as the recipient of one of the generous captive queen's gifts in November 1575.

Consequently, Arabella was twenty-five years old at the close of the century.

¹ From that magnificent mansion Winchester House, in Broad Street and Winchester Street.

CHAPTER IX.

ARABELLA's acquaintance with William Seymour is said to have commenced at one of the court balls or masques. She would have been in her thirty-fifth year, and he about twenty-one. As a branch of the royal family, her door was always open to him, and on Candlemas day, 1609, he proposed himself to her for a husband, and Lady Arabella, strange to say, accepted him at a word. Her head, perhaps, was not in a very sound state at the time she was so lightly won.

To use Seymour's own words, "he was anxious for advancement in the world; and seeing the Lady Arabella was a lady of great honour and virtue, and, as he thought, of great wealth also, he became desirous of obtaining her for his wife."

After his frank proposal, they met twice to discuss their intended marriage; once at a Mr. Baggs' in Fleet Street, at another time at Mr. Bainton's, who belonged to the court, and with a wild young friend of his, Mr. Rodney, they arranged for a private marriage, to take place at Greenwich. But the secret of their projected marriage was betrayed by one of Seymour's confidants, and he and Lady Arabella were summoned before the privy council to answer for the misdemeanor, but Arabella contrived to satisfy both the king and council.

The disparity in age between the parties probably inclined the higher powers to disbelieve in the reality of an engagement between so ill-assorted a pair. William Seymour received a lecture on his presumption in aspiring to contract marriage with a lady of royal blood, and one so nearly related to the king, and was discharged, after Arabella and he had solemnly pledged themselves to resign all vain thoughts of matrimony.

Arabella was immediately restored to the favour of both king and queen, granted a pension of sixteen thousand a year by the king, and the privilege of granting licences for keeping taverns and selling wine and usquebaugh in Ireland for one and twenty years, with other privileges.

This would have assisted in repairing the broken state of her finances, had she continued free to exercise her monopolies; but no sooner were Seymour and she free, than they thought of nothing but violating their late promise. Seymour induced his friend, Edward Rodney, to accompany him to Greenwich, and in the month of July made him and two other gentlemen, Crompton and Reeve, witnesses of his stolen marriage with Arabella Stuart.

The marriage was kept profoundly secret, and Arabella was invited by the unsuspecting queen to personate the nymph of 'Trent'¹ in the splendid masque prepared in honour of the introduction of Henry Prince of Wales into the House of Lords.

Arabella's headdress on this occasion was composed of shells and coral, with a large shell in form of the crest of a helmet, from which depended a transparent veil. The upper garments had bodies of skin-coloured taffety, for lightness, embroidered with seaweeds. Over these she had a tunic of cloth of silver, embroidered with gold, and cut out in points. Her long skirt was wrought with lace, waved round about like a river, with sedges and seaweeds in gold. Her shoes were of satin, richly embroidered.

This was her last appearance in stately costume; for the secret of her stolen nuptials and breach of promise to the king was soon after betrayed, and both bride and bridegroom were examined before the privy council touching their unauthorised marriage. Seymour was taxed with his deceit, in saying, on the first enquiry, "that he would not proceed with the marriage, now he knew his majesty's objection." Lady Arabella was present. On being confronted with her young spouse, she took upon herself to defend him, saying, "He had in that case done no worse than both Abraham and Isaac, who had both disallowed their wives in time of danger."² Seymour was imprisoned in the Tower, the lady consigned to the care of Sir Thomas Parry at Lambeth.³

The venerable Earl of Hertford was alive and in possession of his faculties when the strange tragedy which had cast a cloud over the morning of his days was thus reiterated by his grandson. There was, however, in the circumstances of the espousals of his young relative with the mature Lady Arabella, but a fantastic and ridiculous resemblance to the true attachment which had subsisted between himself and the love of his youthful heart, Lady Katharine Gray, with which all humanity must perforce sympathise, while at his grandson's absurd union people were more inclined to mock.

While Arabella was at Lambeth, upon hearing that her young husband, William Seymour, who was confined in the Tower, was indisposed, she penned the following tender letter to him:—

"Sir,—I am exceedingly sorry to hear you have not been well. I pray you let me know truly how you do, and what was the cause of it, for I am not satisfied with the reason Smyth gives for it. But if it be a cold, I will impute it to some sympathy betwixt us, having myself gotten a swollen face, at the same time with a cold. For

¹ See "*Life of Anne of Denmark*" in *Lives of the Queens of England*, by Agnes Strickland, vol. v.

² Carlton to Sir Thomas Edmondes; letter of July 25, 1610.

³ *Ibid.*

God's sake let not your grief of mind work on your body. You may see by me what inconveniences it will bring one to. And no fortune I assure you, daunts me so much as that weakness of body I find in myself, for *si nous vivons l'âge d'un veau*, as Marot says, we may, by God's grace, be happier than we look for in being supposed to enjoy ourselves with his majesty's favour. But if we be not able to live to it, I for my part should think myself a pattern of misfortune in enjoying so great a blessing as you so short a time. No separation but that deprives me of the comfort of you; for wheresoever you be, or in what state soever you are, it sufficeth me you are mine. Rachel wept, and would not be comforted, because her children were no more, and that indeed is the remediless sorrow, and none else. And therefore God bless us from that, and I will hope well of the rest, though I see no apparent hope. But I am sure God's book mentioneth many of His children in as great distress, that have done well after, even in this world. I assure you nothing the State can do with me can trouble me so much as the news of your being ill doth. And you see when I am troubled I trouble you too with tedious kindness, for so I think you will account so long a letter, yourself not having written to me for this good while so much as how you do. But, sweet Sir, I speak not this to trouble you with writing, but when you please. Be well, and I shall account myself happy in being your faithful wife,

"ARABELLA."¹

There was no date to this letter from Arabella, nor yet to a petition of William Seymour's to the lords of the council, entreating that he may be allowed the liberty of the Tower for the recovery of his former health, which he complains "is much broken and decayed by his long and close confinement, which the lieutenant of the Tower," he says, "can well certify."

CHAPTER X.

ARABELLA was indefatigable in her petitions to the king and the lords of the council. She also requested that as many of her servants as might be thought sufficient might be permitted to attend her, and requests that Peter, an ancient servant of hers who attended Mr. Seymour, might be her bottleman, and to have another servant, an embroiderer, whose name is Roger Hartwell. For a woman, she desireth the Lady Chaworth that Mrs. Yelverton might receive her money and jewels, and that Smyth, her servant, might have access to her. She

¹ Harleian MS., No. 7003, fol. 150.

mentions "that she has thirty-one servants, with whom order," she says, "must be taken;" and requests that linen for table-linen and sheets, for her own wear, might be purchased, for she is without any with her.

Anne of Denmark did not forsake her friend in her dire distress, but courageously continued to put into her husband's hands petition after petition, letter after letter, written by the poor flighty captive, at a period when the hapless Arabella was closely barred from all access to her royal kinsman. Another kind heart, Lady Jane Drummond, one of the queen's ladies, negotiated the matter of bringing the letters of the hapless prisoner to her Majesty, and then of narrating from the queen's mouth the manner in which James had received the supplication—of which the tenor was, "that Arabella might ask him the cause of her confinement in the Tower."

The following letter was written by command of Queen Anne:—

"This day her majesty hath seen your ladyship's letter. Her majesty says that 'when she gave your ladyship's petition to his majesty, he did take it well enough, but gave no other answer than that "ye had eaten of the forbidden tree" in this purpose, but withal did remember her [Lady Arabella] kindly.'

"This was all her majesty commanded me to say to your ladyship, and she sent you this little token, in witness of the continuance of her majesty's favour to your ladyship."¹

Thus, when we lift the veil, there is nothing but true-hearted kindness in the conduct of this much-reviled Queen Anne. She was not successful in her mission after she had done all she could, yet she cheered the heart of the forlorn captive with the kind remembrance, and some gentle feminine token of good-will and good wishes.

Lady Jane Drummond continues:—

"Now, when your ladyship desires me to deal openly and freely with you, I protest I can say nothing on knowledge, for I never spoke of that purpose but to the queen; but the wisdom of this State, with the example of how some of your quality have been used, makes me fear that ye shall not find so easy an end to your troubles as ye expect, or as I wish."

The allusion here is to the misfortunes of several of the princesses allied to the English crown, long imprisonment or undeserved death having been the destiny of several, from Elconora the Pearl of Brittany to Lady Katharine Gray and Lady Mary Gray of the one class, the Countess of Salisbury and Mary Queen of Scots of the other.

The intimation of Lady Jane Drummond was evidently the result of her private conversation with the queen on Arabella's case. It proved too true.

¹ Edited by I. Disraeli in *Curiosities of Literature*, 2nd series, vol. 1. pp. 273-79, which are from Harleian MS., No. 7003.

The queen received soon after Lady Arabella's thanks with an article of needlework—which must have been something of the glove or cuff species, since they were accompanied by an entreaty “to accept this piece of my work, in remembrance of the poor prisoner that wrought them, in hopes that her royal hands will vouchsafe to wear them, which, till I have the honour to kiss, I shall live in a great deal of sorrow.”

Another of these manufactures the queen received from the hands of Sir Andrew Sinclair.¹

Arabella wrote several touching letters to the queen, entreating her intercession with the king, whose forgiveness she passionately implored, but in vain. She wrote to him also, “reminding him that he had promised her permission to marry, so that it was with a subject of his, and not with a foreign prince.” But James, if ever he made a promise to that effect, appeared to have forgotten it.

Arabella was indefatigable in her petitions to the privy council for her release.

At length reports of stolen interviews with Seymour reached the king, but not till six months had passed over, and then James determined to remove her far out of any possibility of holding intercourse with her adventurous young husband again.

Accordingly he issued an order to the Bishop of Durham to receive the Lady Arabella Stuart into his care, to take her to his house in the bishopric, and there to use her honourably, but not to allow her to have intercourse with dangerous or suspected persons. This was accompanied with an order to Sir Thomas Parry to deliver the Lady Arabella to the Bishop of Durham.

Arabella, struck with consternation at this order, positively refused to obey. All the kind bishop's soothing and persuasions were unavailing. She would not rise or quit her chamber. After a desperate struggle, the officials appointed for her removal took her up in her bed, and carried her thus to the boat, in spite of her screams and violent resistance.²

She was attended by Dr. Mountford, her physician, who assisted in removing her from the boat to a litter that was in waiting for her on the other side. Dr. Mountford had to administer restoratives to her thrice on the short journey to Highgate, to keep her from fainting, and she was well-nigh insensible when they reached the house of Sir William Bond, where the council had arranged for them to rest and pass the night. The next day she refused to rise, notwithstanding the bishop's persuasions and reasoning.

Dr. Mountford declared it was impossible, from her indisposition, and wrote to the privy council to that effect.

¹ MS. Papers of Arabella Stuart, Harleian MS., No. 7003.

² *Pictorial History of England.*

The poor bishop himself felt ill, and sorely discomfited, never having had, probably, so perplexing an undertaking on his hands.

King James, on being informed of this trouble, sent his own physician, Dr. Hammond, to see Arabella, who, after feeling her pulse and consulting Dr. Mountford, wrote a prescription, and prescribed rest and quiet.

She accordingly remained with the bishop and all her company at Highgate, in the house of Sir William Bond, from March 15th till the 21st, when the king ordered her removal to Barnet.

Dr. Mountford and his apothecary, who were both in attendance, were again forced to administer reviving cordials to Arabella five or six times, during the short journey to Barnet. When she arrived there she was taken to the inn, and conveyed to bed in a state of utter exhaustion.

In consequence of the representations of Dr. Mountford and the Bishop of Durham, Dr. Hammond visited Lady Arabella at Barnet, and after investigating her symptoms, pronounced that she must not be troubled till she was in better strength of mind and body.

The king greatly blamed the violent manner of her removal from Lambeth to Highgate. "It was enough," he exclaimed, "to make a sound man sick, to be carried in a bed as she had been, much more her, whose impatient and unquiet spirits heapeth upon her far greater indisposition of body."

It was agreed that she must tarry at Barnet till better able to bear the journey, and on April 1 she was removed to the mansion of Thomas Conyers, Esq., at East Barnet, at a rent of twenty shillings per week.

There was paid at her removal from the inn at Barnet three pounds for broken glasses and rewards to the meaner servants and divers persons who took pains in waiting on her company. There was also paid to the servants of Mr. Conyers' house, and sundry persons who helped to make clean the house for her reception, three pounds fifteen shillings. There was also paid to Mathias Milward, one of the Prince of Wales's chaplains, five pounds for his pains in attending the Lady Arabella to preach and read prayers to her during her abode at East Barnet. This was two months and seven days, and the sum of two hundred pounds was paid into her own hands from the king for furnishing herself with all things necessary, in contemplation of her long journey to Durham.¹

The Bishop of Durham had departed towards his own diocese, leaving Lady Arabella in the care of Sir James Crofts. She continued to write humble petitions to the king for her liberation, and also to the lords of the council.² She sent Dr. Mountford to represent her unfitness to travel, and at last procured another month's respite.

¹ Declaration of the accounts of Nicholas the removal of the Lady Arabella Stuart.
Pay in the Audit Office of the expenses of ² Harleian MS., No. 7000, fol. 79.

All this time she was in correspondence with her husband and with her aunt, Lady Shrewsbury, who made it her care to provide her with money for bribing all her guards, and taking the means for her escape to the Continent simultaneously with Seymour, who had arranged for leaving the Tower on the same day.

Through the instrumentality of her two trusty servants, Markham and Crompton, she obtained a suit of masculine attire.¹ The fashion was at that time very favourable for disguising the female form. Lady Arabella drew on a great pair of French hose over her petticoats, a man's doublet and cloak on her shoulders, a man's peruke with long black locks and a black hat over her fair hair, a man's russet boots on her legs, and a rapier by her side; and thus disguised she walked forth from the house on Sunday, June 4, between three and four o'clock, with Markham. After walking a mile and a half to a very sorry inn, where she found the faithful Crompton and the horses, she looked so deathlike, pale, and exhausted, and grew so faint and sick, that the ostler who held her stirrup observed, "That gentleman will hardly hold out to London." Being placed however on a good gelding, though in an unwonted position for a lady, the stirring of the horse brought blood enough into her face, and she performed the journey to Blackwall with great spirit.

She found her confidential female attendant at the inn there, waiting for her, and another of her suite, but not Seymour.

CHAPTER XI.

SEYMOUR did not leave the Tower till eight o'clock, and consequently was not in time to join Arabella, when, with her adventurous little company, she made her way down the river, and, after several delays, reached the French ship. She passionately entreated the captain to wait quietly at anchor till her husband arrived; but after an anxious consultation with her attendants, the captain weighed anchor, and, regardless of the lady's cries, tears, entreaties, and lamentations, put out to sea; but having delayed so long on her course, had only got half over the Channel when the vessel was overtaken by the swift-sailing royal cruiser the "*Adventure*," despatched in pursuit of the fugitives by the royal order.

The flight of both Arabella and Seymour had been already discovered and very prompt measures were taken to intercept them. It was almost a dead calm, so the "*Adventure*," with another vessel, were able to

¹ *Winwood's Memorials.*

bear down on the French ship. They challenged her, but the Frenchman did not respond; then they fired a broadside. The captain must have been a very spirited man, for he did not strike till he had received thirteen shots.

Arabella, terrified at the noise and confusion, rushed on deck, and proclaimed her identity to the French captain, who then surrendered his ship.

The captors claimed her and demanded her husband. "I hope he is safely landed and out of your reach," she replied; adding "that her joy for his escape was far greater than her grief for her own capture."

She and her faithful friends were immediately brought back to London and on her arrival the king committed her to the Tower, with her aunt, Lady Shrewsbury, Crompton, Markham, and Edward Rodney. Dr. Mountford and some others from East Barnet were already lodged in the Gatehouse prison.

The romantic flight and capture of the luckless kinswoman of the king were commemorated in one of the popular ballads of the times, which imagines an unhistorical dialogue between the king and her, on her arrival at the Tower. A few verses are quoted:—

"A ship had sailed from fair England
Unknown unto our gracious king;
The lord chief-justice did command
That they to London should her bring.

I then drew near, and saw full plain
Lady Arbella in distress;
She wrung her hands, and wept amain,
Bewailing of her heaviness.

When near fair London Tower she came,
Whereat her landing-place should be
The king and queen and all their train
Did meet this lady gallantly.

'How now, Arbella,' our good king
Unto this lady straight did say,
'Who thee hath tempted to this thing,
That you from England took your way?'

'None but myself, my gracious liege:
These ten long years I've been in love
With the Lord Seymour's second son,
The Earl of Hertford—so we prove.

'I would I had a milkmaid been,
Or born of some more low degree;
I might have loved then where I liked,
And no one would have hindered me.

'And so, good-night my sovereign liege,
Since in the Tower I must lie.

I pray your Grace will condescend
That I may have my liberty.'

'Lady Arbella,' said the king,
'I to your freedom would consent
If you would turn and go to church,
And so receive the Sacrament.

And so good-night, Arbella fair,'
Our king replied to her again;
'I will take council of my lords,
If you your freedom may obtain.' "

Lady Arabella and her aunt, the Countess of Shrewsbury, were examined by the privy council as to their motives and designs in Lady Arabella's escape.

Lady Arabella answered the lords of the council with great judgment and discretion, but Lady Shrewsbury utterly without reason, crying out "that all was but tricks and gigs."

She told the council, with spirit, "that she would answer nothing in private, but was ready to submit to a public trial if she had offended against the law." She was accused of assisting in the marriage, but remained obstinately silent. At the conclusion of the examination, one of the privy-councillors, supposed to be the Earl of Suffolk, pointed out to the Lady Shrewsbury the superior conduct of her niece. "Nay," said he, "you may learn duty of my Lady Arabella, herself a lady of the blood royal, of higher rank than yourself, who, requesting not to be urged to declare aught concerning you, yielded herself ingenuously to be examined of her own actions. I do not doubt but by this time you see both your own error and the king's grace in proceeding with you in this manner."

To Lady Arabella herself were addressed these remarkable words:—"You have been ill advised in transacting the most important passage in your life, which is marriage, without acquainting his majesty, which had been neglect even in a mean relative. Then choosing such a condition as it pleased you to choose, and considering all parties laid together, how dangerous it was, my Lady Arabella might have read that danger even in the fortune of the house wherewith she matched. For was it not the same case as that of Mr. Seymour's grandmother, Lady Katherine Gray?"

Lady Arabella, the Countess of Shrewsbury, and others, were all committed prisoners to the Tower. It was discovered that Lady Shrewsbury had raised very large sums of money to assist Lady Arabella in her escape. Charles Cavendish, the day after they were committed, wrote to Henry Butler, intimating that her imprisonment was not likely to be very long. He says:—

"Good Henry Butler,—I cannot blame you to be greatly grieved at this case, know how much she values you for your trust and love to her; but my lord [Shrewsbury] putteth me in good hope that her

abode there will not be long, and that shortly she shall have liberty of friends and servants to come unto her. She is appointed the queen's lodgings, and hath three or four fair rooms to walk in. God send her well out of them, as I hope in God she shall. Commend me to Mr. Wingfield, and be you both of good cheer, for I understand she [the Countess of Shrewsbury] had not gone thither [to the Tower] if she had not answered the lords; so for that contempt she suffereth. So I bid you very heartily farewell.

“Your very loving friend,

“CHARLES CAVENDISH.”

[Endorsed]

“To my good friend Henry Butler give these.”

The king gave leave to six of Lord Shrewsbury's servants, and Mistress Anne, the waiting-woman of the Lady Shrewsbury, to attend their noble mistress during her incarceration in the Tower.

It had been a game at cross purposes with Seymour. He had succeeded on the Monday evening in walking out of the Tower disguised as a physician, with black beard and peruke, and following a cart, which had brought in a load of wood, as it returned; but he was several hours too late for Arabella and her company. He encountered his friend Edward Rodney and two servants in a boat near the iron gate. They all rowed stoutly till they came to the sea, where, finding their boat was too small, they hired another to convey them to a vessel which he hoped was the French ship, but it proved a collier bound to Newcastle. However, he engaged the master to give up his voyage to Newcastle, and land him and his company at Calais; but the wind not suiting for that port, the master set them on shore at Ostend, and having received the money covenanted for his voyage, returned to England, and was the bearer of a letter from Rodney to Francis Seymour, relating all the particulars and mishaps of the escape.

Francis Seymour proceeded to the Tower, and having ascertained the almost incredible fact of his brother's escape, confided his letter to the lieutenant, then hastened to inform the king, and afterwards wrote to his grandfather, the Earl of Hertford. The venerable nobleman was thrown into a pitiable state of agitation at the sight of the letter; it was brought to his bed-side as he was undressing, at eleven o'clock. The date from Hertford House, Canon Row, June 4, 1611, perhaps recalled to his mind those adventures of his own youth, when in that very mansion he received the trembling Katharine, escorted by his loving sister Jane, and she was made his wife by the fugitive priest. The earl's hand shook nervously while he unfolded Francis Seymour's despatch, so that it fell on his wax taper, and some words were burnt;

the manuscript is now extant in that state. Lord Hertford may be well believed when he affirmed that he slept not all that night; he was up as early as four o'clock to write to the prime minister on the subject. His letter makes a curious finale to the romantic history of his wedlock with the hapless Lady Katharine; at the same time it speaks of himself as thoroughly tamed down by the long imprisonment inflicted on him as punishment by Queen Elizabeth. "My Lord," he wrote to Salisbury, "this last night at eleven of the clock, ready to go to bed, I received this letter [*enclosed*] from my nephew,¹ Francis Seymour, which I send to your lordship here enclosed. A letter no less troublesome to me than strange to think I should in these my last days be grandfather of a child that, instead of patiently tarrying the Lord's leisure (lessons that I learnt and prayed for when I was in the same place, the Tower, whereout he lewdly has escaped), he would not tarry for the good hour of favour to come from a gracious and merciful king as *I did*, and enjoy in the end (though long first) from a most worthy and noble queen, but hath plunged himself further into his highness's [James I.] just displeasure, to whose majesty I do by these lincs earnestly pray your lordship to signify most humbly from me how distasteful this his boyish and foolish action is to me. And that, as at first, upon his examination before your lordships [privy council], and before his majesty afterward, nothing was more offensive to me, misliking altogether the unfitness and unsuitableness of the match, and the handling of it afterwards worse, so do I condemn this as the worst of all in them both.

"Thus, my lord, with an unquiet mind as before—to think I should be grandfather to any child that hath so much forgotten his duty as he hath now done, and having slept never a wink this night (a bad medicine for one that is not fully recovered of a second great cold I took), I leave your lordship with my loving commendations to the heavenly protection.

"From Lettey, this Thursday morning at four of the clock, the 6th of June, 1611.

"Your lordship's most assured loving friend,

"HERTFORD.

"P.S.—As I was reading my said nephew's [Francis Seymour's] letter, my *size*² [wax-light] took—as your lordship may perceive—into the bottom of the letter; but the words missing, that's burnt, is *Tower to acquaint*."³

The capability of inspiring a strong and disinterested attachment is

¹ Grandson. The word was used indifferently.

account-books of the period.

² Six-sized wax-light; thus called in most

³ Harleian MS., No. 7003, fol. 124.

justly considered a true proof of worth of character. "Few great men are heroes in the eyes of their valets de chambre," says a proverb universally allowed to be founded on an accurate appreciation of the masculine temper; at the same time its application does not extend to women, for owing to daily and hourly habits of self-control and self-government practised by well-educated females in domestic life from their infancy, many an illustrious woman has been a heroine in the eyes of her handmaidens. Lady Arabella is one of this distinguished number. She had in the time of her prosperity taken a fancy to Margaret Byron,¹ a younger daughter of the illustrious line of Newstead, when she was about nine years old, and begged her of her parents. According to the custom of the times, young Mistress Margaret Byron was transferred to court, and brought up as an infant maid of honour to Lady Arabella Stuart, then acknowledged to be the second lady in England. "She minded nothing but her mistress," says Mrs. Hutchinson, from whose memoirs this account is taken, "and grew up so intimate in her councils that the princess [Lady Arabella] more delighted in her than in any of her household; but when the Lady Arabella was carried away from them all to prison, Sir John Biron came and fetched his child back to Newstead, and there, though his lady laboured to comfort her with all imaginable kindness, yet so constant was her affection for that unfortunate Lady Arabella, that she would steal many hours, even after her marriage, to sit alone and weep and meditate her on fate." Margaret Byron, according to the testimony of her daughter-in-law, manifested a great poetical genius, which was fostered by the education she obtained under the care of the learned Lady Arabella. She married Sir Thomas Hutchinson, and died at the early age of twenty-six, in the act of singing a divine strain of sacred melody. Margaret Byron had always been celebrated for her heavenly voice, but her expiring notes surpassed all she had ever sung before.

CHAPTER XII.

ARABELLA at first tried to resign herself to her fate, and spent some time in working an elaborate piece of embroidery to present to the king, who up to the unlucky time of her marriage had been uniformly indulgent to her; but when she sent it to him he refused to accept it, to her deep and bitter disappointment.²

¹ Wife to Colonel Hutchinson, the son of Margaret Byron. Mrs. Hutchinson wrote Memoirs of great interest regarding her

husband: the incident is related by her, vol. i. p. 67.

² Harleian MS., No. 7003, fol. 153.

Arabella's reason was in a tottering state even before her rash marriage, as several of her letters prove. The following is supposed to have been addressed to her royal cousin, Henry Prince of Wales, before his death:—

"Sweet Brother,—Every one forsakes me but those who cannot helpe me.

"Your most unfortunate sister,

"ARABELLA SEYMOURE."¹

At the marriage of the king's young daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, with the Elector Palatine, she ordered four costly dresses, one of which cost no less than fifteen hundred pounds—a proof that she was not, as falsely represented by some writers, without money, but was still in possession of enough to lavish in idle and useless extravagance. Her mind was at least unhinged, and though she continued to petition the king for liberation and pardon, her letters become incoherent and she was pronounced mad. In the postscript of one of these to Lord Northampton, she says:—

"I can neither get clothes nor posset at all, nor anything but ordinary diet, nor compliment fit for a sick lady in my case when I call for it."²

Arabella's aunt, the Countess of Shrewsbury, was imprisoned in the queen's apartments, and treated with great indulgence; but Arabella, formerly so much devoted to her, at last began to accuse her of wild and improbable things, which might possibly have caused her some trouble if the insanity of the unhappy royal captive had not become so fatally apparent.

The following letter was written by her to a person in the service of the Earl of Northampton:—

"Sir,—Though you be almost a stranger to me, but only by sight, yet the good opinion I generally hear of your worth, together with the great interest you have in my lord of Northampton's favour, makes me thus far presume on your willingness to do a poor afflicted gentlewoman that good office (if in no other respect, yet because I am a *Christian*³) as to further me with your best endeavours to his lordship, that it will please him to help me out of this distress and misery, and regain me his majesty's favour, which is my chief desire. Wherein his lordship may do a deed acceptable to God and honourable to himself, and I shall be infinitely bound to his lordship [Northampton] and beholden to you, who now, till I receive some comfort from his majesty, rest

"The most sorrowful creature living,

"ARABELLA SEYMOUR."

¹ From her autograph, in the possession of John Thane.

² Harleian MS., No. 7003, fol. 153.

³ *Cabala sive Scrinia Sacra*.

⁴ *Ibid.*

There is neither superscription nor date.

Lord Gray, who, after his life had been spared at Winchester by James I., had been kept in the Tower as a sort of prisoner at large, occasioned great consternation amongst the Tower officers and garrison by being observed to hold long conferences with Lady Arabella's waiting-woman. Lady Arabella was in consequence restrained to her own apartment, and a close examination instituted regarding these interviews. From a certain inflexibility of temper, Gray was considered a champion of some importance, if he chose to undertake any enterprise which might lead him to risk laying down his head a second time on the death-block. He, however, had no intention of encountering such danger again for the Lady Arabella, who was, it may be remembered, the ostensible cause of his first rebellion. He declared his secret conferences "were all for love" of the lady's maid, without any political tendency to her mistress.¹ Lady Arabella had been greatly agitated by the whole adventure. "Her brain," says the coarse Winwood, "continues cracked, so she hath been restrained of late."²

Arabella was at last forgotten in the court where she had, during the first seven years of her cousin King³ James, made so brilliant a sensation. She died in the Tower of London, September 27, 1615, aged forty, and was buried at night in the same vault as Mary Queen of Scots, her kinswoman. She had neither tomb nor inscription, any more than her cousin, Henry Prince of Wales, or his mother, Anne of Denmark; but the following imaginary epitaph was written for her by Richard Corbet, the witty Bishop of Norwich:—

"Now do I thank thee, Death, and bless thy power,
That I have past the guard and 'scaped the Tower;
And now my pardon is mine epitaph,
And a small coffin my poor relics hath;
For at thy charge both soul and body were
Enlarged at last, secured from hope and fear:
That among saints, this among kings, is laid,
And what my birth did claim in death is paid."

The Countess of Shrewsbury set it about that Lady Arabella left a child by her husband William Seymour, for which false and mischievous report she incurred a very severe rebuke from the Star Chamber.³

William Seymour was abroad all the time of Lady Arabella's languishing indisposition. He returned on hearing of her death. In the following year he made his peace with the king, and was created a Knight of the Bath. He succeeded his grandfather as Earl of Hertford in 1621, and distinguished himself in the civil wars as one of the most valiant and stainless of cavaliers. He had the honour of

¹ Winwood, p. 454.

² *Ibid.*

³ Note to *Letters and Memoirs of Sir*

Francis Bacon, p. 63, written during the reign of James I.

being appointed governor of the Prince of Wales, and was created by Charles I. Marquis of Hertford in 1640.

He was one of the illustrious six who courageously attended the interment of his murdered sovereign, Charles I., in the vaults of St. George's Chapel Royal, at Windsor.

Hertford was restored to the dukedom of Somerset at the Restoration, when the attainder of his great-grandfather, Protector Somerset, was reversed. He survived the unfortunate Lady Arabella Stuart upwards of five-and-forty years, but married after her death the daughter of Lord Capel.

THE LAST FOUR PRINCESSES

OF THE

ROYAL HOUSE OF STUART.

MARY, PRINCESS-ROYAL OF GREAT BRITAIN.

CHAPTER I.

MARY, the eldest daughter of King Charles I. and his consort, Henrietta Maria of France, was the first Princess Royal of Great Britain who inherited that title at her birth.

She was born early in the morning of the 4th of November, 1631, at St. James's Palace, and appearing unlikely to live, the King her father ordered her to be immediately baptized, without any of the pompous ceremonials of state usual at the christenings of royal children. Bishop Williams was her godfather, and the Countess of Oxford and the Countess of Carlisle her godmothers. She received the name of Mary, in memory of her great-grandmother, Mary Queen of Scots. Her indisposition presently passed away, and she became a healthy and vigorous babe, of a very precocious and loving disposition. Her nurse, Mrs. Griffin, continued in attendance on her person all through her life.

The births of James, Duke of York, the Princess Elizabeth, the Princess Anne, and Henry, Duke of Gloucester, quickly followed that of the Princess-royal. They were a most happy and united family, leading joyous and pleasant lives, alternately at Whitehall, Hampton Court, Greenwich, and Oatlands.

Charles I., whose pleasures were naturally of a domestic character, occasionally amused himself by measuring the height of his children. A staff is preserved in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, whereon he caused the progressive inches each child attained from year to year, to be registered in silver, till more important events interrupted these trivial records of paternal affection. A venerable oak in the Home Park at Hampton Court Palace is still pointed out, by local tradition, as that where the young children of Charles I. used to play, climbing and sporting among the green boughs. They had an arbour seat in the crown of the trunk, and a convenient broad-stepped ladder was securely fixed, by which they could safely ascend and descend. Enormous staples and nails are still clenched in this tree, where the jocund

little ones pursued their sports, unconscious of the woes impending over their royal parents, and the separation to which themselves would, ere long, be doomed.

The Princess-royal was early placed under the care of the Countess of Roxburgh, a most elegant and accomplished lady, who was, by the King and Queen, constituted state governess to the royal children, in which post she acquitted herself entirely to the satisfaction of their majesties.

A marriage between the Princess-royal and the heir of Spain was early proposed, and long deceptively negotiated, by the father of the young Prince. The Queen, mother of the Princess-royal, eagerly encouraged the idea, and endeavoured to bias her young daughter to the faith, of which it was necessary she should become a member, if ever that marriage should take place.

Frederick Henry of Nassau, Prince of Orange, while matters were slowly proceeding, wrote to King Charles, by Heenvliet, his ambassador in London, representing the unpopularity of the union, reminding him of the antipathy with which such an alliance would be regarded by the English, in remembrance of the ill effects to the reformed portion of his subjects with which the marriage of Queen Mary and Philip of Spain had been attended. These observations, coupled with convincing proofs of the insincerity of the court of Spain, with regard to the marriage, roused the spirit of King Charles, and caused him to listen favourably to the overtures of Frederick Henry, for a marriage between his son and one of the young princesses of England. The Princess Elizabeth was first named for the wife of Prince William,¹ the only son of Frederick Henry. Charles agreed to give his daughter forty thousand pounds for her portion, and everything was satisfactorily arranged by the middle of July; but the tender age of Elizabeth, and her very delicate state of health, caused some demurs on the part of the Dutch commissioners for the treaty.

When the portrait of Prince William was shown to Elizabeth, she said, "It was very handsome and noble, but she thought the prince would be more suitable to her elder sister for a husband than to her."

The truth of this remark was felt and acknowledged by the Dutch envoys; for Elizabeth was scarcely seven years of age, and very sickly. They communicated with Frederick Henry, and the exchange of Mary for Elizabeth was proposed, and, after six months of further negotiations, was finally agreed to by King Charles.² The portrait of Mary was then sent to the Prince. The Queen, her mother, at the same time informed the ambassadors "that her daughter, the Princess-royal, was prepared to receive the young Prince for her consort, that

¹ *Archives de la Maison d'Orange*, vol. lii.

² *Ibid.*

she professed herself his servant," and when asked "if she loved him," frankly replied, "Yes, since the Queen, my mother, desires it; and I wish the Prince would come to England, that we might meet."

The commissioners for the marriage were admitted, March 28th, to an audience with the Queen, who had the Princess by her side. All and everything was then agreed, and the marriage was publicly announced. The Queen enquired when the Prince would arrive, and expressed her firm opinion "that God would bless the alliance, and her hope that it would prove a source of happiness to the Prince and his father."

A dower of forty thousand pounds was promised by King Charles. That night bonfires and illuminations took place all over London, in token of the popularity of the marriage with all degrees of the people.

The ambassadors were delighted with the frank, artless manner of the Princess, and her natural unaffected way of receiving the missions from the Prince and his father.

"Our *fiancée*," writes Sommelsdyck to the Stadtholder, his master, "has received her letters from your son, and has responded in the most charming manner. Their majesties tell me this is the first letter of the kind she has ever written."¹

The arrangements for the arrival of the young Prince, for the celebration of his marriage to his juvenile bride, were carrying on at the melancholy period of the trial of the unfortunate Earl of Strafford. The King, the Queen, and the Princess-royal occupied a temporary place prepared for them, screened from public observation, in the gallery over the throne. Young as she was, the Princess was so deeply interested in the cause, that she remained sitting in the private box, and listening to the exciting proceedings, more than six hours. She took cold in consequence, and became seriously ill with a swelled face and violent bilious attack, attended with much fever, which confined her to her bed, just at the period when she was required to appear at the best advantage.²

The young Prince, her future husband, sailed from Helvoetsluys, with his governor and a pompous train of officers of state and nobles, his kinsmen and attendants, on the 26th of April. They encountered such rough weather that the mainmast of the admiral's ship, in which he was on board, was broken, and the Prince had to move into another ship.³ The voyage was, however, with the exception of this disaster, safely performed, and the Prince arrived at Margate on the evening of the 27th. He and his company reached Gravesend on the 29th, and found the Dutch ambassadors for the marriage awaiting him there. He displayed to them the formal approval of the States to his

¹ *Archives de la Maison d'Orange*, vol. iii. p. 143.

² *Ibid*, vol. iii.

³ *Leland's Collectanea*.

matrimonial alliance, and they immediately wrote to Sir Henry Vane, the secretary of state, requesting an audience with King Charles, which his majesty was graciously pleased to allow.

The Earl of Lindsay, great chamberlain, arrived with the royal coaches at Gravesend in the evening, and conducted the Prince and his suite to London on the 30th.

After a pleasant journey, they arrived at Whitehall, where the Prince was most honourably received by the Prince of Wales, who preceded him into the presence of King Charles.

The Queen received the Prince most affectionately, taking him by both arms, as if to survey him from head to foot, and told him "he should find in her a second mother." The Prince replied gratefully, and demanded to see the Princess. The King told him of her indisposition, "which had produced temporary depreciation, her face being much swollen, and her complexion yellow, therefore he feared his highness would think Vandyke had flattered her in her portrait; but he could still repent and decline her if disappointed." Then the Prince of Wales took him to walk in the garden; but after his return he reiterated his wish of seeing the Princess. She was not recovered from her cold and fever, but the Prince, persisting in his request, was permitted to approach her bed. "He gallantly offered her his homage. Neither his highness nor we were aware," pursues Sommelsdyck, "that the King and Queen were concealed on the other side of the bed, to witness the first meeting between the young lovers unperceived."¹

In spite of the swelled face, the Princess made a most favourable impression on her affianced, and he was so far from availing himself of the facetious hint of resigning her, that he expresses himself fully satisfied in his original letter to the Prince of Orange, his father, announcing his arrival in England.

"MONSEIGNEUR,

"The 26th I departed from Helvoetsluys; arrived at Margate, the 27th. In the evening of the 29th I arrived at Gravesend, where I found my lords the ambassadors, to whom I showed the commission of the deputies of the States, on which they wrote a letter to Mr. Vane, for him to pray the King to grant them an audience, public and particular (private). This the King was pleased to accord. The Earl of Lindsay, grand chamberlain of this country, came the same evening to Gravesend with many coaches to conduct me to London. I left Gravesend on the 30th, in one of these royal coaches, which brought me straight to London to the court of the King, where I made my reverence to the King and Queen. The Prince of Wales went before me through the three ante-chambers.

¹ *Archives de la Maison d'Orange*, vol. lii. p. 435.

"The King never put on his hat during the whole of my audience. I went with the King to the Queen-mother and to the Princess, whom I found much more beautiful than her portrait. The 1st of May I went, at half-past two, to the King and Queen, and presented the letters of your royal highness. The King told me 'that your royal highness had never written a better letter than that.' Then I was conducted by the Prince of Wales to the presence of the Princess, to whom I delivered my letters. I could not then deliver my letters to the Queen-mother, because she was at her devotions."¹

The Prince then enters into a long account of a quarrel, that had taken place between his kindred lords of the bedchamber, in his apartments, saying that they had set him at defiance, and that a box of the ears had been exchanged between them in the course of the scuffle; but at last they were induced to beg his highness's pardon for having violated the etiquette of his chamber, and peace was restored.²

The young Prince was very much admired for his graceful manners in the English court. Sommelsdyck writes to the Prince of Orange, "that nothing could be more honourable than the reception of the Prince his son, who has fully satisfied their majesties, the nobility, and the people, who have all admired in him the gifts of nature and the perfection of his education."

"He has pronounced his little speeches with the best grace, and with so much courage and good-will, that he has acquired the love of every one who heard him. I will not say more, but it is not half the truth."³

The young Orange prince was conducted by the Earl of Lindsay, lord chamberlain, to Arundel House, where suitable apartments had been prepared for his reception. Next day he visited the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, who returned his visit on the morrow at Arundel House. He was presented with a key of the garden of Somerset House, so that he was able to come without ceremony to visit the King, Queen, the Princess-royal, and her brothers every day.

He attended the service of the Church of England there, all the time he stayed in England; but he intimated that his return must not be long delayed, however pleasant and familiar he felt himself with every member of the royal family.

King Charles having consulted with his bishops, the kings-of-arms, and the Dutch ambassadors, appointed the Sunday after Easter for the solemnization of the nuptials; and that, on account of the tender age of the bride, there should be no publishing of banns, and some other ceremonies omitted, which had been used at other royal marriages.

Dr. Wren, Bishop of Ely and Dean of the Chapel Royal, by his majesty's command, waited on the young foreign bridegroom-elect at

¹ *Archives de la Maison d'Orange*, vol. iil. pp. 437, 438.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*

Arundel House, and instructed him in the form and order of the marriage ceremony; what he was to do, and what to say. He then left copies of our liturgy, both in English and French, with Monsieur Marlot, his highness's governor, and Monsieur Rival, his tutor.

The chapel was elaborately decorated thus. The walls about the altar, or communion table, were hung with rich cloth of gold called bawdekins, the rails were covered with the like, and the floor with a fair Turkey carpet. On the communion-table were laid the old English Bible printed in 1541, and the liturgy, or Common Prayer-book, both with silver gilt covers, together with a gilt basin, two chalices, a paten, and two candlesticks. A rich carpet of silk and gold was spread from the door before the altar, and thereon two rich long cushions were laid, just without the rail, for the bride and bridegroom to kneel on. Two rich traverses, of gold bawdekins, were put up in the chapel, that for his majesty on the right side, hung with crimson taffeta, the floor covered with a demy carpet, whereon was placed a rich armed chair of state, with a cushion, and before the chair two cushions to kneel on. Opposite to this traverse, on the left side of the chapel, was the other traverse for the reception of the Prince and Princess, if they should have occasion to repose. Outside the rails were four stools with cushions, for the ambassadors of the States-general to repose on. The King's privy closet, wherein he usually sat to hear divine service in the chapel, his great closet, and the Queen's privy closet, were all hung with the richest sort of gold tissue, brought from his majesty's royal wardrobe in the Tower, being part of the ancient crown furniture. The great chamber was hung with tapestry of the overthrow of the Spanish Armada. This was regarded as a compliment by the Dutch and their Prince.

The great lords and ladies had warning the day before the marriage of the Princess-royal, by the King's command, to attend the bride at ten o'clock in the morning of Low Sunday, the 2nd of May, 1641. The noblemen having repaired to the King's privy gallery at Whitehall, his majesty deputed the Earl of Holland and Lord Strange, eldest son of the Earl of Derby, with divers gentlemen of the privy chamber, to Arundel House, to summon the bridegroom and conduct him to Whitehall. No coaches, save those of the King and Queen, were allowed to enter the palace gate.

His Highness was attended by the four ambassadors from the United Provinces, Seigneur Brederode, Baron of Vienne; Monsieur Francis D'Aersson, Seigneur de Sommelsdyck; Monsieur Kirkhoven, Seigneur de Heenvliet; and Monsieur Albert Joachim, Siegneur de Ostender.

The bridegroom having arrived at Whitehall, his highness was conducted by the Earl of Holland to his majesty, through the presence-

chamber into the privy gallery, the four ambassadors following him. He had ten pages and as many footmen, all habited in sky-blue velvet trimmed with silver lace, and made up after the French fashion.

The King received the Prince in the privy gallery, and took him with him by a private way to the Queen's side of the palace, leaving the nobility in the gallery.

The lord chamberlain finding the gallery and presence-chamber overmuch crowded, was compelled to send the most part of the Prince's followers into the chapel beforehand, in order to leave room for the procession.

The seats on the left hand were reserved for the English lords. The bridegroom's procession formed in the privy chamber about twelve o'clock. It was led by Monsieur de Dorp, his principal gentleman usher, between the heralds Somerset and Windsor. The young bridegroom was dressed in a suit and cloak of Utrecht velvet, richly embroidered with silver. A little before him went the lord chamberlain, on the left; on the right were the two chief ambassadors. The other two followed. Then came the Prince de Talmon, the Count de Johns, the Count de Nassau, Monsieur de Marlot, his governor, and about ten principal nobles who attended his highness from the Hague.

After a short pause came the bride's procession, preceded by her gentleman usher, between Clarencieux and Norroy kings-of-arms. The bride was led by her two brothers, Charles, Prince of Wales, and James, Duke of York, the youngest a very beautiful boy only just eight years old, the eldest not quite twelve. The bride wore a rich white silk train, embroidered with silver; her hair tied up with silver ribbons, not dishevelled about her shoulders as in former times; her head adorned with a garland of pendant pearls, the great ends hanging down with a rope of large round pearls; about her neck a necklace of fine pearls, round her shoulders and breast a chain of pendant pearls, and on her breast a rose of six pendant pearls, the fairest in Christendom.

Six unmarried ladies of the highest rank, dressed in cloth of silver, acted as her bridesmaids, and bore her sweeping train. On her left hand, a little behind her, the Countess of Roxburgh walked. The other noble ladies were dressed in white satin.

The organ on the entrance of the procession played a voluntary and continued playing. The lord chamberlain having placed the bride, returned to the King, and arranged his majesty's procession.

The King being come to his chair of state, on the right hand of the bride, with the sword of state borne before him, the organ ceased, and a full anthem commenced. At its close the Queen, with her mother, Marie de Medicis, who was then staying at the English court, came to the window of the Queen's closet with the bride's sister, the Princess Elizabeth, the Prince-elect, and several ladies of the highest rank

to see the celebration of the marriage. The organ played another voluntary. The Bishop of Ely, dean of the chapel, the clerk of the closet, and other dignitaries, wearing their rich copes, bearing the liturgy in their hands, came forward, and the Bishop of Ely began the service of matrimony plainly, as prescribed in the book of Common Prayer.

The bridegroom said, "I, William, take thee, Mary;" and the bride, "I, Mary, take thee, William," etc.; for so the King had before directed.

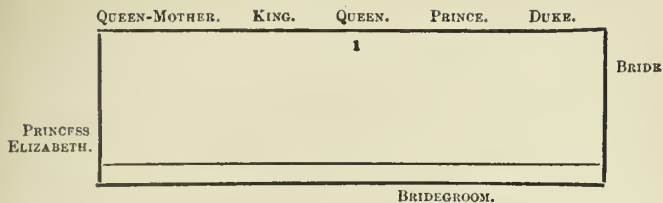
When the Bishop demanded, "Who gives this woman to be married to this man?" the King took the Princess by the right hand and gave her to the Bishop, who reverently received her, bending his knee, then rose and gave her to the bridegroom. The bridegroom laid a little ring of gold on the Prayer-book, which he put on the bride's finger.

After the blessing had been pronounced, the new-married couple arose from kneeling, and the Queen, the Queen-mother, and their attendants, left the Queen's closet window, and returned into her majesty's bed-chamber. The King went up into his closet, followed by the bridegroom and bride, to hear the rest of the marriage service; the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York on either side the bridegroom, who was preceded by his gentleman usher between Somerset and Windsor heralds. The bride's gentleman usher was supported by Clarencieux and Norroy, immediately preceding her royal highness, who was led by the two principal ambassadors and followed by the two others. Her bridesmaids and the principal great married ladies of the court remained with the King during the residue of the morning service. The sermon was preached by Dr. Warner, Bishop of Rochester, who had been warned by the lord chamberlain to be short.

It was past two o'clock before all was finished. They returned into the Queen's privy chamber, and from thence, into her drawing-room. The King having entered through his own apartments, was there already to receive the bride and bridegroom, with the Queen and the Queen-mother. The bride and bridegroom knelt and solicited their blessing, which was most affectionately given. Both the Queens kissed the youthful pair, and the four ambassadors kissed the hands of the bride; and having paid their compliments of congratulation, withdrew to partake of the dinner which had been prepared for them in the hall of the gate-house to the palace.

The King, Queen, Queen-mother, Prince Charles, the Duke of York, the Lady Elizabeth (the King's second daughter), the bride and bridegroom, about three of the clock, dined privately together at a table about ten feet long; their majesties seated on chairs, the rest on stools, in such manner as is represented by this figure.¹

¹ This being a dinner in private, their styles were not proclaimed at the second course. That same evening they all (save the Queen-mother) supped together in the like private manner.



After dinner the Queen took the new-married pair, and all the assistants at the bridal, to walk in Hyde Park, with the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, which passed away the time till supper. Then their majesties returned to their presence-chamber, and left the young people to amuse themselves till ten o'clock, "when," says the French continuator of the curious and circumstantial record of the bridal, "I will not omit the description of the nuptial ceremonial of putting the little Princess, who was not yet ten years old, and the young Prince of Orange in bed together.

"The Princess was disrobed in the Queen's chamber, and placed in the state bed of blue velvet, called the bed of parade, which was richly fringed with gold and silver, with buttons and embroidery of gold and silver, surmounted with four grand white plumes. The curtains were looped with cordons of gold and silver. The chamber was hung with costly tapestry and ornamented with vases of solid gold, and chandeliers of silver, in which large flambeaux of white wax were burning against the walls, and diffused a bright and glorious light. Here the little Princess lay awaiting the entrance of her juvenile spouse, Prince William of Orange. The Queen, her mother, was seated at the end of the alcove, surrounded by her great ladies-in-waiting and her bed-chamber women; at the head of the latter was the lady nurse. There were also those of the Princess, the Countess of Roxburgh, her governess, with the Lady Lilius, her niece, Mrs. Griffin, the Princess's nurse, two other ladies, and four maids-of-honour; there were seven countesses present, besides many ladies of high rank, who completely filled the chamber to see the coming-in of the bridegroom.

"The King himself introduced the Prince, who was in his *robe de nuit* and *pantoufles*. His majesty had some difficulty in conducting him through the crowd to the side of the bed where the Princess was lying in state. The Prince kissed his two brothers-in-law, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, and bade them both good-night before he entered the bed, which he did very gently. He then kissed the Princess three times, and lay beside her about three-quarters of an hour, in the presence of all the great lords and ladies of England, the

¹ From the original view of the marriage.

four ambassadors of the United States, and the distinguished personages who had attended him to London.

"When the King intimated it was time for him to retire to another chamber, which had been prepared for his use, the Prince bade adieu to his little bride, kissing her thrice. But on leaving the bed one of his *pantoufles* was missing, which after a little search was found near the Princess.

"As soon as he had recovered his *pantoufle*, he knelt to the King and asked his blessing and that of the Queen, and having received the benediction of both, he was conducted by his majesty to the chamber where he slept."

The grave Dutch statesman, Baron Sommelsdyck, one of the two principal ambassadors for the marriage, informs his sovereign, the Prince of Orange, of a droll incident connected with the juvenile bridegroom losing one of his *pantoufles*, explaining the *costume de nuit* of the little bride, and the presence of the Queen's dwarf (Geoffrey Hudson) in the state chamber.¹

The Prince does not allude to the circumstance in the *naïve* letter in which, in compliance with his father's desire, he gives the narrative of his marriage to the young Mary of England.

After the long elaborate account of the heralds and master of the ceremonies, it is really refreshing to read the princely bridegroom's confidential and natural relation of his bridal.² He says:—

"Your highness has ordered me, to tell you all I saw with the Princess, with whom I am much in love, and therefore I will tell your highness all about it. At the beginning we have been a little serious, but now we are very free together. I think she is far more beautiful than her picture, and love her very much, and I think she loves me also. Now I must tell you how I was married last Sunday, the 12th of May, and all that passed on that day. The ambassadors came that morning about eleven to me. The Earl of Holland put me into one of the King's coaches, and conducted me to *Vuhael* (Whitehall), on the King's side, where he was.

"The King took me into the Queen's bed-chamber, where the Queen-mother and the Princess were. After a little while I was conducted to the chapel, accompanied by the ambassadors. Then came the King, and soon after the Princess, who was led by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. The Queen was in a chamber, whence she saw through a window all the ceremonies. Then the archbishop³ began to read the articles of marriage, to which he made me respond in English, which responses I had learned by heart. When that was read the King joined our hands; after that I gave the Princess the

¹ *Archives de la Maison d'Orange*, vol. iii.

² *Ibid.*

³ So called by the Prince.

ring. It was not a diamond ring, but a plain gold ring without enamel.

"When that was done, I was led out of the chapel by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, and went to a chamber where I could hear the sermon. The Princess came into this chamber, led by M. Brederode and M. Sommelsdyck, and we were both placed in chairs, and were together there till the sermon was over. Then I went into the Queen's chamber, where the King was, and the Queen and the Queen-mother. The Princess came there also. Then M. Sommelsdyck made an harangue of thanks to the King, which being done, I, kneeling, asked of the King, the Queen-mother, and the Queen, their blessing on me as their son, which they bestowed.

"Then we dined—the ambassadors by themselves. At the King's table was the King, the Queen-mother, the Queen, the Princess, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and me and the little Princess Elizabeth. After dinner the Queen-mother retired to her lodgings, and the Queen went to walk in *Hey-parc* (Hyde Park), accompanied by the Princess, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and me. The King remained in his apartment. After coming from our walk the King and Queen supped with the same party who had dined, save the Queen-mother and the Princess Elizabeth. After supper the King and Queen retired to their presence-chamber, where they remained till ten o'clock. Then the Queen took the Princess to be undressed in her chamber. The King and all the lords conducted me into another chamber, where I was undressed. The King led me, after I was disrobed, into the chamber where the Princess was in bed. The Queen and all her ladies were about her. After I had been some time in the bed, I left it, and was led into another chamber, where I slept that night. The King and Queen came into that chamber to see me into that bed, and wish me good-night.

"This is all that passed that day."¹

The Prince tells his father "that he had made the Princess a present of three paintings, which were thought very fine."

The day after the splendid pageant of the espousals of Mary Princess-royal with the young William, heir of the Prince of Orange, the mob broke into Westminster Abbey, pillaged it, and did much mischief, yelling all the time for the execution of the Earl of Strafford.

That tragedy was consummated only one week after the bridal of the young lovely pair had been solemnized in the chapel-royal at Whitehall, and cast a fearful gloom over the rejoicings for the truly Protestant alliance that had taken place. The Queen wept incessantly, and the King suffered intensely at having been compelled to act against the dictates of his conscience, in signing the death-warrant of

¹ From London, May 17, 1641, N.S., *Archives de la Maison d'Orange*, vol. iii. p. 462.

his faithful servant. The young Prince of Orange speaks of Strafford most feelingly, in his letter to his father. Perceiving the excited state of the revolutionary party, he earnestly entreated his royal father-in-law to permit his youthful bride to return with him to the Hague. This, on account of her tender age, King Charles steadily refused to allow. The Queen endeavoured to comfort the juvenile bridegroom, by promising to bring her daughter over to the Hague in the following spring.

The newly-wedded pair saw each other every day, and became fondly attached. The evening before his departure the King presented to his princely son-in-law a sword richly jewelled in the hilt and on the sheath.

The young Prince dined that day with their majesties and his beloved bride, whom he assured of his constant and increasing affection; and told the King her father, that if he did not send her to him at the time the Queen had promised, he should come over and fetch her himself, or live with her in England.

He took his leave of the King, Queen, Prince of Wales, and Duke of York, that night, but reserved his farewell interview with the Princess till the next morning, when he repeated to her his determination to come over to fetch her, himself, if she were not sent to him. The Princess gave her spouse, as a farewell token and keepsake, a jewel from her bosom, which he kissed, and fixed to his own. She then gave favours of white and silver ribbon from her dress to the ambassadors, and one of her silver roses to Sir Albert Joachim, the resident ambassador, and the other to the Count de Solms, which they placed in their hats.

At 9 A.M. of May 15th, the Earl of Holland attended the Prince to the Tower, in one of the royal coaches, with three of the ambassadors and the Count de Solms. The Prince went into the Tower, but having no time to stop, only ate some fruit and comfits in the lodge of the watch, and immediately took barge for Gravesend, where they found thirty of the royal coaches waiting their arrival. They proceeded in one of the King's coaches to Rochester, and saw his Majesty's shipping at Chatham. The next day they went on to Canterbury, from thence to Deal, where the Prince wrote to his bride the Princess-royal, and gave the letter to the Earl of Holland to deliver to her. He embarked the same afternoon in the ship *Amelia*, Admiral Martin Trompe welcoming and congratulating his highness, and hoisting his flag when he came on board at four o'clock.

The Princess-royal had, meantime, sent Sir Peter Killigrew to present the Prince with an embroidered scarf, as a farewell gift of love, but he had already sailed. At six o'clock on the Sunday morning Sir Peter followed in another vessel, and duly delivered the token to

the Prince, who received it with great pleasure. He landed soon after on the following Sunday at Goree, near Helvoetsluys. He only paused to write a lover-like acknowledgment to his bride, and then proceeded to meet his mother at Buren, and the next day joined the Prince of Orange, his father, who was with the army encamped in the fields near Genep.

CHAPTER II.

MARY pursued her education, after the departure of her young bridegroom, under the superintendence of her new *gouvernante*, Catherine, daughter of Lord Wootton of St. Mary's Cray, who had wedded Henry Lord Stanhope, eldest son of the first Earl of Chesterfield, by whom she was the mother of three infant children, two girls and a boy, scarcely a year old. The untimely death of her husband had left her a widow in the flower of her days. Her charms and graceful manners had made a deep impression on the heart of John Poliauder Kirkhoven, Lord of Heenvliet and Graud Huntsman of Holland, one of the four Ambassadors from the United States for the marriage of the hereditary Prince of Orange with the Princess-royal of Great Britain. When he proposed marriage to the young and lovely widow, his addresses were favourably received. After their union, Heenvliet was appointed by King Charles, as the husband of the state governess of her royal highness, Lady Stanhope, to the post of Grand Superintendent of the household of the Princess-royal in Holland.¹

He was, by the instructions of King Charles, directed to live in the same house as her royal highness, and to exercise full authority over all the members of her household; Lady Stanhope was enjoined never to give up her place in the Princess-royal's coach, and always to present the napkin for her royal highness's lavation, before the *maître d'hôtel*, but the *maître d'hôtel* was to present it in the dining-room. Lady Stanhope is empowered by these instructions to purchase robes and all requisites for the wardrobe of the Princess, as they may be needed, and provides that the old dresses when replaced with new ones shall be the perquisites of Lady Stanhope.²

Public affairs in England now assumed so stormy an aspect, that the Queen, aware of her great unpopularity, withdrew with her children from Whitehall, to the more remote and solitary palace of Oatlands.

¹ Instructions to the Lord of Heenvliet Charles I. Bodleian Library, Oxford.
and Lady Stanhope his wife, from King ² Ibid.

The Queen-dowager of France, her mother, terrified at the violence of the mob, hastily retreated to the continent.

The King, attributing the discontent in Scotland to the effects of the absenteeism of the court and the more loyal portion of the nobility, now resolved to revisit the ancient realm of the royal Stuarts, in the hopes of conciliating the disaffected portion of the people, but in vain.

On his return to London early in December, he made a state entrance with his sons, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, on horseback, followed by the Queen with her two eldest daughters, the youthful bride of Orange and the Princess Elizabeth, in an open carriage. They were greeted with enthusiastic shouts of welcome, "God save the King," and other loyal acclamations, the last they were ever again to hear in London. They all dined there in state. The current of popular animosity soon after set in so strongly against the Queen, that she deemed it prudent to retire to Hampton Court with her children.

A family group of these was painted by Vandyke, who although the finest portrait-painter of chivalric men and courtly beauties, was not successful in his delineation of children.¹ In this picture the Princess-royal, who was only ten years old, is represented at least thirteen, the Princess Elizabeth is also three years older than she was at that period. The Princess Anne, who had then been dead at least a year, is introduced, posthumously, with the infant Duke of Gloucester in her arms, a smiling infant, whom she tenderly regards; but his attention appears wholly engrossed by the fine mastiff in the centre of the group, to whom he extends his hand, and is apparently addressing in the unknown dialect of babyhood. The elder prince has thrown his arm over the dog's neck. This is evidently the Duke of York, and is much older than the date of his birth would prove him to be, for his eldest brother, the Prince of Wales, was not then twelve years old.

The Princess was quite old enough to perceive the anxious uneasiness of her royal parents, and to feel the pain of parting with her beloved father and her brothers, the loved companions of her happy childhood. The King accompanied her and the Queen to Dover, with the Prince of Wales and the little Duke of York.

On the 23rd of February, the young bride of Orange exchanged her farewell embrace with her royal father, unconscious that it was to be their last, and embarked in the fine ship that was waiting for her, the Queen—her mother—and their suite. The Princess was attended by her governess, Lady Stanhope, the Lord of Heenvliet, her ladies-in-waiting, her maids-of-honour, and her faithful nurse, Mrs. Griffin. The three young children of Lady Stanhope were also of her party.

¹ This painting is in her Majesty's collection at Windsor.

King Charles was loth to part with his beloved consort and his young daughter, and rode along the shore as long as their ship was in sight. The wind at first was favourable, and the sea calm, but soon changed, and a tempestuous voyage awaited the Queen, her young daughter, and their attendants. The Queen behaved with her usual courage and composure, and assured the Princess there was no peril, though she was aware it was a bad time of the year for the Dutch coast.

The ladies suffered much from sea-sickness before they landed at Helvoetsluys, where they all went to bed instead of proceeding to Rotterdam, as the Prince of Orange had directed. His highness had ordered that they should have a grand reception in that city. Having received intelligence that the Queen of England and his young daughter-in-law had arrived at Helvoetsluys, he sent the Prince, his son, with a suitable retinue, to meet her majesty and his youthful consort. But before the Prince arrived, the illustrious party had left Helvoetsluys, with determination to proceed *viâ* Brill.¹ At Brill the young Prince met and welcomed his future wife and her royal mother, but the Queen and all the party had suffered so much from sea-sickness that they had taken a firm resolution not to embark any more, but to travel by land to the Hague. They left Brill next morning early. They travelled by Maeslandsluys, and found the Stadtholder himself, with the Queen of Bohemia, her son, Prince Rupert, and two of her daughters, waiting to receive the Queen of Great Britain and her daughter, the young bride of William, the hereditary Prince of Orange.² Affectionate welcomes were offered to the illustrious voyagers, and after his little daughter-in-law had been duly presented and heartily embraced by the Stadtholder, the party entered his state coach, a grand-looking vehicle, lined with crimson velvet, and calculated to accommodate without difficulty a company of eight. This coach, although elaborately carved, richly gilded and emblazoned, had neither springs nor glass windows, but clumsy doors opening between the high wheels; wheels so high that the coach had to be ascended by a flight of steps on either side, each door being furnished with a leather convenience for covering and holding the steps, called a boot. These being supplied with cushions, furnished side seats, each of them large enough to accommodate two persons.

The good-natured Stadtholder, having ensconced the two Queens, Henrietta Maria of England and Elizabeth of Bohemia, in the seat of honour facing the horses, the young bridegroom and his little bride opposite to them, and settled Prince Rupert and Princess Henrietta of the Rhine in one boot, violated all German etiquette by placing himself and Princess Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of the Queen of

¹ *Memoirs of Frederic Henry, Prince of Orange*, by Pisart.

² *Ibid.*

Bohemia, in the other. Thus packed, the social kindred party drove merrily to Hounslardyck, where dinner was ordered for them, and the deputies of the States came to welcome and congratulate them on their arrival, from the States-general. After dinner they all set out together for the Hague, where they arrived towards evening. They were met by a great multitude of all sorts and conditions of people, who thronged to see them. All the burgesses of the town were in arms, and the guards of the Prince of Orange, in military order, marched before them, and conducted Mary and the Queen her mother to the palace of the Prince of Orange at the Hague, where they were to reside. The Princess of Orange, being in hourly expectation of her confinement, had not been able to meet them at Hounslardyck, but came to receive and welcome the Queen of Great Britain, and to bless and embrace the Princess-royal as her daughter-in-law.¹ She conducted the Queen and the young Princess to their apartments, which were splendidly furnished and fitted up for their reception.

Brilliant *fêtes* and rejoicings took place at the Hague, to celebrate the arrival of the Queen and Princess-royal of Great Britain. The legend of the fairy Mergellina, among other pageants, was represented on the lake before the palace, in her car, drawn by swans. Queen Henrietta Maria delighted the Dutch populace by venturing into the car, and was drawn safely by the swans.²

For more than a month all was pleasure and merriment at the Hague. Queen Henrietta, after the Princess of Orange had recovered from her confinement, resigned the Princess-royal into her hands as the spouse of her son, and they pursued their education under the same roof.

Before she had been many weeks at the Hague, the Princess-royal was gladdened by the receipt of the following affectionate letter from her brother, the Prince of Wales. It was thus superscribed :

“TO THE HANDS OF THE LADY MARIE, PRINCESS OF AURIANA,
THESE PRESENTS.

“MOST ROYAL SISTER,

“Methinks, although I cannot enjoy that former happiness which I was wont in the fruition of your society, being barred those joys by the parting waves, yet I cannot so forget the kindness I owe unto so dear a sister as not to write ; also expecting the like salutation from you, that although awhile dissevered, we may reciprocally understand each other's welfare. I could heartily and with a fervent devotion wish your return, were it not to lessen your delights in your

¹ *Memoirs of Frederic, Prince of Orange*, 306. *Holland News and Gazette de France*.
by Bernard Pisart, Amsterdam edition, p. ² *News of Holland and Gazette de France*.

royal spouse, the Prince of Orange, who, as I conceived by his last letter, was as joyful for your presence as we are sad and mourning for your absence.

"My father is very much disconsolate and troubled, partly for my royal mother's and your absence, and partly for the disturbances of this kingdom.

"Dear sister, we are as much as we may merry, and more than we would sad, in respect we cannot alter the present distempers of these troublesome times. My father's resolution is now for York, where he intends to reside, to see the event or sequel to these bad unpropitious beginnings; whither you direct your letter. Thus much desiring your comfortable answer to these my sad lines, I rest,

"Your loving Brother,

"CHARLES PRINCEPS.¹

"Royston, 9th March, 1642."

How fond the Prince of Orange was of his young daughter-in-law, may be inferred from the fact of King Charles writing to her a request that she would borrow a ship from his highness her father-in-law, to convey parcels and expresses, to and from the Queen her mother between England and Holland.²

Every respect and kind consideration was shown to Queen Henrietta during her lengthened sojourn in Holland, by the Prince and Princess of Orange; but every despatch from England was fraught with distressing news, and showed only too clearly that the long threatening storm of civil war had commenced. Henrietta obtained large supplies of money and ammunition in the United States for the aid of her royal husband, and succeeded in pawning her pendant pearls, her large rubies, and other jewels, to the merchants and bankers of Rotterdam and the Hague, raising by her pledges and free loans upwards of two millions of money.

She had every reason to rejoice at the prospects of her young daughter, and the brilliant talents and happy disposition of the heir of Orange.

At length the time for her return to England was fixed, she having been absent nearly a year. She was attended to Scheveling,³ where she was to embark, 29th of January, 1643, by the Prince and Princess of Orange, Prince William and his little bride—the Princess-royal—the Queen of Bohemia, and their respective trains. It was a fine day, the wind was fair, and the sky blue and serene when she bade farewell to her generous hosts, and her sister-in-law, the Queen of Bohemia. There was a passionate parting between the Princess-royal and her

¹ *Ellis's Letters*, vol. iv. p. 2.

Frederic Henry, Prince of Orange, by
Pisart.

² The original of this letter is in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. *Memoirs of*

³ Now called Schevening.

mother, floods of tears were shed by both, the Princess clung to the Queen, and could scarcely be drawn away when her majesty embarked on board the fine ship called *The Princess-royal*. The Queen was scarcely mid-seas over, when the wind changed, and a terrible storm arose. The ship was driven back on the Dutch coast, and after battling with adverse winds and waves for fourteen fearful days and nights, they effected a landing at Scheveling, the port from which they had sailed with such auspicious appearances for a calm, fair voyage. Queen Henrietta's courage had never failed, when every hour expecting to perish, and surrounded by terrified women, who kept assuring her "they were all going to the bottom." "Courage, *mes chères*; Queens of England are never drowned!" was her undaunted reply; and the historic truth of this observation comforted and reassured the appalled courtiers in her train.

The Prince and Princess of Orange, aware of the approach of the shattered vessel, hastened with the Queen of Bohemia, Prince William and his little consort—Mary of England—to Scheveling, and were all there when Queen Henrietta and her forlorn ladies came on shore. Manifold were the welcomes and embraces which greeted her, and she was escorted back to the Hague with all honour and much joy.

The Princess-royal would not be separated from her mother while she remained at the Hague. It was not till the 10th of March that fair weather was restored, and a final parting was effected.

The following rules were drawn up by the Stadtholder for the regulation of the personal arrangements to be observed by the governess and superintendent of the household of the consort of his son, which are very minutely particular in all their details.¹

"1. No one shall be allowed to enter the bedchamber of the Princess unless qualified to do so: above all, no men, unless the Princess shall permit their entrance.

"2. In the presence-chamber the maids-of-honour, or at least such of them as the equerry, *maitre d'hôtel*, and gentlemen thereunto belonging, deem proper for receiving those who come there to see the Princess, and to entertain them till the Princess be informed in her bedchamber of their arrival.

"3. *Valets de chambre*, or pages, shall always be waiting in her antechamber, in readiness to admit those who are invited into her presence-chamber.

"4. Above all, an usher shall always wait at the door of the presence-chamber, to make a passage for her royal highness from her bedchamber.

¹ I was favoured with a copy of this curious document while at the Hague, by Monsieur van Sypestein.

"5. If any one wishes to speak to Lady Stanhope, they shall go through the hall to her apartments, without passing the bedroom of the Princess.

"6. When the Princess eats in public, she is to be served by her *maitre d'hôtel* and the gentlemen associated with him in the duty of waiting on her.

"7. When her royal highness eats in private, she is to be served by her bedchamber-women; and they are to be careful that no one be admitted to her table, unless privileged persons or invited guests.

"8. If the Princess comes as guest at a feast, no one is to be admitted to eat at her table but persons of rank and condition, except those who are in her service.

"9. When she goes out in her coach, there shall be care taken that no men nor any unprivileged persons are to be put therein; but if pertaining in any way to her, and she commands their attendance, they shall be put with her equerry in a coach before her highness's coach, and her maids-of-honour after hers.

"10. If she shall go in a chair (*or chaise*) through the town, her maids-of-honour shall follow her chair in their coach, and the equerry and gentlemen in attendance walk on foot before the chair; but no one shall be put into her coach that follows her chair, but it must follow empty for her use when she shall please.

"11. Those who have the honour to be in her royal highness's household must have especial regard that they live with the Princess in all possible prudence and virtue, and the respect due to a princess of her quality and extraction."

Then follows five rules of more importance than the foregoing points of mere trivial etiquette.¹

"1. It will be necessary to determine the hours of the morning at which the Princess makes her prayers to God, and also is instructed in her religion, as well as those at which she reads, eats, dresses, and performs other duties.

"2. They should try to have her entertained by persons of judgment and mind to make her understand, even in her amusements, the value of honour and virtue.

"3. That courtesy be strongly recommended to her, and that she may be instructed how she ought to behave to those who visit her, and to make distinction between persons of condition; and ought to be accustomed to caress those of this country, and make them good cheer as much as she possibly can.

"4. When she goes in public her lady-governess should be with her, or some other person qualified to keep guard that her actions are such

¹ Translated from the autograph of Frederic Henry, Prince of Orange. Drawn up by him, 1st of February, 1643.

as they ought to be, and that those who are near her treat her with all the marks of respect and honour that are her due; and that neither in their words or actions, in her presence, they show the slightest impropriety or indulge in light conversation.

"5. That her lady-governess take care of her, and make all others show her the respect that is her right; and that the Princess is not from negligence, inattention, or want of thought, guilty of any unseemly and uncivil actions."¹

The tender age of Mary must be borne in mind in reference to these regulations, to which her governess, Lady Stanhope, appears to have rigidly adhered. There are many of the Princess's early letters in the Bodleian Library at Oxford; all very childish, but curious. In one of these she requests to have some black gloves to wear with her mourning. This was for her grandmother, Marie de Medicis, who died in this year, 1643. The Princess also "requests to have some under petticoats," of which she says she is extremely in want, this 3rd of June, 1643. She writes again to Lady Stanhope, in July the same year, saying, "her gown does very well; but her *Pett*"—meaning her petticoat—"is a little too long; but she needs no other, because," continues her royal highness, "the *oner* ones does serve me well anofe."

Her bridal outfit must have been of the scantiest description, to judge from these trifling particulars and wants so soon after the Queen her mother's departure from the Hague.

On the 18th of July she says "she shall be at the Hague to-night, and hopes to dine with Lady Stanhope."

The ceremony of her marriage was solemnized at the Hague on her twelfth birthday, 4th of November, 1643.

The young Prince to whom her hand was pledged was six years her senior, born in 1626, singularly handsome, and in all respects formed and fitted to engage her affections. She continued to pursue her education at the Hague, under the care of his mother and her beloved English governess, Lady Stanhope, who faithfully devoted herself to the duties of her important charge.

She was not allowed to live with her consort till the autumn of 1646, though both were passionately attached to each other. In the spring of that year, while residing with the parents of her consort, she writes to Lady Stanhope in confidence, "that, although she spends her time well enough where she is, she took it very unkindly that the Prince and Princess of Orange went abroad on Sunday and left her all alone."² She was then in her fifteenth year, apparently somewhat of a spoiled child.

¹ Translated from the autograph of Frederic Henry, Prince of Orange. Drawn up by him, 1st of February, 1643.

² Letters of King Charles's family, in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

She had a dangerous illness in the October of 1647, and her husband, who was absent, sent a gentleman to Lady Stanhope, to inquire after the health of his beloved consort. "I entreat you," he says, in his agitated letter, "to take the trouble to write me word in what state she is at present." He writes anxiously many times about the Princess, during her dangerous illness and lingering convalescence. At last he had the satisfaction of receiving cheering intimation that her recovery, though slow, appeared hopeful, and that she was progressing towards health.¹

The disastrous state of her royal father's affairs pressed heavily on her mind and depressed her spirits. But the escape of her brother, the Duke of York, from St. James's Palace, in female attire, cheered her and acted as a cordial, and completed her restoration to health.

The adventurous boy landed in Holland, and immediately proceeded to the Hague. He was received with rapture by the Princess his sister, who immediately bestowed a handsome present on the faithful friends who had assisted in his escape. He soon put off his petticoats, gladly exchanging his feminine habiliments for a suitable dress, which was speedily presented to him by the Princess, with ornaments, to enable him to appear as her brother.² His ardent desire to see the Queen his mother impelled him to depart for France, contrary to the wish of his loving sister, who would gladly have detained him longer, had she not preferred the gratification of the Queen their mother to her own.

It was at this dark era of her royal father's fortunes that the fatal resolution was taken by him, of quitting his palace of Hampton Court, stealthily, on the stormy night of the 11th of September, leaving a letter for his gaoler, Colonel Whalley, mentioning the portraits of his consort and his eldest daughter, which he desires, as well as the portrait of Lady Stanhope, may be sent to their rightful owners. The original of Mary's portrait, which was hanging over the chimney-piece of the chamber he was then occupying, he requests Whalley might be sent to Lady Aubigny.³

The next intelligence of her beloved father that reached the Hague, announced the sad news that he was a prisoner at Carisbrook Castle, in the Isle of Wight.

Frederick Henry, Prince of Orange, the father of Mary's consort, at this ill-omened time, exhausted by his continuous hard struggles to fight the battle of life, and defend his country from the aggressions of the King of Spain, had early succumbed to the weakness of premature old age, and sank into childlike imbecility, having become utterly incapable of transacting business or carrying on the arduous cares of

¹ Letters of King Charles's family, in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. of the household of Queen Henrietta Maria.
² *Memoirs of Father Cyprian Gamache*, ³ Heath's *Chronicle*.

government. His ambitious consort, Amelia of Solms, exercised the executive power of the state, and attempted to rule the United Provinces in his name. This was resisted by Prince William, their only son, who asserted his right, as the heir-presumptive of the Stadtholder, to govern as regent during his father's incapacity.

The Princess-royal wrote kindly and respectfully to her father-in-law on the 21st of August that year; but he was too ill to answer her.¹

She was then staying at the Brill, and she writes to Lady Stanhope, complaining of its dullness. "I am as weary of it," she says, "as ever I was of any place in my life."² She was then suffering from indigestion, "not having been so careful in her diet as she ought to have been." She expresses an anxious desire "to have a suitable lodging for her brother, the Prince of Wales, who was coming to the Hague, and fears that there was no house there fit for him."³ Her generous consort made everything easy for the royal wanderer and his small train.

Meantime the English fleet in the narrow seas had revolted from the Parliament, raised the cry of "God save King Charles," turned their Roundhead Admiral Rainsborough and all his officers into their boats, sent them back to Dover, and sailed for the Brill in quest of the Duke of York, who had just arrived from Paris, and whom they invited to take the command of the eight ships.⁴

Though scarcely sixteen, the bold boy promptly obeyed the summons and was received on board the fleet with loyal acclamations. But the Prince of Wales hearing of the revolt of the fleet, and that his brother, the Duke of York, was preparing to sail with it as lord admiral, hastened from Calais and arrived at Helvoetsluys, where he, Prince William of Orange, and the Princess-royal, the Duke of York's sister, prevailed on him to resign the command of the fleet to him, as it was not considered prudent to venture them both at one time, especially as the young Henry, Duke of Gloucester, was in the hands of the Parliament.

The Princess and her consort induced the young Duke to return with them to the Hague, where the death of the Stadtholder, Frederick Henry, occupied the thoughts and attention of all parties for awhile, and placed Prince William in the seat of government.

The Prince of Wales boldly entered the Thames and took several rich prizes, and would have engaged the Earl of Warwick, who commanded the main body of the Parliament's navy, but the more prudent of his councillors protesting against his rash design, he reluctantly sailed back to Holland, and accepted the invitation of the States-general to land and proceed to the Hague, where he was

¹ Letters of King Charles's family, in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ Clarendon, Whitelock, Rapin.

hospitally entertained by his generous brother-in-law, who kept open table for all the ruined Cavaliers.

The respectful manner of his reception is thus announced in a letter from Amsterdam. Prince Charles was brought to the Hague with thirty coaches, and solemnly feasted and entertained. He gave orders for the new rigging and fitting the revolted ships which had declared for the King, to be made out of the prizes he had taken.¹

The heart-rending tidings of the murder of their royal father, King Charles, reached his afflicted children, the Prince of Wales and the Princess-royal, in the following February, and overwhelmed them with grief and horror. Their only comfort was that they could weep together, and receive the heartfelt sympathy of the Prince of Orange; who, aware that his brother-in-law was destitute at that time of money to provide mourning for himself and his attendants, kindly supplied everything requisite for the melancholy occasion at his own expense.

The States-general and the ministers at the Hague waited on Charles and offered him their condolences. He took the style and title of Charles II., King of Great Britain, with a heavy heart. He had no funds to support his rank, or feed his starving household, and was indebted to the kindness of his sister and her consort for the necessities of life. The assassination of Dorislaus, one of the deputies of the Commonwealth of England, added to his troubles; for although he was perfectly innocent of any concern with that outrage, he was perfectly aware that the States would no longer tolerate his presence at the Hague. Indeed, the Prince of Orange informed him privately that he would be requested to withdraw. He accordingly retired with his brother, the Duke of York, to Jersey, the only portion of his dominions which still acknowledged his authority.²

The Prince of Orange lived on bad terms with his ambitious mother, Amelia of Solms; and she, who had great credit with the States, set up an open opposition to his measures, which both embarrassed and annoyed him. She was excessively jealous of his royally-born consort, to whom he was passionately attached, and who was accused of being accustomed to say that "she, who was the daughter of a King of Great Britain, and granddaughter of a King of France, considered it a degradation not to be a Queen."³

The Princess had been married many years, though now only entering her nineteenth year, without giving an heir to the house of Orange, when, in the year 1650, there was for the first time a prospect of her becoming a mother. She was then in very ill-health, and oppressed with grief for the tragical death of her royal father and the

¹ Clarendon.

² Burnet's *History of his own Time*, vol.

v. pp. 52, 53.

³ Raynal's *History of the Stadtholderate*.

calamities of her family. She was also rendered very uneasy by a superstitious circumstance. An unknown person presented a paper to the Princess-dowager of Orange, her consort's mother, who received it graciously, supposing it had been a petition; but on opening it she found it was a pretended nativity of her son, with details of many things which had befallen him in the course of his short life, and a prediction that he would have a son by a widow, and die of the small-pox in the twenty-fifth year of his age.¹

This made a great impression on all the weak-minded and superstitious persons in the court, and it was commonly said that the English Princess, his consort, would die, and he would marry the widow of some other prince. It became, in consequence, a custom in the Court of the Hague, on the decease of any prince, to ask what manner of person his widow was.² Not the most enlivening thing for the Princess-royal, his devoted consort, to hear repeated in her delicate health and dejected spirits; but she had no occasion to doubt her husband, for he never swerved from her in thought, word, or deed.

William II., Prince of Orange, was the handsomest and most accomplished of all the sovereigns of Europe. His features were regularly beautiful, his form graceful, active, and majestic, his manners lively and engaging. He understood and spoke five languages, possessed a good knowledge of mathematics, history, and the *belles lettres*, and his powers of reflection were far beyond his years. He was well versed in the art of war, but his valour was hot and rash, and his ambition without restraint. He was born with an irrepressible passion for glory; his character was violent and impetuous, and inactivity to him was painful;³ but with all this he was generous to his consort's family—unboundedly so—the warmest of friends, and the most adoring of husbands. His brilliant talents, dauntless courage, and indomitable resolution, together with his partial affection for France, were so alarming to Spain, that the sovereign of that realm resolved to sign a peace without delay, and also to court his friendship by costly presents, both to himself and his consort. For William they selected ten peerless Spanish horses, the worst of which cost three hundred pounds sterling; for the Princess-royal, also, a costly present of plate and jewels, and hangings of perfumed leather, with other rarities calculated to please a lady. All these valuable offerings they designed to send by the British ambassadors to the Hague, but they were so long in choosing them, that they were too late. Meantime the Scotch sent deputations to the young King Charles II., the brother of the Princess-royal, soliciting him to put himself into their hands, and promising to place him on his father's throne; but as he was

¹ *Burnet's History of his own Time.*

² *Samson's L'historie de Guillaume III.*

³ *Raynal's History of the Stadtholderate.*

not only without money, but credit, it seemed impossible for him to comply with their requisition. The Prince of Orange generously lent him twenty thousand pounds, and enabled him to liquidate all the many annoying debts he and his so-called ministers had contracted at the Hague; and as the murder of Dorislaus had rendered his abode there displeasing to the republican party, the Prince offered him an asylum at Breda, his own personal territory. There he was supplied by the generous consort of his sister with all he required, received the Scotch commissioners, and finally embarked for Scotland in a Dutch man-of-war, with a suitable convoy, 3rd of June.¹ Instead of recounting his unsuccessful attempts to regain the crown of his royal ancestors, we must relate the struggle of the Prince of Orange with the Dutch republicans, headed in their senate by the able and popular magistrate, Cornelius Bicker.

Cornelius, perceiving that the Prince was adored by the army, through whose favour it was suspected he contemplated converting the United Provinces into a kingdom, and making himself a despotic sovereign, proposed disbanding the army as a necessary measure of economy, and for the tranquillity of the realm and a means of national prosperity. The speech of the far-seeing burgomaster was loudly applauded. The storm of angry eloquence with which it was opposed by the young fiery Stadtholder was of no avail. He denounced even the reduction of the army as base and suicidal; but Bicker's reasoning succeeded, and his proposition was carried by acclamation.

The Stadtholder then changed his manner of proceeding, and employed his charming British consort to use her influence with the wives of the burghers, in favour of the policy he wished to be adopted. The ladies, from whom she had hitherto kept herself aloof, were deeply interested by the conjugal affection of the fair leader. Her situation appealed to their sympathy, as she was for the first time promising to give an heir to the beloved family of Orange, and was still overwhelmed with grief for the tragical death of her royal father; but the inflexible spirit of the undaunted Bicker prevailed with the burghers over the interest the Princess had excited in their wives.²

The soldiers, devoted to the young Stadtholder, refused to disband, and their threats alarmed the more timid of the people, who suggested to his highness that he should visit the principal cities in the States, and ascertain how they stood affected. He acceded to the proposition, but he only reaped vexation from his progress. He was coldly received everywhere, and several of the cities declined hearing him speak. Amsterdam refused to open her gates to him. William complained to the States-general of the insult that had been offered to

¹ Clarendon.

L'Abbe Raynal, vol. i. pp. 99, 100, 101,

² *L'histoire de Stadtholderate*, par M. 204.

his dignity as their Stadtholder, and demanded the arrest of the deputies of the cities where he had been ill-received, and had them, six in number, shut up in the castle of Louvenstein.¹

This exploit intimidated the citizens, and emboldened the troops, who regarded him as a victim to his love for them, and assured him he might dispose of them as he pleased. William eagerly availed himself of their devotion, gave them orders to separate on the spot, but to reassemble in the night near Amsterdam, which he had marked for vengeance. Fortunately for that city, a courier from Hamburg, passing through the camp, discovered the project to surprise and plunder it, and secretly communicated to the authorities timely intelligence of the fate which threatened them. The gates were instantly closed, the burghers armed, the cannon pointed on the ramparts, all the sluices opened, and the surrounding country inundated.²

The plans of the angry Stadtholder being thus unexpectedly frustrated, he remained in doubt what he should do, but the magistrates offered a compromise. He then proposed to release the six prisoners at the castle of Louvenstein, if they would depose Cornelius Bicker from his authority. They took time to consider, and the Stadtholder, feeling indisposed, departed to recreate himself with hunting at Arnheim. While there he was attacked with serious illness, and hastily returned to the Hague. His physicians pronounced his malady to be malignant small-pox, attended with raging fever.³

His anxious care for his beloved consort and his anticipated infant, caused him to deny himself the solace of her presence, but he hourly grew worse. His fatal illness was attributed by some to poison, but the imprudence of his physicians was seriously blamed, for allowing him to change his shirt no less than thirty times in the week while he lay ill. He departed this life on the 27th of October, 1650, in the twenty-fourth year of his age.

Some writers have said "that the Princess, becoming aware of his death, rushed into the apartment where he had just breathed his last, threw herself on his lifeless remains, clasped him to her bosom, kissed him passionately, and was only parted from him by force." But the fact that she, ten years subsequently, died of malignant small-pox, shows that she was constitutionally subject to that fatal malady, and would undoubtedly have taken it, from such rash exposure to the contagion, if she had been permitted by her attendants to expose herself to it; especially as not only her own life would thus have been put into fearful jeopardy, but that of the expected heir of Orange, whose life was of such immense importance to the nation.

¹ Samson's *Memoirs of William III.*, vol. 1. p. 128.

² *Clarendon State Papers.*

³ Raynal.

The truth was, that when the sad tidings of her husband's death were announced to her, she was at first incredulous that anything so dreadful could have befallen her and her unborn babe. But the solemn etiquette of state mourning, to which she was instantly compelled to conform, painfully convinced her of the reality of her desolation. The dismal bed, the black-hung walls, the long line of shaded lamps lugubriously supplying the rigorously excluded light of day, and, last, the sable-drapèred cradle prepared for the expected heir of Orange,¹ filled the sensitive heart of the young widow with so many images of woe, that she refused all comfort. The agonies of her grief brought on premature childbirth, and at imminent peril of her life she brought her fatherless boy into the world, after dangerous travail, on the 4th of November, her own birthday, the day on which she completed her nineteenth year, just one week after her husband's death.

In proof of the popularity of the Princess, the States-general had purchased, in Paris, a costly bed with the most splendid tapestry hangings, embossed with gold and silver, and adorned with pictures, the richest that could be produced, as a present to her royal highness, in anticipation of her expected childbirth; but in consequence of the death of her consort, her deep grief, and premature accouchement in a deuil bed, it was never presented to the sorrowful young widow, nor even set up.²

The birth of her fatherless son under circumstances so touching, recalled the half-alienated affection of the States to the house of Orange. Their deputies testified their sympathy and respect to the young widowed Princess-royal by many addresses, they presented her infant son with costly pecuniary gifts, and loudly proclaimed their affection to the representative of their deliverer, William I.

CHAPTER III.

THE disconsolate widow of William II. of Orange was long in recovering her health. Her son was a small, fragile child, and for many weeks there were very feeble hopes of rearing him; but with

¹ Her bedchamber was put in the deepest mourning, hung with black, the windows closed, and all light excluded save that from lamps shaded with black. The bed was hung with black draperies; and there, after great danger of her life, her expected babe was prematurely born, a weakly, fragile infant, on her own birthday, in the first week of her widowhood. The boy was

rocked in a cradle hung with black, and all his caps, sashes, and robes were profusely trimmed with black.—Sir William Temple, vol. i. p. 470.

² Heath's *Chronicle*. Ten years afterwards the Mynheers presented this bed to Charles II. on his recall to the throne of Great Britain.

great care he survived, and was considered strong enough to be christened on the 1st of January.

The Princess, his mother, wished him to be named Charles, after her royal father; but the Princess-dowager, his grandmother, and the deputies of the States opposed her inclination, declaring "that Charles was a name of bad augury."¹

The Princess-royal was forced to submit. Her mother-in-law, the Princess-dowager, and the Queen of Bohemia were godmothers; the deputies of the States-general were godfathers, and gave the little Prince the name of William Frederick Henry. The baptism was conducted with much pomp. The coach in which the infant Prince was carried, was preceded, followed, and surrounded by halberdiers. This, as the rank to which he was said to have succeeded was not hereditary, was much remarked. The ermine in which he was enveloped was considered too royal for the House of Orange by the republican party.

William II., Prince of Orange, had, by his last will, constituted the Princess, his widow, regent for their expected infant, and raised the dowry of ten thousand pounds per annum, to which she was by her marriage articles entitled, to fifteen thousand. This will was disputed by his mother, Amelia of Solms, the old Princess-dowager, as she was called, who claimed the regency for herself and the Elector of Brandenburg, the husband of her eldest daughter, and the Prince of Portugal, son of the eldest sister of her late husband, Prince Frederick Henry; stating, with some plausibility, "that the Princess-royal could have no claim to the regency, being herself a minor."² The palaces of Buren, Breda, Hounslardyck, and Holstein, with all their furniture and fittings-up, were settled by the deceased Prince William II. on his much-loved widow.

Mary of England stoutly defended her right, as the mother of the infant heir of Orange, to represent her boy, and to act for him on all occasions either public or private; but she had a difficult task to maintain her deceased consort's will against her inimical mother-in-law.

A most tender letter, soon after Mary's widowhood and the birth of her fatherless boy, was addressed to her trusty friend, Lady Stanhope, by King Charles II., who was then in Scotland, to "entreat her to take care of his sister the Princess-royal; requesting her to write him an account of the Princess's health, how she bore the death of her husband, and how the little Prince fared."³

This letter is dated from St. Johnstone,⁴ 19th of December, 1650.

¹ Clerc's *United Provinces*, vol. ii. p. 292.
Viquefort's *United Provinces*, iv. Heath's
Chronicle.

² Samson's *Life of William III.*, vol. i.

p. 120.

³ Letters of the family of Charles I., in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

⁴ Perth.

The Duke of York also wrote, expressing great solicitude for his sister, grief for the death of her husband, and joy for the safe delivery of the Princess, and the birth of her son ; enquiring "who is he like?"

During all the stormy disputes which had followed the death of William II., Prince of Orange, his body had remained unburied now upwards of four months. At last, on the 8th of March, it was conveyed to the new church at Delft, for interment in the tomb of his glorious predecessor, William the Silent, the founder of the liberties and independence of the United States. Four hundred guards with lowered muskets, trailing pikes, and black banners, preceded the open mourning car in which his coffin was placed. The Duke of York, the Princes of Portugal, and Edward Prince Palatine, followed as chief mourners, with the Princes of the House of Nassau, nobles, heralds, and officers of the Princess-royal's household. The Dutch officials of state, the deputies of the States-general, and sixteen companies of burgesses, closed the long procession, which extended from the Hague along the banks of the canal nearly to Delft.

A dispute on precedence took place between the Princes of Portugal and the Duke of York for the office of chief mourner, which had been assigned to him by the Princess-royal, as the brother-in-law of her deceased consort. The Princes of Portugal claimed it as the descendants of the daughter of William I., their great-grandfather, but the post was retained by James, Duke of York, on which the Portuguese Princes left the church.¹ A medal of her deceased consort was struck by the command of the widowed Princess-royal, with his bust and titles, having on the reverse her own likeness, with the inscription: Mary, by God's grace, Princess of Great Britain, Dowager of Orange.²

The Princess-dowager presented an address to the States, enumerating the offices to which the posthumous heir of her son the late Prince of Orange was, she considered, entitled, and claimed the office of regent for herself.

This address was met by one from the Princess-royal, his mother, pathetically alluding to all her sorrows, and danger to her life in giving birth to her son, and claiming the regency in preference to his grandmother. She had the sympathy of the people. The contest seemed, however, interminable.

Meantime the deputies of the States-general sent to the Princess-royal, the Duke of York, and the Queen of Bohemia, desiring that none of their respective trains might be suffered to offer any insult to the followers of the English ambassadors, whom the States had taken into their protection, and would not regard any persons who should molest them as irresponsible. Painful as such messages were to the

¹ *Gazette de France*, p. 392. State Paper Office MSS. Merc, Politions, 20th to 27th March. 1650

² Van Loon *Netherlandche. Historical writings.*

son, daughter, and sister of the murdered King Charles I., they had no alternative but submission to the dictates of the States, and reluctantly promised to conform to their decree.¹

The notice was necessary, for upon the arrival of the ambassadors of the Commonwealth of England, Walter Strickland and Oliver St. John, at the Hague, the populace had exhibited the utmost ill-feeling towards them, and their servants were often insulted and beaten by those of the exiled Cavaliers, who were residing in the household of the Princess-royal and her brother the Duke of York.

One day Prince Edward, the youngest brother of Prince Rupert, seeing the ambassadors passing in their carriage, shouted after them, "Oh, you rogues! you dogs!"² On another occasion St. John, while walking in the park at the Hague, encountered the Duke of York on foot like himself, and they did not recognise each other till they were nearly face to face. As the ambassador of the English Commonwealth would not give way, the young Duke of York snatched his hat from his head and threw it in his face, exclaiming,

"Learn, parricide, to respect the brother of your king."

"I scorn," replied St. John, "to acknowledge either you or him of whom you speak, but as a race of vagabonds." They both laid their hands on their swords, but the gentlemen who were with them surrounded them and prevented an encounter.

The Princess-royal, finding the conduct of the Duke of York in this attack on St. John had been highly offensive to the deputies of the States, thought it most prudent to send him to Breda; for she could not venture to forfeit the good will of the States, on whom her son must depend for election to the various dignities enjoyed by the late Stadtholder, his father.

There was an immediate attempt, not very unreasonable, to withhold from his little highness the office of general of the armies of the States-general, and that of admiral of Holland, which he must have exercised by deputy.

The ill-fortune of her brother Charles, and his defeats both in Scotland and England, lowered the spirits of the Princess-royal, and all their friends in the Low Countries, and of course proved prejudicial to his infant nephew.

The first year of her widowhood was passed by the Princess in deep seclusion and grief, in the lugubrious solitude of her mourning chamber, scarcely looking abroad. Her only comfort was the growing animation of her boy, and the maternal kindness of her aunt, the Queen of Bohemia, who treated her with much sympathy and love.

The Queen of Bohemia writes to Sir Charles Cottrell a brief sketch

¹ Whitelocke's *Memorials*.

² Guizot, Whitelocke.

of the engagement between Blake and Van Trompe in the Downs, from the report of a vessel that had witnessed the fight.

“Hague, 16th December, 1652.

“The same ship coming hither saw Trompe set sail into the Downes, wear Blake stays for him with 80 saile; and as this ship went along he heard great shooting.

“To-morrow it is thought we shall hear what they have done. They have brave weather to fight in, for it is a clear frost and eastern wind. They look every hour for my Lord Craven.

“This next post I look for my new gentleman; and this week my niece’s business will be ended, as all say. The little Prince has been ill of a colick, but is now better. . . . It is so cold, I can write no more.”¹

The opposition of the Princess-dowager to the will of her son William II., oppressed his widow with profound sadness, and in consequence of the attempts of his mother to deprive her of her home palace, where she was residing with her infant son, she wrote to her faithful friend Heenvliet, telling him her fears of being turned out of her house, and enquiring, “What is there to be done, and whither she is to go? for to stay in Holland is against her opinion.” She concludes with telling Heenvliet how Lord Percy had been trying to influence her against him, but without success; “for,” continued she, “he must first blind me to my own interest, and make me the ungratefullest creature that ever was, to you.”²

But the young widow had more friends in the Hague and the States than she imagined, and was able to retain her dower, the palaces left in her husband’s will to her, and the person of the young heir of Orange. When she and her mother-in-law met, it was only by accident, but they were polite to each other.

In one of her lively letters to Sir Charles Cottrell, the Queen of Bohemia informs him of a misadventure, which occurred through the awkwardness of her officious lady in waiting, when the rival dowager Princesses of Orange encountered each other, at her house at the Hague. We must give it in the Queen’s own words. “I had a great visit upon Saturday last—both my niece and the Princess-dowager of Orange.³ We talked, all three, together very freely, and the countess would needs have us drink lemonade, which she brought us, and as she was giving it she threw it all upon my niece’s muff. Thus you see how adroit she is. She mends daily the wrong way.”

The Princess-royal, notwithstanding the great expense her brothers

¹ Inedited letter in possession of C. Cottrell Dormer, Esq., of Rousham Park, Oxford.

² Letters of King Charles’s family, Bodleian Library, Oxford.

³ Letter from Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, to Sir Charles Cottrell, Hague, this 19th of December, 1652. Rousham MSS., in possession of Charles Cottrell Dormer, Esq.

and their friends were to her, always lived within her income, and conducted herself most prudently. Indeed, surrounded as she was with spies, hired to report her sayings and doings, it would have been impossible for the slightest indiscretion on her part to have passed.

The Princess tells Lady Stanhope of her meeting with Charles. "He was not," she says, "very well supplied with money, as you may readily imagine; indeed, he had none at all, so I was obliged to give him some, and am, in consequence, in great need myself of more." She writes from Breda to Lady Stanhope in December: "I have received the lace you sent me, which is the finest I ever saw. I shall not fail to send you a note of what I desire. In the mean time here is the length and breadth"¹ . . . of what she requires, suppose the lace. On the 31st of December she speaks of the cold as most extraordinary, so that she can scarcely hold her pen.²

"I commission Lady Stanhope," writes the Princess, "to buy the handkerchief, of which she had written to me. For the choosing it," she says, "I trust you as much as myself;" and also commissions her to send twenty-five pounds of powder.³ There is only the date of the month to this letter, which inclines us to ask, for what purpose was this large supply of powder required? since it was prior to the absurd fashion of wearing powder in the hair.

The Queen of Bohemia writes indignantly, to communicate the ill news of the decree that had passed against the Princess-royal. Her letter is to her old correspondent, Sir Charles Cottrell. Her letter is dated 29th of August. She says: "I send you here a letter for my niece. You may deliver it to her yourself, and assure her I am very sorry for the wrong sentence she has had against her, for I esteem myself so much hers, that I cannot but be sensible of what toucheth her."

The letter contains an order to Sir Charles Cottrell to procure her a hanging shelf for her books, and also "a collar for Holl."⁴

The faithful servants of the King, her brother, were grieved and indignant at the presumption of the Duke of Buckingham in presuming to aspire to the hand of the Princess-royal, after his return from sharing the unsuccessful enterprise of Charles II. to regain the throne of Great Britain. Sir Edward Hyde writes anxiously on the subject to his colleague, Nicholas.

"DEAR MR. SECRETARY,

"I had never any speech with the King about that wild pretence you mention of the Duke of Buckingham. But I have reason

¹ Letters of King Charles's family, Bodleian Library, Oxford.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ The Princess Hollandina of the Rhine.

to believe he hath heard of it, and abhors it sufficiently, but takes no notice of it, upon confidence that his sister disdains it. I have often had conference with the King concerning the man, and find that he knows him as well as needs be. And no doubt that the Queen is traduced in that report you have heard of her, approving it; for besides the folly and madness of it, I know that she said once upon the discourse, that if she thought it possible for her daughter to have so base a thought, she would tear her to pieces with her own hands.”¹

The report died away, and Buckingham, perceiving that he only lost his time, desisted from his vain attempt to win the fair royal widow.

The youngest brother of the Princess, Henry, Duke of Gloucester, had remained in melancholy solitude at Carisbrook Castle, after the untimely death of his beloved sister Elizabeth, with no other attendants than his faithful tutor, Mr. Lovel, and that wholly unnecessary functionary a barber. Cromwell, on the 17th of February, procured a vote from the Parliament, “that Henry Stuart, the son of the late King, should be sent out of the realm, for lessening the charges for his keeping by the Commonwealth.” In the end of that month he was accordingly shipped for Dunkirk. He was conveyed thence to Brussels, where the Princess of Orange, his sister, sent her coach to meet him, and “after many grandeurs and civilities” shown him, he was conveyed to Breda, to the great joy of the royal family, who had feared his life would not be safe in the unscrupulous hands of the murderers of his royal father, and had not scrupled to predict that he would quickly follow his sister, the Princess Elizabeth.²

The Princess of Orange passionately desired to keep him with her at the Hague. But the Queen, his mother, was so impatient to see her long absent boy, that he was conducted into France soon after his arrival by the Lords Langdale and Inchiquin. The delight of the Queen and his sister Henrietta at the sight of the Prince was unspeakable, for they regarded him as one just raised from the dead.

Meantime the young royal widow and her little boy, the orphan Prince of Orange, were bidden to the grand christening *fête* of the son of William Frederick, Count of Nassau, and the sister of the late Prince of Orange, Albertine Agnes, to whom they were to be sponsors, with Prince Maurice, the son of the Queen of Bohemia, or, as she styles them, “gossips”; but we will let her tell the events of that evening.

“I was at the supper,” records the Queen, in her pleasant letter to Sir Edward Nicholas.³ “My niece, the Princess-dowager, the little Prince, and Prince Maurice were gossips. The States-general, I mean

¹ Clarendon's *State Papers*, vol. iii. p. 51.
Par. this 2nd of March, 1652.

³ *Diary and Correspondence of John Evelyn*, vol. iv. p. 222.

² Meath's *Chronicle*.

their deputies, and the council of state, myself and Louise, were there as guests. After supper was dancing till three o'clock. My little nephew (William, Prince of Orange) was at the supper, and sat very still all the time. Those States that were there were very much taken with him. My dear niece," pursues the Queen, "continues her resolution of going hence Thursday next; but I doubt the weather will hinder, for it thaws apace."

Further particulars of the gaieties of the Orange Court are thus related by the Queen of Bohemia to her royal nephew's secretary of state, in her lively letter of the 11th of January, the day after the christening of the son of the Prince of Nassau and the Princess Albertine Agnes of Orange.

"We had a royalty, though not upon Twelfth-night, at Teyling, where my niece was a gipsie, and became her dress extreme well. Mrs. Hyde, a shepherdess; and I assure you was very handsome in it. None but her mistress looked better than she did."¹ This was the subsequently secretly wedded wife of the young Duke of York.

In a letter to Charles II. his aunt the Queen of Bohemia says of Marie, Princess-royal: "My dear niece recovers her health and good looks extremely by her exercises, she twice dancing with the maskers: it has done her much good. We had it two nights: the first time it was deadly cold, but the last time the weather was a little better. The subject your majesty will see was not extraordinary, but it was very well danced. Our Dutch minister said nothing against it, but a little French preacher, Carré, by his sermon set all the church a laughing."

In her next letter she says: "We have now gotten a new divertisement of little plays after supper. It was here the last week, and now this week at your sister's. I hope the godly will preach against it also."

In another of her lively letters, the Queen of Bohemia gives her royal nephew further accounts of the gay doings of the resident court of the Hague at Christmas. "Your sister was very well dressed, like an Amazone; the Princess Tarente like a shepherdess; Mademoiselle d'Orange like a nymph. They were all very well dressed. Mrs. Hare was a Switzer's wife. But I wish of all the sights, your majesty had seen Vanderhas: there never was seen the like. He was a gipsie man. Hyde was his wife. He had pantalon close to him, in red and yellow striped, with ruffled sleeves. He looked just like Jack-a-lent. They were twenty-six in all, and danced till 5 A.M."²

A letter of intelligence from the Hague records, May 2nd, 1653, that "the Duke of Gloucester goes this day for France. He made the dowager and his sister seeming friends. The Prince of Orange is made Knight of the Garter." He was then two years and five months old.

¹ Evelyn, vol. iv. p. 224.

² Hague, 13th December, 1653, and 27th December, 1653.

Garter king-at-arms received an order from King Charles II. to deliver the order of the Garter to his nephew, the young Prince of Orange, then not three years old. Garter accordingly waited on the Princess-royal, and concerted all the particulars of the ceremony with her, and agreed that the speech at the presentation of the Order should be addressed to her, on account of the infancy of the Prince her son. Her royal highness prepared a rich George, but only a ribbon, in regard that it would be tied more aptly about his highness's leg. Accordingly on Sunday, the 4th of May, 1653, the Queen of Bohemia, the Princess-royal, and many persons of quality, being assembled in her highness's chamber, Garter placed the rich George and the ribbon, with his majesty's letter, on a velvet cushion, and entered the room, assisted by Sir Charles Cottrell, Sir Edward Brett, Sir John Sayer, and Sir Robert Stanismere, and made three obeisances; placed the cushion with the decorations on a stool, and made his speech; then kneeling down, he tied the ribbon round the young Prince's leg, and put the George about his neck.¹

The affection of the Dutch boys to the orphan son of their late Stadtholder and the Princess-royal, was eagerly manifested every time they caught sight of his little highness and his young widowed mother.

One of Cromwell's spies and secret intelligencers at the Hague, writes, July, 1653: "The young Prince with the Princess-royal, are to return hither this week. Already the boys at the Hague are eagerly carrying Orange placards about, but at the coming of the Prince this will be redoubled. All the people, except in Holland, are for the Princess-royal and her son, and Prince William his deputy."²

A month later one of the secret spies writes: "The young Prince, being sent for, is come to the Hague with his mother, whom to congratulate the young fry were in arms after their fashion, and broke down the windows of those who offered to oppose them. If no agreement is made in England, 'tis thought the States will have the young babe, and make him their general."³

The little Prince of Orange having made his *début* at the christening of his infant cousin successfully, his mother ventured to parade his person publicly at the Hague, as he was now grown vigorous, strong, and managable. He was the darling of several of the States. "Most of the commons love Oranges," was the proverbial observation of the lookers-on, "but they will not digest in the stomachs of Dort and Amsterdam." "It is feared by some," continues a looker-on, "that though we have made peace with England, we shall fall out amongst ourselves. The orange-peel sticks so in our stomachs."⁴

The Princess and her boy received a most hearty welcome from the

¹ Sir Harris Nicholas's *History of the Order of the Garter*.

² *Ibid.*

³ Thurloe's *State Papers*, vol. i. p. 237.

⁴ Letter from Peterson, in Holland, 16th July, 1653. In Thurloe.

populace at the Hague, on the 2nd of August, on their return from Breda. The burgomaster of Dort, as soon as their yacht came in sight, came on board and presented them with Rhenish wine. Many boats also brought a goodly company of townsmen to greet them.

When they landed, abundance of men, women, and children, stood upon the walls, crying, "Vive le prince d'Orange." They were also greeted by two companies of boys of eight, nine, ten, eleven, and twelve years of age, whereof one company rode on sticks, to represent a troop of cavalry. One boy marched before them sounding a trumpet, under which hung the Prince of Orange's colours.

These boys had all of them orange scarfs, with the arms of the Prince of Orange, with feathers of white, blue, and orange colours, all made of paper; and having marched as far as Reswick, they stayed there for the coming of the Prince, who not coming they marched home again. The said boys understanding, afterwards, that my Lord Priuce came to town that night late, marched yesterday, about ten o'clock over the *buytenhoff*, with a trumpet sounding, going to salute his highness. When they came to the bridge the Fiscal Bocy, with the officer Geesdorp and his men—the said Fiscal taking their trumpet from them and sending them away, they ran to his house demanding their trumpet, flinging stones at the glass windows; and in the meantime great youths mingling amongst the boys, would soon have pulled down his house about his ears, had not the States of Holland sent immediately their guard to his assistancce, who soon dispersing them withdrew.

The guards were no sooner gone but the boys got together again, and fell most vehemently on the Fiscal's house, but a troop of horse coming towards them struck some terror into them, and they left off flinging stones. Night approaching, they perceived they could not effect anything there, since all the passages were guarded, but they all came about nine of the clock at night, in most violent manner to the house of the Pensionary De Witt, crying, "Where is that rogue, that Prince betrayer?" beating out all his glass windows, till there was not one whole one left; and if there had not come on the sudden some horse and foot, they had levelled his house. From thence the boys and rabble went to the lodgings of the lords of Amsterdam, and broke all their windows, till they were frightened away by the soldiers. From thence they came to the houses of the two burgomasters, the officer and the scout, and broke all their windows; but being always pursued by the soldiers, they gave over breaking windows. Since that time the townsmen have been constantly in arms.¹

The Princess of Orange held Lady Balcarras in such high esteem for her many virtues, that she was desirous of constituting her

¹ Thurloe's *State Papers*, vol. i. p. 191.

governess to her son, the little Prince of Orange; but Charles II. prevented the appointment from being made, for what reason is not known.

Lady Balcarras being in great distress, applied to her friend the Princess for aid, who was most desirous of assisting her, but being at that time wholly destitute of the means, wrote this kind and considerate letter to her.¹

“MY LADY BALCARRES,

“You may be confident that if it had layne in my power, as much as in my desires, to assist your lord and you, you had not been in that ill condition you are in; for truly the only cause why I have not sent you what I intended, has been caused by the want of ready money. Therefore the proposition you make to me is so good, that if you will find out any person that will advance you the money, I will give an assurance, under my own hand, to see it payed in the space of two months; and to that end I shall give Oudart order to draw up a paper, which I will sign and send to you to-morrow night or Monday morning—for on all occasions you shall find me to be,

“My Lady Balcarras,

“Your most affectionate Friend,

[No date.]

“MARIE.”

The Princess being prevented from appointing Lady Balcarras governess to her son, the little Prince of Orange, placed him under the care of Mrs. Howard, the daughter of Lady Stanhope and the Lord of Heenvliet, and had much satisfaction in her choice of his preceptress.

Understanding that her brother, Charles II., meditated a visit to the Hague this summer, the idea was peculiarly inconvenient to her, because of the negotiations of the States with Cromwell for a peace with them. She wrote in the following frank style to his minister, Sir Edward Nicholas, from Breda, hoping he would dissuade his master from taking the step she apprehended.

“I am very uncertain,” she says, “of my stay here, because it depends on his majesty’s return, who I wish with all my heart would not come into these parts till he sees what becomes of the treaty; for I do much apprehend at last they [Cromwell and the Dutch] will agree, the Hollanders desiring nothing more. By this imagine how ill his majesty’s reception will be. Pray let me know your opinion of this, and whether you believe there will be a peace, which in doing you will much oblige

“Your affectionate Friend,

“MARIE.”²

¹ Lord Lind-ay’s *Lives of the Lindsays.*

² *Diary and Correspondence, Evelyn*, vol. iv.

The unwelcome visit of her brother Charles was averted, but the peace with the Commonwealth of Great Britain took place, as the Princess-royal had foreseen, and Cromwell's spy reported in his letter of intelligence, that she wept three hours when she heard the news.

It was on the whole very unpopular at Guelderland and at Leyden, where they refused to burn pitch-barrels, or to display the usual signs of public rejoicing. At Enchtruisen, the minister omitting to pray for the young Prince of Orange, the sailors told him that "the next time he omitted praying for the Prince, they would throw him into the sea; so the next time he prayed for him more than half an hour."

At Dort the young men set up the colours of the little Prince on the steeple, and De Witt durst not attempt to take them down.

In fact, a reported secret article for the exclusion of the young Prince was highly resented; his mother had acted wisely, and his grandmother had much reason to repent her premature fraternization with De Witt. She fell sick from vexation, and in July a letter of intelligence¹ states "that the Princess-dowager hath had for some days since a tertian ague, violent enough. Men do believe that it doth chiefly proceed from melancholy and heartbreaking, in seeing herself frustrated in her expectation of getting the young Prince suddenly restored." Her ague held her a long time. However, she did not forget to make application to the States-general for the settlement of her dower. They had offered to settle twenty thousand guilders a year upon her at the death of the Prince her husband, but she had refused to accept less than forty thousand per annum then. Now she humbly sued for the twenty thousand she had haughtily rejected when offered.² They took time to consider her petition.

The Lord of Ghent, presiding in the assembly of the States, did declare to their lordships, "that her highness the Princess-dowager of Orange, being ill-disposed and keeping her chamber, had desired him last night to take the pains to come to her; and that on his coming, her highness did desire him that he would be pleased to congratulate their high mightinesses on her behalf, on the peace made with the Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and that her highness did heartily wish the same to continue to all eternity." Whereupon he was requested by their lordships, to return their thanks to her highness for her congratulation and good affection, adding such compliments as were requisite. The Princess-dowager was not aware of the secret article of the treaty, insisted upon by Cromwell, whereby the States had agreed to exclude the infant Prince of Orange and his descendants from holding the dignity of

¹ Thurloe's *State Papers*.

² *Ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 496.

stadtholder, and the post of admiral of the States; and that Cromwell had used very harsh expressions against the harmless infant, as being related to the House of Stuart.¹

When, however, the article for the exclusion of the Prince of Orange became public, the Dowager Amelia repented of her rash civility to their high mightinesses and Cromwell, and united with her daughter-in-law in presenting a remonstrance against that injurious article, setting forth the great services of the Prince's predecessors to the States.

"The Princess-dowager," reports Cromwell's spy, "doth begin to capitulate with those of that land concerning her dowry of twenty thousand guilders per annum, which she formerly scrupled accepting. The Orange party tax and blame her for covetousness, and say she ought to have scorned such small profit, and not to be obliged to those who have excluded her grandchild. They do also repeat her covetousness for having accepted from Spain Louenbergen, and that only by reason of which she disposed the Prince her husband to favour the peace. She is going to Berlin to attend the confinement of the Electress of Brandenburg, her daughter, which is expected this winter."

Count William of Nassau accompanied the dowager to Berlin.²

The provinces of Guelderland, Zealand, Groningen, and Utrecht were against the article,³ and notwithstanding the precautions and proclamations, there were open manifestations of affection shown for the young Prince on the fair day at the Hague, by the soldiery, with volleys and shouts for him, and Count William of Nassau, his official representative.⁴

The Elector of Brandenburg, guardian of the Prince, presented a most eloquent address to the States against the exclusion of the orphan Prince, exhorting them to nullify any article on which they had agreed to his prejudice.

So serious did affairs now appear, that the principal heads of the exclusionist party, Brederode, Opdam, and De Witt, paid their compliments to both the Princesses, and offered their lame excuses for the attempted exclusion of the young Prince. But they proceeded to lessen the allowance for his education and maintenance during his minority.

The Princess-royal, with consent of the Dowager Princess and the Elector of Brandenburg, joint guardians, agreed with the States-general for arrangements to be made for the little Prince, till 1657, to be under the care of the daughter of Lady Stanhope, Mrs. Howard, and that her royal highness should resign into his hands, and for his use, two of the four palaces at present occupied by her; she keeping

¹ Thurloe's *State Papers*, vol. ii. p. 496.

² *Ibid.*, p. 234.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 263.

⁴ Letter of Intelligence, May 8th.

the palaces of Hounslardyck and Breda, of which all repairs and keeping up the gardens should be done at his expense by the council, and any alteration for her own pleasure should be at her own charge.¹

The King Charles wrote to his sister, "telling her how he had received her letter, and was much afflicted at the conduct of Holland to her son, and advised her to be reconciled to her mother-in-law, for the whole House of Nassau were concerned in the quarrel; but not for her to endeavour to procure her son's election as general by the other provinces, lest she should be considered to oppose a private interest to the public peace with England; but through her moderate and wise proceeding, his position will be sure to be restored by the time he was able to exercise those high offices of State."

Charles expresses a great wish to see her, and tells her if she were not able to meet him at Spa, he would come nearer to her. But the Princess had set her mind on the journey to Spa, and determined to strain every nerve to proceed thither. The maids of honour and gentlemen in her train prepared a drama for her amusement, called "A King and no King." It was very successful.

Notwithstanding the consent of Holland to the secret article of Cromwell's peace, that neither the Prince of Orange, nor any descendant of the late King of England, should be admiral of Holland, or have any power over the militia, there was great working among the other States to place his little highness at the head of affairs. The province of Guelderland and four other provinces, chose him to be their general and admiral.

In September, Count William of Nassau went from one good town to another in Holland, feasting the magistrates and people, to gain their affections to the little Prince; also in the Netherlands, Count William of Nassau gained much ground for his infant relative, but it was fruitless.²

The Princess had a white parrot, with a red neck and tail, to which she was much attached, and often gave up hunting parties because it could not accompany her, and whenever she went out she always rushed upstairs on her return to see if her favourite bird were safe. One day, when it was expedient she should go out for the greater part of the day, she left her bird in the care of her maids of honour, ordering them all not to lose sight of her little favourite. On her return she was astonished to see all her damsels fall down at her feet in silence. "Where is my parrot?" cried she. "Alas! madam," they replied, "the cage was opened, and he flew away: all search for him has been fruitless." The Princess, perceiving their great distress,

¹ Thurloe's *State Papers*, vol. ii. p. 285.

² Whitelock's *Memorials*.

said kindly to them, "You are very foolish, my children, to weep for this bird; beautiful though he was, he was not worthy of the tears of Christians. This is only a small misfortune: comfort yourselves and me, and let it not be mentioned again."¹

CHAPTER IV.

THE Princess-royal, seeing everything proceeding prosperously for her son, determined now to meet her eldest brother at Spa, and endeavour to recruit her health and spirits.

Charles left Paris in the middle of July, where he had nothing but vexations, being deeply in debt, and living on uncomfortable terms with the Queen his mother, but the thought of meeting his beloved sister cheered him very much.²

The German princes, urged by the Elector of Mentz, had all at this time, except the Emperor, promised to subscribe to assist him to maintain himself and his retinue. Charles received nearly ten thousand pounds—a great comfort to him and his household.

The Princess-royal arrived at Spa about the middle of July. She had great joy at meeting with her brother. It was reported that she was going to marry the new King of Sweden, Charles Gustavus, previously Duke of Deux Ponts,³ to whom the eccentric Queen Christina had just resigned her crown. It was also said that Christina had fallen in love with Charles II., and intended to become his wife. These matrimonial reports, being devoid of foundation, soon died away.

The Princess, her exiled brother, and their train spent a very merry month at Spa, till the small-pox broke out amongst her ladies, which induced the royal party to proceed with all haste to Aix-la-Chapelle.

The Princess hired a house for her destitute royal brother King Charles, and his retinue, and kept a table for him. "She is here," reports one of the letters of intelligence, "at a vast charge, no reasonable lodging to be had under half a crown a night. At first coming it would have been a crown."⁴

The maternal feelings of the widowed Princess-royal had been agitated by the account of the dangerous accident which had nearly occurred to her fatherless little one, William, Prince of Orange. It is thus related by his great aunt, the Queen of Bohemia, who happened to be an eye-witness of his peril and fortunate escape.

"You will hear, by Mrs. Howard's letter, how great a scrape my

¹ Mrs. Green's *Lives of the Princesses*, vol. vi. p. 265.

² Clarendon.

³ Thurloe's *State Papers*

⁴ *Ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 586.

little nephew escaped yesterday, upon the bridge at the Princess of Orange's house; but, God be thanked, there was no hurt, only the coach broken. I took him into my coach and brought him home."¹

One of the hireling traitors who earned a base living from Cromwell, as a spy on the royal brother and sister, thus narrates his progress: "I am still making my approaches to the work, which I hope to gain within a few days, for I have already access to R. C. (Charles Stuart's Court), and I am confident very shortly to give you some account of his affairs." The greedy villain, however, first insists on an increase of wages. Why, indeed, should he perform his base calling for nought?²

"Of all the monies you sent me being but twenty pounds," continues he, "I disbursed the most part to put myself in equipage to follow R. C. to wherever he goes; and in case he removes, as it is said he shortly will, I shall be straitened in following him; therefore, to accomplish your desires, I pray furnish me with monies necessary for such a work."³ After a brief pause he proceeds to communicate the following racy doings at the double court.

"Last week came the landgrave of Van Hussa, from Antwerp, after visiting the Queen of Sweden (Christina), with whom they say he is in great favour. Thursday last he invited R. C. to hunt and hawk with greyhounds and hawks, &c. They went out about seven in the morning, and returned at four in the afternoon. They killed only four partridges and one hare. That night the landgrave supped with R. C. and his sister, the Princess-royal, at one table, with many others. They were *extream* merry; R. C. drank the Queen of Sweden's health to the landgrave. The health went round with many laughs and ceremonies. The most part of that night spent in mirth, singing, dancing, and drinking. I had the honour at all this to be present. Saturday last the landgrave went away. 'Tis here commonly said the Queen of Sweden is in love with R. C., which I do not believe."⁴

Our unscrupulous authority, who had been feasting and sharing in all these revels, of which, of course, he gives a very exaggerated account, in order to earn a larger reward from his employer, goes on to describe the quarrelling among the ruined noblemen and gentlemen of Charles's mock court, where, though there was nothing to be got, there were as many jealousies and intrigues as if lucrative offices and sinecures were to be divided. He says:—"Our lords and cavaliers here fall out one with another. The Lord Wilmot and Lord Newburgh fell out last day eagerly: they were to fight, but R. C. having notice of it, hindered their duel. The Lord Wentworth and Major Boswell quarrelled and knocked one another last night in the next room to R. C.'s bedchamber. The one cannot endure the other; the wine

¹ To Sir Edward Nicholas, August 31st.
Correspondence of John Evelyn, vol. iv. p. 206.

² *Thurloe's State Papers*.

³ *Ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 586.

⁴ *Ibid.*

makes them mad. There are such factions among them as if the three kingdoms were all their own, and to be divided by them.

"I hear Culpepper and one other were together by the ears last night also." This was one of Charles's ministers, whom the unusual good cheer had unfitted to pursue the cool diplomatic line of conduct necessary for one in his responsible position.

"It is thought," continues our authority, "that they will not remove from hence till this month be ended, for till then their letters cannot be answered nor their emissaries return; which is well for me," he adroitly adds, "for *if* they go I cannot go with them *till* you furnish me."¹

The very first day the Princess and her brother moved to Aix-la-Chapelle, intelligence reached her that her favourite English maid of honour, Mrs. Killigrew, was dead of the small-pox. Whereupon Daniel O'Neil, of the king's bedchamber, advised Hyde to apply to the Princess for that place for his daughter, before news of the vacancy could reach the Queen her mother, who would be sure to make her fill it up with one of her *protégées*.

Hyde however was too proud to supplicate for his daughter. He thought his services ought to speak for themselves, and said "he could not deprive his wife of her daughter's company, whom he did not wish to live a court life."²

The King asked him "why he forbore to ask him for his recommendation to the Princess?" and told him plainly, "that his sister having seen his daughter several times, liked her so well that she desired to have her about her person, and had spoken to him herself, to move it, so as to prevent displeasure from the Queen; therefore he knew not why Hyde should neglect such an opportunity of providing for his daughter in so honourable a way."

Hyde repeated his excuses, and went to the Princess to thank her for her goodness, telling her, "if it had not been for her bounty in assigning them a house where they might live rent free, they could not have been able to subsist; and confessed it was not in his power to make his daughter such an allowance as would enable her to live in her royal highness's court conformably to the position that was offered to her."³

The Princess would not permit him to enlarge on his difficulties or to dwell on her kindness, but generously told him "she knew well the straitness of his circumstances, and how his fortunes came to be so low; that she had no intention that he should be at the charge to maintain his daughter in her service, but bade him leave that to her, with many expressions of esteem for him, and kindness and grace to his daughter."

He replied "that since her goodness and generosity disposed her to

¹ Thurloe's *State Papers*, vol. ii.

² Clarendon.

³ *Ibid.*

such beneficence, it became his duty and gratitude to prevent her from bringing inconvenience on herself; that he had the misfortune to be more in the Queen her mother's displeasure than any gentleman who had had the honour to serve the crown so many years in some trust, and that he could not but know that her royal highness's charity would produce some anger in the Queen her mother."¹

The Princess answered with some warmth "that she had always paid that duty to the Queen her mother, which was her due, and would never give her just cause to be offended with her; but that she was mistress of her own family, and might receive what servants she pleased, and that she should commit a great fault against the Queen if she should forbear to do a good and just action, to which she was inclined, out of apprehension that her majesty would be offended at it. She knew some ill offices had been done him with her mother, she was sorry to say; but she doubted not her majesty would in due time perceive that she had been misinformed and mistaken, and then she would approve of what her highness should now do. In the meantime she was resolved to take his daughter, and would send for her as soon as she returned to Holland."²

Sir Edward Hyde's reluctance was by no means overcome, and he replied that "he left his daughter to be disposed of by her mother, who would, he knew, be very unwilling to part with her."

"I'll warrant you," replied the Princess, "that my lady and I will agree upon the matter."

Lady Hyde, when the Princess, on her return to Holland, communicated her gracious offer, was of course much charmed, but considered it prudent to take the opinion of the Reverend Dr. Morley, who resided in their family, and he, believing it might be to the young lady's interest, advised her to accept it.

Cromwell's spy intelligencer next proceeds to inform his employer "that the magistrates of Aix-la-Chapelle had been to call on the Princess and her brother, and had sent them a present of wine. Yesterday," pursues he, "R. C. and his sister, the Princess-royal, with their respective trains, were invited to evensong by the canons of the cathedral church of the blessed Virgin. They went thither at three of the clock in the afternoon, where seats were made for them within the choir, covered with black velvet, on which they both sat, and heard evensong all out, with extraordinary music.

"Two of the canons came to give them thanks, and asked 'if they would be pleased to see the relics and antiquities within the said church,' which they accepted, and went with all their train to see them. The Princess kissed the hand and skull of the great Charlemagne, and R. C. drew out Charlemagne's sword and measured it with

¹ Clarendon.

² Ibid.

his own. I was present at all this,"¹ adds the unsuspected traitor. It was well he had nothing worse to record of the Princess and her brother. Ten days later he informs his employer, that "yesterday, 17th of September, R. C., with five or six more in his company, walked on foot through the streets from his lodgings to Cæsar's baths, where the Princess-royal was bathing. He was in black, without a cloak, with his blue riband and garter, and white silk stockings. He and his sister came home together in a coach. In the afternoon they went, together with their trains, to visit Count William of Friesland. Two days later, Count William of Friesland and his lady supped here, with R. C. and his sister, who show him great respect, hoping thereby to gain a greater interest in him for his family."²

The spy finds nothing more to record till the 8th of October, "when," says he, "R. C., his sister royal, and their trains, bag and baggage, and I close to them, parted from Aiken (Aix-la-Chapelle), and lodged that night in Julick (Juliers)," described by Clarendon as a little dirty town, unworthy of causing a quarrel between so many of the Princes of Europe, and of the fame it got by its famous siege. The Spanish garrison paid the royal travellers the compliment of a salute with their great guns.³

"The following day being Friday, they arrived at Cologne at five in the evening, and were received with many shots to indicate respect and joy for their coming, joined with the admiration of the people.

"R. C., the Princess-royal, and many others, lodged in a Protestant widow's house called Cidaltourg, where the ambassadors of Holland used to lie; a very fair and curious house, full of decent rooms and with pleasant gardens. The senate sent two hundred musketeers to give R. C. three volleys of shot at his door after his arrival, and did him much honour. He and his sister, Saturday last, were invited by the Jesuits to their college, where they had a comedy prepared for them and a banquet after; but the royal brother and sister only eat some grapes standing, and drank two glasses of wine. The rest snatched away everything, and I," continues the spy, "had my share of the spoil as near as I could."⁴

The Elector of Cologne, who kept his court at Bonn, paid no attention to the Princess and her brother; but the people of Cologne were so much delighted with their visit that they invited Charles to take up his abode with them, and offered him all the accommodation their city would afford. Charles thankfully availed himself of their welcome civility, and promised to spend the winter in Cologne.⁵ The kind widow, where he and the Princess had taken up their abode,

¹ Thurloe's *State Papers*, vol. ii. p. 91.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ *Ibid.*

⁵ Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*.

offered him and his train the accommodation of her house, which he accepted for the coming winter.

Charles scrupled not to send to the German princes, requesting them to pay up the amount of their subscriptions, which they had voluntarily engaged to pay for his support.

The Duke of Newburgh, whose court was at Dusseldorf, a small day's journey from Cologne (in these days two hours only), now sent his proportion, with many kind expressions of regard and sympathy; intimating also that he would be glad to enjoy the honour of entertaining the King and his sister in his palace, as she returned. However, he forbore to make a solemn invitation, without which they could not make the visit till some important ceremonies were first settled, that nation being more formal and punctual on such matters than any other in Europe.

The gentleman who brought the Duke's compliments and congratulations, on the arrival of the Princess-royal and her brother, was instructed privately to ascertain whether the King would at once address the Duke by the title of his highness, and whether the Princess would allow the Duke to salute her, for unless these points were conceded there could be no meeting between the Duke and them; and the King was informed that the Emperor always addressed the Duke as his highness.¹

Both the King and his sister were naturally inclined to new sights and festivities, and the King thought it incumbent on him to receive the respect of any of the German princes, and among them there were few of more importance than the Duke of Newburgh, who reckoned himself on the same level as an Elector, and was treated with the like consideration by the Emperor, who always gave him the title of highness. Then his majesty made no scruple of doing the same.

The matter of saluting the Princess was of a new and delicate nature, for her dignity from the time of her arrival in Holland was considered such, that the Prince of Orange, her husband's father, would never pretend to it. Yet that ceremony depending on the customs of countries, and the Duke of Newburgh being a sovereign prince inferior to none in Germany, and his ambassador always coming before the Emperor, her royal highness the Princess consented that the Duke should salute her.

This important punctilio being arranged without any noise, the King and his sister proceeded by water to Dusseldorf, where they arrived between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, and found the Duke and his Duchess waiting for them on the water side, where, having performed their mutual compliments, civilities, and salutations, the King and the Princess-royal entered with the Duke and Duchess

¹ Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*.

into the Duke's coach, and their followers in the coaches that were provided for them, and proceeded to the castle, which is very near the shore. The King was conducted to his quarters, and the Princess to hers, where they changed their dresses. The Duke and Duchess did the same, and visited not their royal guests till half-an-hour before supper, when Charles and Mary had performed their devotions.

The castle was a very princely house, having been the seat of the Dukes of Cleves, which duchy, together with that of Juliers, having lately fallen to heirs female, whereof the mothers of the Elector of Brandenburg and the Duke of Newburgh were co-heiresses, Dusseldorf, by agreement, remained to the Duke of Newburgh. His father being of the Reformed religion, finding the Prince of Orange and the States too strong for him, for they embraced the party of the Elector of Brandenburg, he became a Roman Catholic, that he might have the powerful support of the King of Spain and the Emperor.

The Duke was a very learned and accomplished gentleman, eloquent and graceful. He had been married to the sister of the King of Poland, who dying, left him with a young daughter, and he remarried with a daughter of the Elector of Hesse Darmstadt, who became a Roman Catholic. She had no great beauty, understood not the French language, nor had sufficient animation to contribute to the entertainment, of which she was rather a spectator than a partaker.

The feast was very splendid, both for the table at which the Duke and Duchess, with the King and Princess, sat, and that prepared for the lords and ladies. The meals, according to the custom of Germany, were very long, with several sorts of music, both of instruments and voices, which if not excellent was new.

There was wine in abundance, but no man pressed to drink if he called not for it, the Duke himself being an enemy to all excesses. A friendship was here formed between Charles and the Duke, during the two days of their sojourn at Dusseldorf, which always lasted. They parted with mutual expressions of goodwill.

Presents were given at Dusseldorf by the order of the Princess-royal to the Duke's servants, amounting to five hundred and forty-one rix dollars.¹

The Princess and her brother, after another day's journey, arrived at Zanten, a handsome town belonging to the Duchy of Cleves, which was assigned to the Elector of Brandenburg. They stayed there one night, and the next morning, after an unwilling farewell, the Princess prosecuted her journey to Holland, and her brother returned to Cologne. The exiled king had not a coach, and positively refused to avail himself of his sister's kind offer to leave him one of hers, contenting himself with using exercise on horseback, and spent his

¹ Clarendon Papers.

time in studying the French and Italian languages. Indeed, this period appears to have been the most blameless part of his life.

The Princess returned in high spirits from her tour, and for many days could talk of nothing but the gratifying attention that had been paid to her and her brother by the Duke of Newburgh, who had offered Charles the napkin at his lavation, before sitting down to dinner, and could scarcely be prevailed on to omit that ancient service.

The young royal widow had the happiness of embracing her son and her loving aunt, the Queen of Bohemia, who was always eager to welcome her on her return.

She wrote a most affectionate letter to the King her brother, telling him "that she had been to Teylingen to see her son," although the plague was there, and had not yet abated. She assures Charles, "that his sadness at parting had given her much satisfaction, and hopes that his wish of seeing her again might continue, for she shall not receive any great joy till she has that happiness again."¹

Lady Hyde soon came and brought her daughter to present to the Princess, by whom both were very graciously received, and the appointment of Anne Hyde as maid-of-honour to the Princess was soon made, and she was by the considerate kindness of the Princess enabled to accept it.²

Sir Edward was at that time in the bitterest poverty. He often wrote to his colleague, Sir Edward Nicholas, complaining of the want to which he and his family were reduced, and begging Nicholas to lend him small sums to pay postage for King Charles, which was wholly out of his power to do.³

Anne Hyde was in the early bloom of her beauty, and became the belle of the Court of the Hague. Her conquest of the Duke of York was kept a profound secret from his royal sister.

The news of Queen Henrietta Maria's unkind treatment of her youngest son, the Duke of Gloucester, to compel him to enter the Church of Rome, afflicted the Princess very much, and is thus mentioned by the Queen of Bohemia in her letter to Sir Edward Nicholas:—"I was with my best niece"—she always distinguishes the royal widow of William II. of Orange by this endearing title—"it being her birthday (then twenty-four)."⁴ I assure you she is in much trouble for her dear brother, the Duke of Gloucester; all the world would look for no other, as I can witness to you. I am sorry the King has so much cause of grief. I beseech God he may speedily remedy it. I believe my dear nephew has a good resolution, but there is no trusting to one of his age. I confess I did not think the Queen would have proceeded thus."⁵

¹ Clarendon Papers, Macr. y.
² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Evelyn's *Correspondence*, vol. iv.
⁵ Ibid.

Sir Edward Hyde wrote to the Princess-royal, on this vexatious business, informing her "that although the Queen Henrietta Maria and Lord Jermyn had both written to the King, neither of them had dropped the slightest hint of the matter. I have never in my life," continues he, "seen the King, your brother, in so great trouble of mind; and as he hath now written to the Queen, to the Duke of Gloucester, and to others, his full sense of the injury, so he will do whatever he can think of to prevent so insupportable a mischief."

Mary replied at once to express her regret at the injurious course her royal mother had taken. She says :—

"MR. CHANCELLOR,

"I give you as many thanks for your letter, as I wish myself ways to hinder this misfortune that is likely to fall upon our family, by my brother Henry being made a papist. I received a letter from my brother this last week. All the counsel I was able to give him was to obey his majesty's orders, and not to let his tutor go from him without his majesty's leave. This last I fear he has not been able to perform. I pray he may the first, for certainly there could not have been a more fatal thing for his majesty, at this time; but I hope God will give us the means of preventing it. If there is a likelihood of any, I intreat you to let me know it, for it would be a very great satisfaction to,

"Mr. Chancellor,

"Your affectionate Friend,

"Teyling, this 16th of November, 1654."

"MARIE.¹

This beloved object of their general interest had been conveyed by the Marquis of Ormonde to Brussels, where his fond sister, the Princess-royal, had sent Nicholas Aikman, one of the exiled Cavaliers in her household, with one of her coaches, to meet and conduct him to Teylingen. "I am sure," writes the Queen of Bohemia, "our Hoghen Moghens will take no notice of it if they be not asked the question, as they were for the king's coming to Breda."

Charles, to the great joy of his royal sister and aunt, permitted his young brother to pursue the route desired, and to remain with the Princess-royal some little time, before he summoned him to his mock court at Cologne. The penniless king could not resist the pleasure of making a visit to his sister at Teylingen, on which the Hoghen Moghens favoured her with this epistle :—

"MOST EXCELLENT PRINCESS,

"We were informed by some that the Lord King Charles, your royal highness's brother, should have betaken himself within the limits of this State, and particularly that he should at present shelter himself

¹ Clarendon Papers, vol. iii.

in the house at Teyling; and although we cannot by any means believe or expect, from the wisdom and reason of the said mighty lord, the King, that he would or durst, undertake, contrary to the Treaty of Peace made the last year with the Commonwealth of England, to come within the limits of this State and directly against our particular orders, comprehended in our resolutions of the 30th of July, 2nd and 3rd of August, all in the year of 1653, and the writing made by virtue thereof, to be given to your royal highness, within the province of Holland and West Friesland. So have we, after good reasons and for settling ourselves in entire rest, found meet with these to set before the eyes of your royal highness, what is said before, with a desire and demand that you will speedily declare and assure us of the truth hereof, nothing doubting, but desiring and requiring your royal highness, as much as in her (*you*) lies, by all good offices and duties, to be willingly helpful to take heed and effect, that the said mighty lord, the King, do not cast himself within the limits of their high mightinesses; and referring ourselves thereto.

"Most excellent Princess, we commit your royal highness to God's protection.

"Written in the Hague the 8th of March, 1655,

"Your royal highness's good friends,

"The States of Holland and West Friesland." ¹

The Princess was compelled to request her brother to leave the States, as it was out of her power to show the hospitality, she desired, to him in the present aspect of affairs. Soon after he wrote to ask her to send some Italian books, to which she replies:—

"I have received your note of what Italian books you would have, and hope to get them sent to you by the chancellor, though it will not be so easy for me to do so now, because Oudart (her treasurer) is not in town." She goes on to speak of some lady, whom she playfully calls his wife.² This was most probably one of the princesses of the

¹ Superscribed to her Royal Highness the Lady Princess-dowager of Orange. *Correspondence of John Evelyn*, vol. iv. p. 227.

² The idea started by Mrs. Everett Green in her *Lives of the Princesses*, vol. vi. p. 229, that the lady here spoken of by the Princess-royal to Charles II. as his wife, was Lucy Waters, mistress to that prince, is quite at variance with the characteristic pride and habitual propriety of the Princess, who surely would not have alluded to this woman, whose shameless conduct at the Hague, Daniel O'Neil, the faithful minister of Charles, tells his royal master caused him at this anxious period the most serious uneasiness, "she having attempted to murder her maid by thrusting a bodkin into her ear when asleep." O'Neil had bribed

the maid from accusing her by giving her a hundred guilders, as he tells Charles, adding, "though I have saved her for this time, it is not likely she'll escape when I am gone, for only the consideration of your majesty has induced Monsieur Heenvliet and Monsieur Nestwick not to have her banished from this town and country by sound of drum for an infamous woman."

Is it therefore probable the Princess-royal would have spoken of such a person with undue familiarity to her brother?

It would be well for all admirers of Lucy Waters, Monmouth's mother, to refer to honest Daniel O'Neil's letter to Charles II. in Thurloe's *State Papers*, vol. i. p. 684, for particulars of this bad woman, too infamous to be recorded here.

house of Orange, sister of her late consort, to whom Charles was long engaged, and only prevented from marrying by the worldly policy of the Princess-dowager, her mother, who considered his fortunes desperate, and compelled her daughter to break off her engagement with him; but it might have been long secretly kept on through the friendly aid of his sister, who, in another letter, says, about a month later, "Your wife desires me to present her humble duty to you, which is all she can say. I tell her it is because she thinks of another husband, and does not follow your example of being as constant a wife as you are a husband. It is a frailty they say common to the sex, therefore you will pardon her, I hope."

Previously to this playful allusion, the Princess speaks of the journey she was thinking of undertaking to Cologne, and her apprehensions of its being interrupted by the States sending out troops against the King of Sweden, but hopes she shall not be denied a convoy; "for," continues she, "there is nothing I am so impatient for, as the happiness of seeing you." The summer wore away, and the Princess went to Cologne incognito, and lodged with her brother in the house of his kind widow hostess. King Charles writes to their aunt, the Queen of Bohemia, a merry off-hand sketch of their plaus.¹

"My sister and I go on Sunday, in the afternoon, towards Frankfort, and as much incognito as your majesty went to Antwerp, for it is so great a secret, that not above half the town of Cologne know of it; but we do intend to forswear ourselves till we be here again. I hope we shall be furnished with some good stories before the end of our voyage, which your majesty shall not fail to have an account of."

During the visit of the Princess-royal to the King her brother, at Cologne, she was much pleased with the faithful and judicious conduct of the controller of his household, Stephen Fox, who had been attached to his unpaid service ever since his escape from the battle of Worcester and safe arrival on the continent. She considered his management so thrifty, and at the same time so courteous and obliging, that she showed him particular marks of her esteem, and at parting presented him with a diamond ring of some value, from her finger. She told her brother at the same time that Stephen Fox would be the most acceptable person he could send to her on any urgent occasion.²

Charles was so well aware of Stephen's prudence, fidelity, and zeal for his service, that he sent him, subsequently, on many secret messages, both to the Princess-royal and to many persons of great

¹ In the Archives of Charles Cottrell Dormer, Esq., of Rousham, Oxfordshire.

² Collins's *Peerage*, vol. vi. p. 1623.

importance in Holland and England also, from whom he procured large sums of money for his necessitous sovereign.¹

The Prince-elector, while the Princess-royal was with her brother Charles at Frankfort, expressed a great desire to visit them, and invited them to Heidelberg; but they, having had reason to consider that he had previously slighted them, declined either to receive his visit or to accept his invitation. He, therefore, endeavoured to meet them, on their usual promenade, or as they came from the comedy, which they frequented every day; but they carefully avoided him; and when he was placed so that he could see them, and made sure of being able to speak, as soon as the play should be over, they prevented him, by taking coach so precipitately, that he could neither speak, nor overtake them. The next day he sent for their agent, to whom he made a complaint of their studied avoidance, sent his kind greetings to them, and said he would remain in Frankfort next day, to receive any commands with which they might be pleased to honour him; but though he stayed all the morning, they took not the slightest notice of his desire of friendly intercourse. They had evidently not forgotten his conduct to their royal father, by paying base court to the parliament seven years before.

On their return from Frankfort, the royal brother and sister passing down the Maine and Rhine, through the Elector of Mentz's country, accepted hospitable entertainment from that prelate, without hesitation; but from the Elector-palatine they would accept nothing, save some flagons of wine, which were presented to them, as they passed down the Rhine, by Bacharach and Caup, where they were saluted by the cannon from the Palatine's castles on the Rhine.

They visited Christina, Queen of Sweden, whom they encountered on their journey. She appeared much taken with King Charles, and afterwards said "that if she had had another crown to dispose of, she would have given it to the poor good king of England."

The Princess-royal promised herself the pleasure of visiting the widowed Queen, her mother, on her return from Frankfort fair, but her brother earnestly dissuaded her from putting her wish into execution. He desired to send the Duke of Ormonde on an embassy to Spain, and the Princess, his sister, had promised to furnish the funds necessary for the expedition. This she would have been unable to do, if she had undertaken the journey to France, on which her heart was set.

She was attended on her journey back to the Hague by her brother's faithful minister, Daniel O'Neil, to whom she had promised to consign the cash she had engaged to furnish for Ormonde.²

¹ Collins's *Peerage*, vol. vi. p. 1623.

² Clarendon. *Carte's Life of the Duke of Ormonde*.

CHAPTER V.

THE widowed Princess of Orange lived most economically herself, and aided to support her impoverished brothers, their destitute followers, and several of the divines of the Church of England, who had sought refuge in her court.

She would have settled very closely at the Hague, amidst all the unquiet factions stirred up by rival parties in that court; but her mother, Queen Henrietta Maria, in consequence of a conversation with the Queen-regent of France, intimating that the young King of France was inclined to marry her, wrote to press her to come over to Paris, but omitted to mention the fact that Louis XIV. was passionately attached to Mademoiselle Mancini, the beautiful niece of Cardinal Mazarin, the prime minister of France; and that it was in consequence of this ill-assorted love affair that the Queen, his mother, desired to see him transfer his affections to his royal cousin, Mary' of England, who would doubtless have made a desirable Queen for France, although much older than Louis. The worst of the business was, the Princess gave such extensive orders for dress and equipage, to appear suitably at the gay court of France, that she much out-ran her ability of payment.

Before the end of November, she received so angry a letter from her brother Charles, on the subject of her intended visit to the court of France, not only remonstrating with her, but absolutely forbidding her to go, that she wrote to him on the subject, temperately but mildly, explaining her wish to pay her duty to her mother. She says:—¹

“Before I write to satisfy you with my going into France, give me leave to tell you, that not without trouble, I must complain of your usage of me, in this particular, which I had no reason to expect from so good a brother; for I do not find, by your letters, that since I came from Cullen (Cologne) you have had any new occasion to think my going to see the Queen prejudicial to your affair with the Spaniards. Therefore if you had been pleased to have used me with that freedom which I always desired, and you often promised me, and had spoken to me of this, when I had the happiness to be with you, I should have made as little question to have satisfied you then, as now.

“I beseech you, first to consider how reasonable a thing all the world must think it, in me, to desire to see the Queen, my mother, who I have not seen since I was a child; and next, you know that there has

¹ Lambeth MSS.

been ill offices done me to her majesty, which I hope by my going quite to remove, so as to put it out of malicious people's power to make me, again, so unhappy. Besides all this, her majesty has written to me two letters, which I have received since I came hither, kindly pressing my coming before the spring, because the peace is concluded. She says, she does not know how long she shall stay at Paris, and, truly, if I should deny her majesty, it would be very barbarous in me. But I beseech you to believe that my going shall be done with all the circumspection imaginable; though I must confess, I do not see how it can prejudice your business with Spain. I shall acquaint the Spanish ambassadors with it, and the reasons why I go, for assure yourself that there is nothing I would not do to show you the true zeal I have for your service. . . .

"All I have now to do at the Hague," she says, "is to settle my son's domestic affairs, which I hope very suddenly (quickly) to do; and then I must think of my journey to France, which, when you have a little more considered, I hope you will find the sooner I go the better it will be. If it had not been to satisfy you in this particular I should hardly have written now, for indeed I am not at all well, and fear to grow worse."¹

There was, however, the strongest opposition to her journey, not only from her brother, but from her own faithful friends, Heenvliet and his wife, Lady Stanhope, who did all they could to dissuade the Princess from leaving the Hague—but in vain.

The following letter, from Daniel O'Niel to Charles, displays her strong determination to please herself in the matter. O'Niel says:—"I believe your majesty will not be a little troubled to find her royal highness so passionate for her journey into France, at a time when it will be for your majesty's advantage to have no commerce with that country. All Monsieur Heenvliet does say is suspected, as if it came from the chancellor, whose reasons, she believes, are too much biassed, and are rather to hinder her meeting with the Queen, than for any real advantage it can bring your majesty. The opposition Monsieur Heenvliet gives, begets many favourers of the voyage. Sir Alexander Hume promotes it, very much, partly in contradiction to Monsieur Heenvliet, and partly to satisfy the ambition of his wife (Lady Hume), who hopes to find that in France she has missed at Cologne, by being made of the privy-chamber to the Queen. Mr. Howard finds the same satisfaction in opposing Monsieur Heenvliet, and withal of pleasing her highness, which he has not done a long time.

"All people, that are at a distance with her highness' reason for this journey, and do imagine there is some other mystery in it than

¹ Lambeth MSS.

barely seeing the Queen; else that she would not, in the height of winter, not being at all well, make so long a journey, leaving her own and her son's business at sixes and sevens, at a time when the Princess-dowager and Count William have joined Holland to the other provinces to serve their turn. All this is fully represented to her, but cannot in the least alter her, not to put her journey off until February, if the want of money did not hinder her. I find she is the more positive in the doing of this and some other things, that Monsieur Heenvliet dissuades her from, to undeceive the world in the opinion they have that he and his wife (Lady Stanhope) govern her service. I doubt she listens too much to those who are desirous that he should be out of her service. A design if your majesty will not prevent, that will soon turn more to her highness's prejudice than his.

"It is thought here, that nothing your majesty can say can persuade her to stay; but if you write affectionately to my Lord Jermyn, to get the Queen to put the journey off till April, that by that time there will be other reasons in all likelihood, to lay it by for this year. Your majesty may give him for one good reason for the delay, that the town of Amsterdam doth intend in March to invite her highness and the little Prince thither; and that if she should be absent, the Princess-dowager will be invited to go along with the Prince, whom if once she gets possession of, she will never quit, having now got more interest in Holland than the Princess-royal has."¹

Nothing surely could be more rational than the advice of O'Neil and his reasons for giving it, but, strange to say, it was wholly unavailing. From his next letter to his master, it appears the Princess was immovably bent on pursuing her design.

"In my last," observes O'Neil, "I have writ to your majesty, what all here thought of her absence at Cologne, and what ruin they think this journey to France will draw after it. I do not find it lessens anything of her passion for it: the more she is dissuaded the more violent she is, which made me persuade Monsieur Heenvliet not to oppose her any more, lest it should increase her indisposition, but to take care there should be no money for the journey; by which I hope, with what your majesty can persuade the Queen to do, she shall be brought to reason. The doctor has written, by this post, earnestly to her to go, and insists it is for her health to make such a journey in January. By this post she has sent a list of near seventy persons to the Queen, that she intends shall be of her train, I believe not above half will be lodged in the Palais Royal."²

Poor O'Neil, at the same time he was exerting all his powers of reason and persuasion to induce the Princess-royal to give up the unseasonable journey to Paris, on which she had set her mind, was

¹ Thurloe's *State Papers*, vol. i. p. 681.

² Hague, December 3rd, 1655.

troubled by his royal master's command for him to procure a suit of rich sables and a muff, for the purchase of which there were no funds. Liveries for ten persons were also ordered with like recklessness by the penniless monarch.

"I should most willingly have obeyed your majesty's commands," writes O'Neil, "if I had money or credit for to do it, but I have none of my own, nor do I see till February that there is any for your majesty."¹

O'Neil had also been sorely embarrassed by the arrival of a pack of English hounds, which the thoughtless Charles had ordered; and being unable to pay for their passage, ordered them to be sent back, no easy matter to be accomplished, without paying. Lord Newburgh, Lady Stanhope's brother-in-law, wrote in desperation to the Princess-royal, asking her to take these unwelcome arrivals. But her royal highness being herself without money, and in no very good humour with her brother, angrily replied, "I will neither have the dogs, pay their passage, nor be at any expense concerning them."

"They have already cost your majesty much money," observes O'Neil, "and will cost you little less to return them, than to keep them at Cologne for twelve months: your majesty had better send for them. If you do not make use of them in Flanders, you cannot make a fairer present to the archduke, for I never saw a finer pack." To complete all his troubles, Mrs. Barlow, *alias* Lucy Waters, the mother of Monmouth, had been a fearful annoyance to Daniel O'Neil, at this anxious time, by her shameless conduct at the Hague.

The Princess writes to Charles from the Hague, 16th of September, a frank excuse for a short letter, for she was going to the Queen of Bohemia's after supper, to assist in the little plays there; which, she says, "is no ill divertissement," and concludes with assuring him "they never fail to drink his health."

In her next letter from the Hague, 27th of December, "She is troubled at not hearing from Charles,—tells him she has had another letter from the Queen, her mother, commanding her to make all the haste she can to commence her journey to Paris. And she has seen the Spanish ambassador, and satisfied him that her journey is not on political motives. She begs Charles to spare Dr. Fraser to accompany her, as she continues ill, and a winter journey may disorder her, she fears."²

Meantime Charles, tired of maintaining a resolute opposition to his sister's determination of visiting Paris, wrote an affectionate letter to her, consenting to her pleasing herself, but never informed his anxious minister, O'Neil, of what he had done, being well pleased that the Princess was restored to good humour. She writes to him all sunshine:—

¹ Hague, December 14th. *Thurloe's State Papers*, vol. i. p. 655.

² Lambeth MSS.

"Hague, 3rd January.

"The kindness of your letter," she commences, "will make me undertake my journey with much more cheerfulness than I should have done without it; for, believe me, I have no greater comfort in the world than yourself, which makes me still hope it will be in nobody's power to alter your affection to me. I have told my Lady Stanhope what you commanded me, but I find Monsieur Heenvliet is so desirous to have her stay, to come after with him, that I cannot deny him, though it is very inconvenient to me. I shall willingly have my Lady Balcarres' company with me into France, which, if she yet intends, I shall think she must make haste, for I intend to go from hence the 13th of this month. I give you many thanks, for giving the doctor leave to go with me, which I ask you many pardons for omitting to write, last post. I had been part of the day speaking with Prince William, about my son's business. He and I do not comprehend one way, but yet before I go I hope we may be all agreed. . ."¹

King Charles's sudden alteration about the Princess's journey to Paris, is gravely commented upon by O'Niel, who says, in a letter to Charles on the subject, "I beseech your majesty, when you change your opinion in those things in which you command your servants that are at a distance from you, that you will please to have them made acquainted with it, lest they run into the same inconvenience as Monsieur Heenvliet and his wife did the day before your letter to her highness came; for they insisted much on the disappointment it would bring to your present hopes."

In consequence, the Princess came to high words with these old and faithful friends, which O'Niel feared would end in their leaving her, for she was in a very irritable frame of mind; but it softened down, and ended in her giving permission for Heenvliet to have his wife, Lady Stanhope, remain with him, he being in ill-health, and that their daughter, Mrs. Howard, lately appointed governess to the young Prince, should go to Paris with her royal highness, instead of Lady Stanhope, who was really too ill to undertake the long dismal journey in the depth of winter, he says, but if her husband went, she would, under any circumstances, go with him to take care of him. He had promised to stay and watch over the Princess's interests and those of her son, at the next meeting of the States.

"This agreement," continues O'Niel, "has put her into a better humour than she has been in since her return from Cologne. The last post brought her a letter from the Queen, and another from Lord Jermyn to Monsieur Heenvliet, both hastening her journey, and little

¹ Lambeth MSS.

answering your majesty's expectation. The Queen says, 'she doubts the Duke of York will not be permitted to stay her coming, and that if an English ambassador came she must leave Paris too. Therefore she urges the Princess to make haste.'"¹

When the Princess-royal left the Hague, in the middle of January, the faithful Heenvliet would not permit her to go alone. He accompanied her to Antwerp, where they rested, and then proceeded to Brussels, where he gave orders for the prosecution of her journey, before his return to the Hague. He writes from Antwerp to his friend Monsieur Stuart: "The Princess-royal hath but one gentleman in her suite, therefore, tell my daughter Catherine, that her highness doth desire she will meet her at Paris, with as much speed as may be, for if she be not at Paris till the beginning of February, she will not see anything, for all the masques and balls will be finished before the end of this month."²

The solitary gentleman by whom the Princess was attended on her wintry journey was Sir Harry de Vic; but she had plenty of ladies-in-waiting. The weather favoured her in this journey, which in that cold country and inclement season of the year required almost an amazonian spirit to encounter all its hardships and difficulties; but though always delicate, and not at all well when she started, she got well through. She stopped at Vilvorde on January 23rd, from whence she wrote to her brother Charles.

"Vilvorde, 23rd January, 1656.

"When I went from the Hague³ there were so many persons that came every hour to take their leave of me, that I hope will excuse me for not having then performed this, to give you an account how that the Prince William and I are all agreed, so that I left the Hague, without any apprehension, that in my absence I shall receive any prejudice, as some time before was apprehended. The particulars Monsieur Heenvliet shall give you an account of, when he returns to the Hague, for it would be too long to write it now. All I will now trouble you with will be to tell you, that to-morrow I go from hence to Nôtre Dame de Hall, and so forward. I was forced to stay here all this day, because of discharging my goods out of the Brabant waggons, into the vouliers that are to go with me to Paris, which gave me this opportunity to write to you, and give you this small account of my journey, which, thank God! has been very happy by reason of the weather, which I could not have wished better. I take Sir Harry de Vic with me as far as Cambray, for I think he will be very necessary to me so far on my journey to Perrone. I hope to meet my brother there, for he writ me word I should."⁴

¹ Thurloe's *State Papers*, vol. i. p. 683.

² Thurloe's *State Papers*.

³ Lambeth MSS.

⁴ *Ibid.*

This letter, more fortunate than many of hers, reached her royal brother, but several of those intended for Charles fell either into the hands of Cromwell or De Witt, both of whom kept spies round the Princess-royal, by whom all her sayings and doings were diligently reported, and her letters constantly intercepted. It is remarkable, under these circumstances, that nothing evil was reported of her. The equerry of her brother, the Duke of York, young Harry Jermyn, nephew of the confidential servant of the Queen her mother, to whom she, on account of his uncle's influence with the Queen, found it necessary to be civil, was, in consequence, reported by these inimical spies as a lover, and, indeed, a secret candidate for her hand; a report that was strengthened by the angry correspondence which subsequently took place between her brother Charles and her, on the subject of this really unfounded rumour; but we are anticipating the malicious gossip of evil tongues.¹

The Princess wrote to her friend Heenvliet, on her journey towards Paris, and tells him "she has had fair weather and great ease in passing over. The river at Gorcum was not so troublesome as she had been told at the Hague it would be, though it was full of great pieces of ice." She says "she has received verses from the gentlemen who went as far with her as Maestricht, and hopes to thank them in verse."

In the meantime Paris was full of expectation of her arrival. "We are all very busy preparing for the reception of the Princess-royal," writes Lord Jermyn to her brother, the titular King Charles II.

She will be very kindly and handsomely received. She will be here on Thursday. The Duke of York is with her, this night, at Peronne. There is great preparation and disposition to pay her all the honours that she has cause to expect on her arrival, and to divert her during her stay. The King and Queen (mother) will go to meet her a league or two out of Paris, and there will be no lack of good company. The great balls and the mask are reserved for her, and much of the good company of the place are resolved to pay her all sorts of respects and civilities."²

The King and his mother, the Queen-regent, with the King's younger brother, the Duke of Anjou, and Queen Henrietta Maria, went as far as St. Denis to meet the royal traveller, who was accompanied by her brother the Duke of York. They conducted her to Paris and inducted her into the Palais Royal, which was appointed for her residence during her stay in Paris. She received the same night the ceremonial compliments of the Count d'Estrades from Cardinal Mazarin.³

¹ Letters of the family of King Charles I., Bodleian Library, Oxford.

² Letter of intelligence to Cromwell. Thurloe's *State Papers*, vol. iv. p. 492.

³ *Ibid.*

One of Cromwell's spies, in his letter of intelligence to the English government, makes this sarcastic comment on her arrival and the motives of her journey. "The Princess of Orange is come to Paris to see her mother. What should occasion her coming in so unseasonable weather at this time of the year, I know not, unless it be in the hope the French king will fall in love with her."¹

But as Louis's cousin, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, who expressed the same suspicion, observes, "The times were not auspicious for such affairs."² The day of her eldest daughter's arrival was, at all events, a bright and happy one for her careworn mother, Henrietta Maria, who communicates the pleasing intelligence in the following brief, but lively notice of the occurrence, to her son Charles, with whom she had been on very distant terms.

"February 4th.

"I leave to better pens than mine to give you the description of the arrival of your sister, the Princess-royal. She has been received right royally. She pleases both high and low. She has been to-day so overwhelmed with visits that I am half dead with fatigue, which will serve me for excuse that I can tell you no more than that I am,

"Sir, my Son,

"Your very affectionate Mother,

"HENRIETTE MARIE."

Her letter was sent to her son, who was then at Cologne, accompanied by one from her *factotum*, Lord Jermyn, on the same event; but he does not enter into any of the particulars of the reception of the Princess-royal in Paris, only observing "that it has been so universally civil, meaning honourable, in all respects and from all persons, that without flattery it was impossible for it to be better."

"On Sunday," pursues he, "she is to be at Monsieur's ball, where there will be the first assembly this Court can form, and we discern already that she will hold her place very well."

He goes on to declare that the cardinal has treated her with great attention, and displays an inclination of entering into the interests of her son, which possibly might be of important advantage to him.

The royal widow of Orange thus suddenly involved in an intoxicating whirl of pleasure and flattery, saw nothing of its unreality, but gave herself up to its giddy influence, and was, for a season, intensely happy amidst the gay scenes of the gayest court in Europe. Yet the dis-crowned Queen, her mother, could have told her of the pinching cold and hunger to which she and the little Princess Henrietta had been

¹ Thurloe's *State Papers*, vol. iv. p. 492. Letter of intelligence to Cromwell.

² *Mémoires de Montpensier*.

exposed during the civil wars of the Fronde, when her last loaf had been eaten and the last faggot burned.

We are indebted to the lively pen of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, the eldest daughter of Gaston, Duc d'Orleans, uncle to the King of France, and of course of the widowed Princess of Orange, for the following particulars of her introduction to the latter, whom, in compliance with her aunt Queen Henrietta's request, she had invited to her palace at Chilly. "Queen Henrietta showed me her daughter, the Princess-royal, with the words, 'I present to you a person who has a great wish to see you.' Mary then embraced me with great affection, for one who I had never met before. The Princess Henrietta of England was also with her, and her brother James, Duke of York. There were in the carriage, besides her children, the Queen's first lady, and the first lady of the Princess of Orange. The Court of the Queen-mother of England was always well attended. I was in a place the best in the world to receive such company, for Chilly is a very beautiful, large, and magnificent house. I led the Queen, my aunt, and her daughters, through the great hall, the antechamber, and the cabinet to the gallery, the whole suitably furnished and decorated. The Queen of England seated herself on a sofa, and her circle was larger than it had ever been: all the princesses and duchesses in Paris were there. She dined in the room below, and it may be supposed that I regaled her and her family sumptuously. Those only dined with her who came with her in her coach, excepting Madame de Bethune and Madame de Thiangés.

"When she returned upstairs from dinner, the large circle, of which I spake, surrounded her. Then the Princess-royal, Mary of Orange, talked to me without ceasing, saying 'how desirous she had been to see me, and how sorry she should have been to have left France without having accomplished the desire, for the King her brother, Charles II., had talked of me with so much affection, that she had loved me before she saw me.'

"I asked her," pursues La Grande Mademoiselle,¹ "how she liked the Court of France?

"The Princess of Orange replied, 'She was indeed well pleased with it—the more so because she had a great aversion to that of Holland; and that as soon as her brother Charles was settled in any place, she should go and live with him.'

"'I have not heard my daughter of Orange,' said the Queen, 'converse so much since she has been in France. You seem to possess great influence over her, and if you were ever much together, she would be entirely guided by you.' " This, we may interpolate, might have been a small bit of diplomacy, bespeaking the favour of her niece, in case

¹ *Mémoires de Montpensier*, vol. II.

the young King of France should raise Mary, her eldest daughter, to the throne of France.

The costume of the young widow of Orange was singular, and not likely to make a favourable impression upon the French ladies, who then, as now, and every other era, were critical and arbitrary regarding taste in dress. Very quiet, and truly Dutch, was the costume the rigour of sumptuary law in Holland imposed on the widow of their late Stadtholder.

"Do you observe," said the widow-Queen of England to her niece Montpensier, "that my daughter is not only dressed in black, but wears a *pommete* (a black ball of wood or metal), because she is a widow, and has never seen you before? Certes, her first visit ought to be in strict etiquette."

"I replied," continued Mademoiselle Montpensier, "that I was at a loss to see any necessity of her being ceremonious with me."

"The Princess of Orange," she adds, "wore the most beautiful diamond earrings I ever beheld; very fine pearls, clasps, and large diamond bracelets, with splendid rings of the same."

"My daughter of Orange," said Queen Henrietta, "is not like me; she is very lofty in her ideas, with her jewels and her money, she likes splendour. I reasoned with her, the other day, that economy was most requisite for us all, declaring that I naturally had the same taste as herself, or even more, yet she saw how plainly I found it needful to be."¹

After this visit Mary retired to the Louvre, which was the Parisian domicile of her mother and younger sister.

The Princess writes to Monsieur Heenvliet on the 18th of February, 1656, telling him "she is so overwhelmed with visits, that she has no repose from the time she rises in the morning till she goes to bed. To tell you the truth," says she, "I have scarcely time to eat a morsel of bread. I am, however, impatient to tell you how well I am treated here, for I can assure you that I never in a'l my life received half so much civility." Then she says Lord Jermyn wishes her servants not to eat in the house, so she allows them fifteen sols a day, and has to buy all the wood and candles for herself and them—no light matter in Paris in the depth of winter. By the end of February she is in want of money, and requests her Dutch friend to send her some.

In March she writes joyfully to acknowledge the receipt of the welcome supply, "which," she says, "has come quite *apropos*."²

The next time Mademoiselle Montpensier mentions her Orange cousin, was on encountering her at the grandest of all possible *fêtes*,

¹ It was this sensible economy that made Pepys, when he viewed them in England, pronounce the Queen-mother a very plain

woman, not meaning in person, but attire.

² Letters of the family of Charles I., in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

given by Cardinal Mazarin, at the Louvre, in which extensive palace were the apartments of the royal English exiles.

He invited to supper, the Queen-regent, Louis XIV., his brother, Queen Henrietta Maria, and the Princess-royal, her daughter. The supper was magnificent, especially the show of fish, for it was a Saturday in Lent. "We dined during the evening, and he led the two queens, the Princess-royal of England, and myself into a gallery, full of jewellery, ornaments, and beautiful stuffs brought from China. There were cups of gold and crystal, perfumery, ribbons and fans. The gallery was as full of shops as a fair, with this advantage, there was no trash, all was chosen with the utmost care. There was upwards of five hundred thousand precious things and rich clothing. All was duly admired, but the purpose of the collection was a mystery.

"Two days after we were all invited again—again the magnificent prime-minister led the Queens and the Princess of Orange to the gallery, where tickets costing nothing were distributed, and the ladies and gentlemen of the Court drew a lottery. The largest prize was a diamond worth £4000, and there were no blanks."

This was a lottery far better worth attending than any other on record, but no doubt the wily Cardinal Mazarin had his designs in giving so expensive an entertainment to the Court of France. At this distance of time it seems difficult to penetrate his motives for putting himself to so enormous an expense, unless it was intended to further the marriage of his niece with the enamoured King, by proving his wealth and unbounded liberality.

The Princess-royal, whose heart was set on effecting a perfect reconciliation between her eldest brother and the Queen, their mother, writes to him, on the last day of February, the following letter, very serious in the beginning, but diverging into lively gossip as she proceeds.

"Paris, 29th February.

"I was very glad to see, by Dr. Fraser's letter, the continuation of your desiring a perfect correspondence between the Queen and you. You may be sure I shall always be ready to answer for you in that particular, having so often heard your professions of duty towards the Queen. Next I expect something effectual concerning that business; that is to say, touching a meeting between the Queen and you, for my Lord Rochester, in his letter to the doctor, says as if next week you would propose it to her; therefore, till then, I would not say anything to the Queen (but only have showed her your letter), though with much impatience I do expect the next letters, to give you account of what passes here. I must tell you first that I have seen the masque, and in the *entrée* of the performers received another present, which was a petticoat of cloth of silver, embroidered with Spanish leather,

which is very fine and very extraordinary. I was, since then, at the chancellor's, where the King and Queen and all the Court were, which was really extremely fine. Two nights ago the King came here in masquerade, and others, and danced here. Monday next, there is a little ball, at the Louvre, where I must dance. Judge, therefore, in what pain I shall be. This is all I have to tell, for I have been this day at the Carmelites, and, to confess the truth, am a little weary. I have forgot for three posts to send you verses of my uncle's making, which I pray pardon me for, and for the dirtiness of the paper, which has been so with wearing it so long in my pocket."¹

The Chancellor's ball made not only a great impression on all the royal visitors at Paris, but such of the foreign ministers who were present were much astonished at the brilliancy of the company and arrangements, more especially at the distinction with which the young widowed Princess of Orange was treated by the King, Louis XIV., and his mother.

Borcel, the Dutch ambassador in Paris, informs the high and mighty lords of the States, that the Lord Chancellor of France entertained with a most sumptuous banquet, the Queen-mother, the King, Louis XIV., the Princess of Orange, her sister the Princess of England, the Duke of York, and the King's brother, the Duke of Anjou. Behind the King stood the cardinal, the lord chancellor, and the lord ambassador of Venice, who, uninvited and incognito, came to see this entertainment. Since that," pursues his excellency, "the Princess-royal hath been to visit the Queen of France at the Louvre, who caused her to sit down in a chair with two arms, which is not done to the Duchess of Orleans."

"The *fête* was most magnificent. The repast also," records Mademoiselle de Montpensier. "I was dressed with my pearls, but no bouquet, on account of the mourning I wore. Some days after this ball, the report went that the Queen of England complained that I had attempted to take precedence of her daughter Mary. The Princess-royal of England was seated at play with Mademoiselle de Nemours, when I, at the end of the gallery, called her, before entering, and we walked hand in hand, which we usually did. I mentioned what I had heard of my aunt Queen Henrietta's displeasure, to the cardinal, and made him notice how we had arranged it, and that surely thus there was nothing to find fault with." But the prime minister replied, drily: "It was remarked the other day at the Queen's *fête*, that you wished to pass before her." At this, the insolent younger brother of Louis XIV. broke in with: "Supposing she had done so, would she not have been right? We shall have enough to do

with people dependent upon us for bread, if we permit them to go before us! What will they not want to do next?"

This cruel speech was repeated to Queen Henrietta, and very bitterly she wept on hearing it. The generous Anne of Austria, Queen-regent, took her son Philippe to task. "Considering who you are, and how near you are to those whom you discuss, you ought to be the last to speak thus," said she.

"As for me, I blamed him very much," says La Grande Mademoiselle, "and took that opportunity of assuring the cardinal that I was willing to render the children of my aunt, the Queen of England, all the respect possible. I might, indeed, have had some idea of disputing the *pas* with her daughter, the Princess-royal, widow of Orange, but I now wholly gave it up."

The cardinal observed, tempting her: "'The Kings of Scotland formerly yielded the precedence to the *filis de France*, so you can if you like contest the *pas* with the Princess-royal of England.' I begged him not to speak of it, for I would do nothing that would mortify my aunt."¹

And we will say, that however she might be tempted to make at the outset a wry step in the path of presumption, there is ever the redeeming spirit of noble feeling in the conclusion of any act begun by that spoilt child of prosperity, Mademoiselle de Montpensier. Different, far different, were the doings of that odious boy, Phillippe de Bourbon, called "Monsieur" in history, at that time Duc d'Anjou; but on the death of Mademoiselle de Montpensier's father, Gaston, he became in a few months Duc d'Orleans.

This is a sample of the feelings of the old royal family of France, and affords a lively picture, sketched by one of the privileged race, with all the earnestness and gravity of mind with which such vain trifles were pursued.

The Princess of Orange writes to Heenvliet from Paris, March 10th, about a commission for the Queen-mother of France. "I beg you to send to Amsterdam," she says, "in quest of some Indian combs (carved tortoiseshell), two dozen of every form and size, that can be procured. It is for the Queen of France they are required. She has asked me for more than a year, if I would get them for her; therefore I wish you to take great pains in searching for them." She desires, if this letter is not in time for Monsieur Heenvliet to bring them, that they may be sent by post, as she is in a hurry for them. In her postscript, the Princess adds: "The Queen, my mother, has asked me to have a striking watch, like mine, made for her; only she would like it to be much smaller, and to strike the half-hours as well. I pray you to order one to be made for her very soon."²

¹ *Mémoires de Mademoiselle de Montpensier.*

² Letters of King Charles's family in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

While the Princess was thus amusing herself with the pursuits of a full-grown child in the gay metropolis of Paris, and employing her officers of state in searching the warehouses of Amsterdam for carved tortoiseshell combs and other oriental toys, of which, in consequence of the Dutch monopoly of the East Indian trade, it was the emporium, the spies of Cromwell and De Witt were watching her words and actions, in the hope of discerning political mysteries to report.

"It is confidently thought," writes one of Cromwell's spies, "that the chiefest end of the Princess of Orange coming hither, hath been for endeavouring to work a breach of the peace between England and Holland. In which design, if she doth not succeed, it is said she will retire into Zealand, which province being wholly devoted to her, she doth not doubt, but that she shall prevail, so far as to get her son declared Prince of Zealand. I leave these advices and the consequences of them to your consideration."¹

CHAPTER VI.

THE excessive popularity of the Princess-royal in Paris was by no means lessened by the proposal of marriage she received from the Duke of Newburgh, who, on the death of his duchess, sent to solicit her to accept his hand; but she had not yet forgotten the husband of her youth, and on being invited to one of the gay court balls, that were given in her honour, she replied, "that her dear husband's obsequies were solemnized about the same time, for which cause she could take no recreation on so sad an anniversary."

The Duke of Newburgh's addresses ended in nothing; indeed, the difference in their religious professions rendered marriage between so zealous a member of the Church of Rome, as the Duke, and a sound Protestant, like the widowed Princess of Orange, out of the question.

The long disputes between her and her mother-in-law, the Princess-dowager of Orange, had at length been brought to an end, partly through the secret mediation of her brother, Charles II., to whom in reply to his letter of congratulation, soon after Mary's departure from the Hague, her highness thus wrote:—

"SIRE,

"The joy that it has pleased your majesty to express on the subject of the reconciliation between the Princess your sister and me, has redoubled that which I have already felt, inasmuch as your majesty

¹ Letter of Intelligence from Paris, May 2nd, 1658. *Thurloe's State Papers*, vol. iv.

offers your good offices to render the same firm and lasting, for the advancement of our general interests. I assure, you Sire, that as I have ardently contributed all in my power towards it, I shall always continue to do so with the like zeal, knowing how much it will contribute to the prosperity of the Prince, our pupil, and the good of his house; and I predict, henceforth all good results, since your majesty is pleased, with so much goodness, to interest yourself in the same. I entreat you to do me the favour of believing that I am no less anxious to promote his weal than of old, and I pray God to bring this to a happy conclusion, and also, Sire, to give me the power of proving by my humble services with how much respect and sincerity I am,

“Sire,

“Your majesty’s very humble and obedient servant,

“AMELIA P. D’ORANGE.

“*Hague, this 25th Feb., 1656.*”

The assurance that such a pleasant letter had been written, was very agreeable to Mary of England, who regarded it as an earnest of future harmony between her and the mother of her early lost and still inexpressibly dear consort, the father of her only child, the young William of Orange.

The affection for her own son did not render her the less regardful of her brothers, especially of the youngest, Henry Duke of Gloucester, to whom she had induced Charles II. to allow, out of her annual gratuity to him, five hundred guilders per month. We doubt, notwithstanding Charles’s solemn signature to this agreement, poor young Gloucester often came short of his allowance. But no such fears or misgivings troubled the mind of the generous and confiding Princess. While writing to announce to her beloved Gloucester the arrangement she had made with their eldest brother for his benefit, she says:—

“*Date, Avril 14, De Paris.*

“DEARE BROTHER,

“The Queen was gone to Chaliot before I received your letter, and does not come home till Monday next, therefore I can give you no assurance what success I had in that business, but for that of your receiving five hundred guilders a month. I have given order to Oudart about it, who is now my treasurer, so to pay it you duly, and for that which is behind, you shall receive it very constantly, for I beseech you have that confidence in me that as long as I have anything, you shall not want. Your clothes are ready, and shall be sent by Dr. Fraser, and for the payment of them they shall neither be upon one month nor another, for you will finde enough to do with your money besides that.

This is a week of devotion, so that you will excuse me if you have no more at this time from

“Dear Brother,
 “Your most affectionate Sister, and
 “most humble servant,
 “MARIE.”

Addressed, “For my deare Brother the Duke of Gloucester.”¹

Nothing, surely, can be more affectionate and kind than the Princess's observation about paying for poor Gloucester's clothes, or indeed more considerate.

She was a bond of peace among the jarring elements of which the royal family of England was composed, and we frequently find her dissipating gloom and clouds, and shedding sunshine on the scene.

There are many others of her letters to Gloucester, one written partly in English and partly in French, full of sarcastic touches respecting various members of the court of Queen Henrietta Maria. One of these worthies she calls Nums. Other parties, whose identity it would now be difficult to make out, she speaks of as “father and mother,” *nuncle and nainte*, and “let us be merry and make a night on't.”² This last sentence alludes to some persons familiar, of course, to Gloucester, but not very apparent to the reader.

Her stay in Paris was prolonged till the autumn, for she was reluctant to leave the mother from whom she had been so long parted; but the alarming intelligence that her precious boy was dangerously ill compelled her to depart in all haste.

Cardinal Mazarin did his utmost to prevail on her to remain, inconvenient and embarrassing as her presence in Paris must have been, after the arrival of Cromwell's kinsman and ambassador, Lockhart. It was a proof of the cardinal's perfect diplomacy that she never encountered that unwelcome statesman at any of the balls or *fêtes*.

Intelligence that the illness of the Prince, her son, was an attack of the measles, from which he was happily recovering, reached the Princess on her journey, dissipating all her uneasiness before she arrived at Bruges. Her brother Charles now removed his court thither, and was preparing great entertainments for her amusement. A company of French comedians, much patronized by the thoughtless Charles, had been detained by him at Bruges till she came.³

Her object in seeking him was of more importance than the quest of mere idle diversions, for she was the bearer of twenty thousand pistoles, which she had raised on her own credit for his use, and certainly hoped

¹ From the original letter in possession of Charles Cottrell Dormer, Esq., Rousham, Oxfordshire.

² In the possession of Charles Cottrell Dormer, Esq., Rousham, Oxford.

³ Thurloe.

it would not be wasted in profligate pursuits; but Charles was incorrigible. All her advice and kindness was wasted on him, and he persisted in running the giddy round of folly, spending lavishly what he had not taken the pains of gathering.¹

Meantime the Princess-dowager had feasted the lords of Amsterdam, in return for the entertainment they had given her. Some of the guests had said "the States could not well subsist without the amity of England." A few days afterwards she represented to them, that in consequence of the Elector of Brandenburg being engaged in war, and the Princess-royal absent, she required the States to appoint the presidents Paw, Deedell, and Raïdt president-overseers of the young Prince; but after debating on the subject, they replied "that nothing of the kind could be done."

Nothing could be more cheering to the Princess-royal than this defeat of her mother-in-law, in her foolish attempt to throw the Prince of Orange, in his childhood, into the arms of the republican party.

"The young Prince of Orange is poor," reports one of the secret intelligencers at Bruges, "and the Princess-royal is not thrifty; she requires all she can spare to relieve the poor English, of whom she has too many."

"The Princess-royal hath promised towards her brother's expedition a hundred thousand livres," writes John Butler the spy.² "It is thought she will stay at Bruges all this winter," continues he. "The people of Holland and Zealand are very ill satisfied with her. She admits none of them into her son's service, because according to the phrase of the court, 'they are all Cromwellians.'" A very sound reason for the daughter of Charles I. not employing them about her son, if it had been true. But she was almost adored in Zealand, where, also, her son was very popular; but, of course, Cromwell's agents did not earn their wages unless they maligned the faithful sister of the exiled King, the generous friend of the starving Cavaliers.

The Princess-royal returned from France through Bruges, where she rested a short time, and wrote to her confidential friend Heenvliet, about Prince Adolph, who was then on his way to the Hague, and had signified that he expected her son to pay him a formal visit of ceremony on his arrival.

"A thing too ridiculous," observes the royal mother, "to expect a child of my son's age, who is still in the hands of the women, to pay him formal visits of ceremony."

She writes a little later from Breda, to Heenvliet. "Monsieur de Dona has written to my son, from Orange (of which he was the governor), to ask him to hold his babe at the baptismal font. He must be answered," continues she. "and I am in pain lest my son should

¹ Thurloe.

² Ibid.

write himself. I think it will be far better that Mr. Higlandus should do it for him."¹

After her return to the Hague, her son and the Princess settled quietly at Breda, but her tranquillity was disturbed by very angry letters from her brother Charles, excited by the unkind reports which had been circulated by the enemies, by whom she was surrounded, namely, that she was engaged in a love affair with Henry Jermyn, the equerry of the Duke of York. Charles, without taking the trouble of examining whether there was any truth in the report, treated it as a fact, ordered his brother to dismiss his equerry, and wrote so angrily to his sister on the subject, that she replied with some degree of spirit, considering that her brother was causing invidious remarks on her by the headlong course he was pursuing. She says:—

"Now that you see how exactly you are obeyed, I hope you will give me leave to desire you to consider, what consequences your severity will bring upon me. To justify any of my actions to you, on this occasion," she proudly observes, "were, I think, to do as much wrong to both my brothers as to my own innocency, since they have been witnesses of what some person's insolency has dared to represent unto you as faults. Therefore, I leave it to them and only think of what will now reflect upon me, which as I have the honour to be your sister, you ought to consider, and not to make a public discourse of what can neither prove for your honour nor mine. I am so willing to think you only try to what a degree my obedience is to you, that I cannot persuade myself you will not, now, give my brother, the Duke of York, leave to send for Mr. Jermyn back, which will not only stop malicious tongues, but give me the happiness of seeing you take a kindly, as well as a brotherly interest in me."²

There was a long and angry correspondence between Charles and his sister on the subject of Harry Jermyn;³ but she succeeded in justifying herself and him from the absurd suspicion she had so bitterly resented on the part of her brothers.

Her troubles seemed to increase, instead of diminish. Some great offence, too, she had taken with her young friend, Lady Stanhope's son, Philip Stanhope, who had recently succeeded his grandfather, the Earl of Chesterfield. This had involved a visit to England, where he was most favourably received by Cromwell, who even offered him one of his daughters in marriage. The alliance was firmly declined by the young Cavalier, who, in consequence, underwent three imprisonments. How or in what manner he had offended his royal patroness is difficult to say. His letter is so highly venerative, it resembles an old-fashioned love-letter. It is evident that the Princess had become querulous and odd-tempered, under the weight of all the cares with

¹ *Thurloe's State Papers.*

² *Lambeth MSS.*

Ibid.

which she was beset on her return from Paris. Young Chesterfield says :—

“MADAM,

“Having ever had the greatest veneration imaginable for your kindness, I was not more surprised than afflicted to find by the honour of your highness's letter that the most beauteous as well as the justest Princes (query Princess) in the world, should suspect me of having been a hindrance to anything that might tend to her service.

“Madam, permit me to assure your highness that I cannot accuse myself of so black an ingratitude, which, were I guilty of, I should never dare to repent, it being unpardonable, and much less to continu(e) the ambition of being esteemed more than the rest of mankind.”¹

After a time the Princess-royal removed to Nieuport, to be near her brothers. The hostilities between France and Spain now threatened the Netherlands. The Duke of York was in the Spanish service, and actively engaged in opposition to his old master, Turenne, in the art of war.

While the hostile operations of the contending parties approached nearer and nearer to her, she remained fearless and quiescent. The following letter, from her to the Duke of Gloucester, shows the dangers with which she was surrounded, and her apparent insensibility to them. It is remarkable that she speaks of the taking of Gravelines as occurring months before the fall of Dunkirk; but in history it is not recorded till after Dunkirk was taken. As she was within a few miles of the place we must receive her account as correct.

“For my dear Brother the Duke of Gloucester.”²

“Nieuport, Sept. 4th.

“I received yours of the 30th of last month, and take it very kindly from your writing to me so often as you have done. I could not write sooner to you than now, for though I writ once, since, to the Marquis of Ormonde, yet it required such haste that I had not leisure for anything else. We are now further than I thought we should have been, and I fear it will be yet longer for all that. M. de Turenne is by this time very near the Lis (at least we believe him so), and that M. de la Ferte's troops are past Dinant. Yet I do not believe it will be thought fit to *degarnish* this place. This bearer tells me that when they (the enemy) past by this town, after they had taken Graveling, they were resolved to have besieged us, but that now they

¹ *Life of Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield.*

² This letter is one of the unedited series,

in possession of Charles Cottrell Dormer Esq., of Rousham, Oxford.

have changed, at least deferred that resolution. It is an Italian officer told me this, that was one of the hostages of Graveling, and came but this day, from Furnes. It is he that carries this letter: his name is Strozzi. This is all the news of this place. I received, at the same time as yours, letters from my sister, of which I have a great deal to say to you. You may be sure it is very kind, and I shall defer telling it, even till I see you, which I assure you I long for very much. You will have news before this comes to you of the little journey the King is a making incognito, which is all I have to say at present, but that I shall be ever yours."¹

Soon after writing this letter the Princess was recalled to Breda, where Lady Hyde had been confined with a fine boy, and earnestly entreated her royal friend to become one of his sponsors, supported by Charles II. and the little Prince of Orange.

She laughingly writes to her brother, telling him "that he was invited to assist her as one of the gossips at the christening of Lady Hyde's boy, and that her son was also to officiate on the same occasion."

Charles came incognito, and they all had a joyous reunion at Breda, and consulted on the affairs of England, and their own ways and means no doubt.

19th of April, 1658. On the return of the Princess-royal from Breda to the Hague, the French ambassador, De Thou, immediately requested to see her, and asked her to appoint a time for his visit. She named six o'clock the same evening. Meantime the Spanish ambassador, hearing of the appointment, determined to forestall his excellency of France, by seeing her first. So without announcing his intention, or using the slightest ceremony, he called on her directly after dinner. The Frenchman hearing of this, was highly offended that the Princess should have seen the Spaniard first; and instead of keeping his appointment, demanded an apology of the Princess, and also that she would say that she did not consider the Spanish ambassador's visit was, really, of any consequence. This she refused to do, saying she had not committed any fault, and therefore owed no apology to his excellency of France, and was much surprised at his breach of courtesy in breaking his appointment with her. He, however, chose to take up a causeless affront, and refrained from seeing her.

His behaviour was only an imitation of the previous conduct of the Spanish ambassador to the Princess, whom he declined for some time to visit.

A letter of intelligence, 28th of May, from the Hague, states that the "Princess-royal had met her three brothers, King Charles, the Duke

¹ Cottrell MSS. letters, Rousham, Oxford.

of York, and Duke of Gloucester, with O'Niel and Ormonde, at Brussels, where the burghers of Brussels received and entertained them nobly at dinner; their respective trains dining at a separate table. They were served with much respect, and stayed till eight o'clock."¹

After her return from Brussels, where she and her brother Charles had been entertained by the Spanish minister, Cardenas, Mary found it necessary to remind her ever-careless brother that he had omitted the almost indispensable fee to the servants of that important personage.

"Having been so long without writing to your majesty," she says, "I would not let this occasion go, though I have very little to say, except to put you in mind for some money to give the Marquis of Cardenas's servants. Your majesty knows how necessary it is to be done, and that I cannot handsomely appear amongst them till it is done."²

The royal widow of Orange was sometimes troubled, like many a mother in private life, about the wear and tear perpetrated by her august son in his princely wardrobe, which does not appear to have been too ample for a boy in his position. She writes from Breda, the 14th of January, to her faithful friend, the Lord of Heenvliet: "My son's gloves are so torn that it is high time they should give him others. Pray hasten them about it." Her boy was then a little turned of eight years old.

During his mother's absence the young Prince had become very intimate with his droll cousin, the Princess Elizabeth Charlotte, the daughter of the Elector Palatine, who was then, with her aunt, the Electress Sophia, on a visit to her grandmother, the Queen of Bohemia. She was a child of erratic genius, and has left an amusing account of her visit to the Princess-royal. "My aunt," says she, "did not visit the Princess-royal, but the Queen of Bohemia did, and took me with her. Before I set out my aunt said to me, 'Lizette, take care not to behave as you generally do. Follow the queen step by step, that she may not have to wait for you.'

"'Oh, aunt!' I replied, 'you shall hear how well I will behave.'

"When we arrived at the Princess-royal's, whom I did not know, I saw her son,³ whom I had often played with. After gazing for a long time at his mother, without knowing who she was, I went back to see if I could find any one who could tell me her name. Seeing only the Prince of Orange, I said, 'Pray can you tell me who is that woman with so tremendous a nose?' He laughed and answered, 'That is my mother, the Princess-royal!'

"I was quite stupefied at the blunder I had committed. Made-

¹ Thurloe's *State Papers*, vol. vii. p. 141.

² Lambeth MS.

³ The future William III., King of Great Britain.

moiselle Hyde,¹ perceiving my confusion, took me with the Prince into the Princess's bedchamber, where we played at all sorts of games. I had told them to call me when the Queen was ready to go. We were both rolling on a Turkey carpet when I was summoned. I arose in great haste, and ran into the hall, but the Queen was already in the ante-chamber. Without losing a moment, I seized the robe of the Princess-royal, and making her a courtesy at the same time, placed myself directly before her, and followed the Queen step by step into her coach. Every one was laughing at me, but I had no idea what it was for.

"When we came home the Queen sought out my aunt, and seating herself on the bed, burst into a loud laugh. 'Lizette,' said she, 'has made a delightful visit,' and related all that I had done, which made the Electress laugh more than her mother. 'Lizette,' said she, 'you have done right, and revenged us well on the haughtiness of the Princess.'" ²

A very unwise manner of receiving the account of the ill-bred breach of good manners, of which Lizette had certainly been guilty. But the Princess-royal did not receive her accomplished cousin Sophia, because she had tolerated Mademoiselle Dagenfeld, the mistress of the Elector Palatine, with whom she was domesticated at the Elector's palaces.

Elizabeth Charlotte would gladly have married the Prince of Orange in after years, if he had asked her to be his wife, but she offered not such advantages as did his alliance with the reluctant Mary of England, subsequently.

The fall of Dunkirk on the 25th of June, 1658, rendered the Princess so unhappy that she took to her bed, and was ill for several days. It appeared to her that all hopes of her brother Charles's restoration to the English crown were finally crushed. At length she roused herself, and went to meet Charles at Sevenburgen, where she made a little stay, but proceeded on the first of July to her three brothers at Oxcon. King Charles, always restless and dissatisfied, desired to go to Frankfort, and sent a messenger to inquire if he could proceed thither. The answer was, he could come if he pleased, for as Frankfort was a free state, there was nothing to prevent him, but they feared they should not be able to help him. Whereupon he declared himself determined to go.

During the short time he was with his sister, they had a great falling out about her entertaining Lady Balcarres, whose lord he had dismissed. The Princess took his interference in great displeasure,

¹ Clarendon's daughter, the favourite maid of honour to the Princess, subsequently Duchess of York.

² *Life of the Duchess of Orleans. Descendants of the Stuarts.* By W. Towns. nd.

and very high words passed between them, so that they parted in anger.

The following interesting letter had been written to Lady Balcarres by the Princess the previous year, before she started for Paris.

“MY LADY BALCARRES,

“If it had been in my power, you should have found, before this time, the effects of that true esteem I have for your person; for I may assure you, with truth, that the want of those occasions did much trouble me, and now more than ever, finding how much you are satisfied with those very little civilities, I was able to perform when I was with you, which I am so ashamed you should take notice of, that I will leave this subject, and tell you that the kindness of the Queen’s invitation of me, to come to her, is very well able, alone, to overcome all endeavours of hindering me from that happiness, if I had not a design of waiting upon her majesty, which I hope to do very shortly, in spite of all designs to the contrary; and wherever I go let me desire you to believe that I shall always strive to show you the reality of my being,

“My Lady Balcarres,

“Your most affectionate friend,

“*Hague, 13th December.*”

“MARIE.¹”

Charles had been compelled to leave Sevenburgen sooner than he intended, in consequence of an order, procured, it was thought, by Downing, the Parliamentary minister resident at the Hague. This so highly offended the Princess-royal, that she protested she would not return to the Hague for a year. Her mind soon altered, for she returned the next night, escorted by the Marquis of Ormonde.

The States having notice of Ormonde’s arrival in town, he found it necessary to remove to Hounsldyck; but finally slipped back to the Hague, changing his lodgings out of the French quarters.

Most miserable was the Princess and all her old friends from England, especially the members of her family, for none of them could openly visit her, being always spied out and reported to the republican officials in the States, or worse still, to Downing.

Downing made out, early in September, 1658, that Charles, having forgotten his quarrel with his kind and generous sister, because he required pecuniary assistance from her, slipped over privately to Teilingen, where he spent the night.² Charles was too remarkable a person, both in face and figure, to pass unobserved. Downing loudly complained to the deputies of the States of his unauthorized visit as

¹ Kindly communicated by Lord Lindsay.

² Downing’s Letters of Intelligence.

an infraction of the treaty between England and Holland, and declared "he might be taken if they choose."¹ Charles being informed of this, stole to his sister's palace at Hounslardyck, where he passed the night. The next day he got back to Teilingen, whither she also returned, and there they spent a day in earnest consultation on the subject of a landing in England, which never took place.

Downing was indebted to Killigrew, an unprincipled traitor of Charles's bedchamber, for all the clandestine information he received, both of the proceedings of the exiled king, and his correspondence with the Princess-royal, his sister.²

The startling news of Cromwell's death reached the Low Countries in September. The Princess-royal despatched the intelligence by an express to her brother, who was then at Brussels, but he already knew it. His faithful servant, Stephen Fox, had kept up a strict correspondence with his friends in England, and had received information of this important event six hours before it reached Brussels, and announced it to King Charles, while he was engaged in playing tennis with Don John of Austria, the Archduke Leopold, and many Spanish grandees.

The effect of this intelligence was at first electrical. They all broke off their game, to discuss the great fact that had occurred, and the prospects of the titular King of England.

The Dukes of York and Gloucester left Antwerp for Sevenburgen, where they slept. York started next day for the Hague. He arrived there the following night at ten o'clock, and hastened to his sister.

Her royal highness was then going to bed, and was nearly disrobed, having no one with her but her faithful nurse and one of her dressers. She dismissed them both, and sat up all night with her brother, discussing hopes for the speedy restoration of their eldest brother. The Duke left early in the morning.³

The Princess followed him to Sevenburgen, where Gloucester had remained. The royal sister and brothers stayed together four nights, after which the Princess returned to the Hague, and the Duke of York into Flanders. No particular change followed the death of Cromwell, though expectation was naturally high.

The Parliamentary ambassador, Downing, complains to his friend, Secretary Thurloe, that the first packet of letters sent to the Hague from England, since Cromwell's death, instead of reaching his hands, had been seized by the Duke of York, who, after reading the communications, had sent them to Don John of Austria.

"The said Duke of York," continues Downing, "came to this town (the Hague) on Sunday last, in the morning, with only Charles

¹ Downing's Letters of Intelligence,

² Ibid. M. Thurloe

³ Ibid., Sept. 29th.

Barkley and one Brunket. The Princess-royal would not suffer him to make any stay here, but he went from hence forthwith, with only the said Barkley, to Delfthaven, where also the Princess followed, with only one gentlewoman, to be the more private, and ordered her yacht to be there made ready."¹

In his next letter, which is 8th of October, Downing tells Thurloe "that he had an account of Charles Stuart's doings and his company from Killigrew, of Charles's bedchamber. He says there are whispers of an expected marriage between the King of France and Charles Stuart's sister in Paris." This was the young Henrietta.

The Princess-royal had shown Killigrew, in unsuspecting confidence, a letter from the Duke of York to her, wherein he writes, "that he was home from the Spanish army, to return thither no more." The King of Spain offered, if he would stay, to augment the Duke's pension from five thousand pistoles to ten thousand, besides according many other advantages to him. The Dukes of York and Gloucester went on the 24th of November to the Princess-royal at Breda, stayed with her till the 2nd of December, and then returned to Brussels. Charles remained there, very poor. His hopes had fallen; he was much dejected, having pawned all his plate, and was served in nothing but pewter.²

The Princess-royal stayed at Breda, enjoying the company of her brothers York and Gloucester, till the new year. She had her young son with her, and they were all very happy together.

That Mary was not forgotten or unappreciated in England, the dedication of 'The Worthy Communicant,' by Jeremy Taylor, to Mary, Princess of Great Britain and Dowager of Orange, well proves. He says: "Although it is too great confidence in me, something a stranger, to make this address to so high-born and great a princess; yet, when I considered that you are the sister of my king and the servant of my God, I knew there was nothing to be expected but serenity, sweetness, gentleness, and goodness. . . . I shall therefore humbly hope that your royal highness will first give me pardon, and then accept this humble oblation, from him who is equally your servant for your great relations and for your great excellences. For I remember with what pleasure I have heard it told, that your highness's Court has been, in these late days of sorrow, a sanctuary to the afflicted, a chapel for the religious, and a refectory to them that were in need." After stating "that her name is deservedly dear to the sons and daughters of the Church of England," he adds: "But, royal madam, I have yet more personal grounds for the confidence of this address; and because I have received the great honour of your reading and using divers of my books, I was readily invited to hope that your

¹ Thurloe's *State Papers*, vol. llii.

² *Ibid.*

royal highness would not reject it if one of them desired, upon a special title, to kiss your princely hand, and to pay thanks for the gracious reception of others of the same cognation."¹

Early in January, she determined to return to the Hague, by water. Her two brothers escorted her as far as the water allowed, and she lent them her yacht to proceed towards Brussels, forming a resolution to meet again after she had accomplished her design of placing her son at the University of Leyden.²

She had been much gratified by the compliments she had received from that learned body, on the abilities and early promise of her boy, and their desire of completing his education. They made such obliging professions of friendship to her son, that she found it impossible to refuse their courteous offers, but returned her most grateful thanks, and promised that he should go to them.³

Previously to his departure, the Princess, his mother, had his portrait painted for his uncle Charles, who was very fond of the boy. She writes to Charles about it, from Breda, speaking familiarly of the young Prince by his pet name:—

“PRINCESS-ROYAL TO CHARLES II.

“*Breda, 22nd March.*

“The uncertainty of the posts of this place, is the reason you have not received mine of the 11th of this month. I did not then give you an account of Picuinéno’s picture, because it was not done; but now, it will not be my fault if you receive it not shortly, the picture drawer having nothing but the clothes to finish, which he does in Antwerp. Nothing can be said which can deserve or express, in any degree, my thankfulness for that kindness you are pleased to show my son. I am sure if he does not prove, in all that’s possible, worthy of it, it will not be my fault—nor, I hope his—for certainly he cannot be so much degenerate from father, and mother, and others; besides the goodness you have now for him, when he is too little in age to be sensible of it.

“My brother Harry went yesterday to see the town. He must be very well satisfied with it when he came home, for he had the snow and the wind in his face all the way. I expect him here this night, not a little tired.”⁴

She writes again a few days later to Charles, and apologises for not having sent him his watch, which he had carelessly left at Breda, at his last visit; and she dared not venture to send it, unless by a trusty person, for fear of losing it, the roads were so dangerous. She now sends it by the express, who was charged to deliver her son’s portrait to Charles. She says:—

¹ *Worthy Communicant.* By Jeremy Taylor.

² *Samson’s William III.*, vol. i. pp. 352, 353.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ *Lambeth MSS.*

"FROM PRINCESS-ROYAL TO CHARLES II.

"Breda, 27th March.

"I send this bearer to Antwerp, to carry that which was necessary, to pay for my son's portrait, that if it were done he might deliver it to you. Therefore I hope you will receive it now. If not, the blame shall not lie on my side. I send you also your watch, that I have had some time, because I dared not send it but by an express. This place does give so little subject to write, that I fear to give you so often this importunity. Besides, we hear nothing but ill news, which, I need not tell you, does put me in no good humour; but as it comes from whence, I believe, some does not wish you prosperity, I hope at least most of it is false. We hear that the Estates has put one in prison at Rotterdam, at Downing's complaint of him for assisting the Spaniards."

The Princess wishes an order to be given to the captain of her yacht in July, to hold himself ready at Delfthaven, and she desires that her little grey bed may be put in the yacht for her use." She thinks "she shall accompany her brothers a little way, but is not sure."¹

She thinks "in August to go to Amsterdam, and sends Robin, one of her attendants, to say that on Wednesday, in the evening, she shall arrive at Tieling, and from thence, on the morrow, at Amsterdam."

She continued to see her brothers York and Gloucester very often, while she was at Breda and Tieling. They enjoyed these stolen visits to her and her son, communicating all the letters from England, and the hopes which the death of Cromwell excited in the exiled royal family and their friends.

CHAPTER VII.

It was in vain for the Princess to hope for quiet. The friends of her son were vehement that he should come into the assembly of the States-general, and formally take leave of them, previous to his departure for Leyden, and make and receive professions of affection. The State of Holland, alone, objected to this proposal, which was scornfully negatived with the remark: "The Prince has neither character nor quality sufficient to warrant his presenting himself, in so prominent a position." They might have said he was too young to come publicly forward, but Holland was always bitter and discourteous.

The Princess was persuaded that her son was gifted with superior talents, which would be properly estimated and brought to perfection

¹ Letters of King Charles's family, in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

at Leyden.¹ The magistrates of that town and the heads of the university entered fully into her sentiments, and offered every facility for his entrance into that famous seat of learning. They presented him with a fine mansion, handsomely furnished, for his residence with his governor.²

Previous to their departure from the Hague, the Princess, without regarding the uncivil negation of Holland, announced the desire of explaining the approaching departure of the Prince to Leyden, to pursue his education, and his wish "to bid the deputies farewell, and assure them of his affection, constant remembrance, and devotion to their service."

The Princess, accompanied by her mother-in-law, the Princess-dowager, and the Elector of Brandenburg, who both approved the plan for the education of the Prince at Leyden, started on the 3rd of November, with her son, after they had taken their personal leave of their "high mightinesses" at the Hague. Their reception at Leyden was most gratifying. Monsieur Coeccrus, the high rector of the university, delivered a complimentary harangue in Flemish to the Prince. The Princess gratefully accepted their gift of the house for him, and the appointment of Professor Bernicus to direct his studies.³

She took a most tender farewell of her son, and returned the same evening with the Princess-dowager, who, as well as herself, was highly satisfied with the courteous reception they had all received at learned Leyden.

The Princess-royal writes from Breda, soon after her son had commenced his studies at Leyden: "Two or three days before I came hither a hundred men, from the city of Leyden, came to tell me how well my son advanced in his studies. They made many protestations of friendship, which I considered so advantageous I could not reject them, but thanked them, very gratefully, for their manifestation of their goodwill."⁴

Greatly was the royal widow troubled about her son's French principality on the Rhone, from whence he derived the title of Prince of Orange. His revenues were drawn from tolls levied on the ships passing up and down the Rhone. These, however, were paid at a place not under the authority of the Prince of Orange, but in his interest.

The Count de Dona, nephew to the Princess-dowager of Orange, was governor of the town and castle of Orange. But the Princess-royal had appointed another gentleman to receive the tolls, to Dona's great displeasure. On which the King of France, taking advantage of the

¹ Samson's *William III.*, vol. 1. pp. 352, 353.

² *Ibid.*

³ Samson's *William III.*

⁴ To Monsieur Heenvliet, from Breda, 6th of December.

dispute, pretended to favour the Princess's authority, but in reality took means to appropriate her son's principality to himself.¹

Copes, the Dutch envoy at Brussels, writes to their high mightinesses, to report his performance of the mission on which they had sent him to Breda, to deliver their letter to the Princess-royal, informing her, "that they had memorialized the King of France, in favour of her son, requesting that his principality of Orange might not be taken from him and his successors." "Her highness showed herself well satisfied with what they had done, and testified great affection and resolution to assist your high mightinesses in your good intentions," continues Copes, "and to second me in my endeavours; giving me, to that end, a letter to the King of France, and another to the Queen of Great Britain. Also it pleased her highness to recommend me to the Lord Jermyn, who hath great knowledge of business, and may be serviceable in the Court of France."² They were all mere babes in diplomacy.

Louis first ordered a frigate to attack the town and castle of Orange, and when Count de Dona attacked the frigate with his musketeers, sent four hundred troops to take possession of the fortress, a force it was hopeless for Dona to resist. About a fortnight afterwards the Count de Dona surrendered the castle of Orange to the King of France, for a consideration of two hundred thousand pounds, and thus ended this long vexatious business, which the Princess-royal had vainly endeavoured to prevent.

This was the root of William III.'s hatred to Louis XIV. and to France.

In March, 1660, the Princess-royal lost her old and faithful friend, Monsieur Heenvliet, the husband of her beloved governess, Lady Stanhope.³ He was deeply regretted by the Princess and all the English at the Hague, but all griefs were swallowed up in the prospects of the restoration of the royal family. The Princess now undertook a journey to Antwerp, where she spent a few pleasant days; she was accompanied thither by her brothers York and Gloucester. The fortunes of the royal house of Stuart were in the ascendant. In April, 1660, the Princess-royal met her brothers at Breda with the greatest joy, and sent for her son, the young Prince of Orange, from Leyden,

¹ Thurloe, vol. vii. p. 892.

² 17th March, 1660. Thurloe's *State Papers*, vol. vii. p. 872.

³ After the restoration Charles II. gave Lady Stanhope permission, by his royal patent, to assume the style and title of Countess of Chesterfield, which she would have been if her first husband, Henry, Lord Stanhope, had lived to succeed his father, the first Earl of Chesterfield. Her ladyship afterwards took Daniel O'Neil, one of the most faithful of the King's ministers, for

her third husband, and died in 1667. Her son by Heenvliet, Charles Henry Kirkhoven, was created Baron Wootton and an English peer, inheriting the wealth and lands of Lady Stanhope's father, Lord Wootton. He died without posterity, and his honours were inherited by the younger son of his half-brother, Philip, Earl of Chesterfield.—*Letters and Memoirs of Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield*. Collins's *Peerage*, vol. vi., article Chesterfield.

that he might see and embrace his royal English uncles, and participate in the general pleasure which then overflowed all hearts. She wrote to the States-general on the 4th of May, to announce to them in all due form that the King her brother had been invited by the Parliament of Great Britain to return to his dominions. Congratulations were immediately offered by the respective deputies of all the States to the Princess-royal, his majesty King Charles, and also to his brothers the Dukes of York and Gloucester. These messages were received by the Princess-royal and her brothers with all due respect and courtesy.¹

A few days later, the deputies of Holland came to "beseech his Britannic Majesty to grace them with his royal presence at the Hague, where such preparations for his reception should be made, as would testify their joy for the blessings which divine providence was showering on his head."

King Charles accepted their invitation with a degree of haughty civility, for the sake of their connection with his royal sister and her son, "who were, he assured them, among the dearest objects he had in the world; also because he considered an alliance with them advantageous to his realms."²

The States passed a vote for the grant of three hundred thousand guilders, for the expense of the King's entertainment, and messengers were sent from Dort, Delft, and Rotterdam, to entreat his majesty to rest and refresh himself on the route from Breda to the Hague. The following Sunday, the 13th of May, public thanksgivings were returned, by all the ministers of religion at Breda, for the restoration of peace in England, the bells were rung in the evening, bonfires were kindled, and cannon fired, in token of the universal joy diffused by the intelligence.

The Princess-royal and her brothers set off the next day for the Hague, proceeding in the Princess's coach to Moerdich, a small town on the Maese river, where thirteen yachts and numberless boats, of all sizes, were in waiting for the royal travellers. The Princess-royal selected the largest yacht for the accommodation of herself, her son, and her royal brothers, with as many of their train as it would hold. The King was so much pleased with this vessel, that he said "he would order one like it to be built for his own use, on his return to England." A burgomaster of Amsterdam, one of the deputies appointed by the State of Holland to attend his majesty, hearing this, told him "that a similar yacht had just been completed at Amsterdam, which he, in the name of that city, begged permission to offer to his majesty's acceptance." Charles graciously condescended to accept the present from this most republican of all the United States, which put the deputies into high good humour.

¹ Clarendon, vol. iii

² *Ibid.*

The wind was rough, and the waters from the time of their emerging from the mouth of the Maese very stormy. The Princess-royal, as usual, was completely prostrated by sea-sickness, and unable to taste a morsel of the luxurious dinner that had been prepared by the deputies of the States for the refreshment of the illustrious voyagers.¹

They did not reach Dort till near four p.m., where Charles had intended to sleep, but being met by messengers from the English Parliament, urging him to make despatch in returning to his kingdom, he set sail at once for Delftshaven, and an express was sent off to the magistrates of the Hague, for coaches to be waiting to meet the party at Delftshaven, in time for their entering the Hague at seven the next morning.

The coaches were in attendance. Charles entered that of the Princess-royal, who sat by his side; the Dukes of York and Gloucester sat opposite. The young Prince of Orange hastened with his suite onwards, and headed the deputies of all the States, to meet and welcome his royal uncle of Great Britain to the dominions of the United States.²

Having performed his mission, to the delight of his loving mother, the young Prince was received into her coach, and seated on the knee of one of his royal uncles, entered the Hague in triumph, at eleven in the morning.

King Charles and his attendants were at this time in great distress for clothes, as well as money, the best of their clothes not being worth forty shillings at the time the deputation arrived. He was so overjoyed at the seasonable presentation of the money which had been sent to supply him in his present need, that he called his brother the Duke of York, and his sister the Princess-royal, to look upon it as it lay in the portmanteau, before it was taken out.

Samuel Pepys gives a lively account of the joy with which Lord Manchester and all the English deputation from the Parliament arrived at the Hague, to invite the return of Charles II. back to England, to take possession of the realm from which he had been so long banished.

Pepys went on shore, to see the Queen of Bohemia and the little Prince of Orange. "But the Prince was gone out with his governor, he came home about ten o'clock at night, and they had an easy admission. His attendanee was inconsiderable for a prince, yet handsome, his tutor a fine man, and himself a very pretty boy."

Two days later, Pepys had the happiness to be introduced into the King's presence, with a little boy of whom he was taking care. "The King kissed the child very affectionately. Then," pursues Pepys, "we kissed his, and the Duke of York's, and the Princess-royal's hands.

¹ *Theat. European*, vol. ix. pp. 294-298.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 216, 217.

After that," continues he, "I and the rest went to see the Queen of Bohemia, who used us very respectfully: her hand we kissed. She seems a very debonair but a plain lady.

"We went to see a house of the Princess-dowager's, in a park about a mile from the Hague, where there is one of the most beautiful rooms for pictures in the whole world."

The Princess-royal, her brothers, and the Queen of Bohemia dined in public every day, at a table arranged like two sides of a triangle. King Charles II. sat at the end where the two sides met; at his left hand sat the Princess-royal, with her son, the young Prince of Orange, by her side; the Queen of Bohemia at his right hand, by whom sat the Dukes of York and Gloucester. After dinner Charles always gave the healths of the States-general, and afterwards drank to all separately. A band of music always played during dinner. The King and his brothers, on the 18th of May, attended a review of the troops of the States, and the Princess-royal permitted her son to be present at a grand entertainment, given by the Spanish ambassador.¹ On the Sunday, after divine service was concluded, King Charles II. was requested to touch a great number of persons for the evil, some of whom had come from distant parts of Germany. After which he dined in private, with his sister the Princess-royal, and his aunt the Queen of Bohemia. In the evening they all attended a magnificent entertainment, given to them by the States-general, in the palace of Prince Maurice; of which King Charles said, "he had visited several courts of Europe, and been present at many magnificent entertainments, but this banquet surpassed anything of the kind he had ever before beheld."²

The States vied with each other in their costly gifts to the lately scorned and slighted monarch. Holland presented him with all the crown jewels which they held in pawn, also the splendid bed given to the Princess-royal, in expectation of the birth of the Prince of Orange, which, heartbroken as she was, by the unexpected death of her fondly-loved consort, she had never had put up. The mynheers purchased it of her, for twenty thousand livres, and presented it to King Charles, with the addition of draperies and bedroom furniture of the most costly description, together with a choice though small collection of paintings by Dutch artists. They presented the two younger brothers of the Princess-royal each with a purse of sixty thousand guilders.³

Charles was reluctantly detained by rough unfavourable weather at the Hague for upwards of a week. When the weather cleared he desired to take a personal farewell of the States. They declared them-

¹ De Thou's despatches.

² *Theat. European.*

³ *Ibid.* De Thou's despatches.

selves unworthy of such an honour, but he persisted, and warmly recommended the Princess-royal and her son, his nephew, to their affections and care; and having been informed that what he said had not been distinctly heard in the assembly, he called for pen and ink, and committed his sentiments to writing, in these words:—

“My lords, as I am leaving with you the Princess my sister, and the Prince of Orange, my nephew, two persons whom I esteem beyond measure, I entreat you my lords, that you will take their interests to heart, and let them enjoy your hearty favour, on all occasions in which the Princess may solicit it, either for herself or for the Prince her son; in full assurance that your respect and favour towards her will be recognised by me, as though I had received it in my own person.
“CHARLES R.”¹

The deputies of the States replied, by promising strict attention to his majesty's request; and the King, after expressing his thanks for the kindness and hospitality he had received from them, withdrew to take a last meal with his sister, the Princess-royal, and her son. They did not part till late.²

Early the next morning, upwards of fifty thousand persons stationed themselves along the dykes, and on the road to Scheveling, to enjoy a view of the royal brothers of their widowed princess, on their progress to their embarkation for England. As all the ships that had been sent for his transport and convoy had republican names, the Duke of York visited them, and exercised his authority as lord admiral by rebaptizing them with others more suited to the loyal affection at present manifested for the royal house of Stuart. Thus, the fine vessel called by Cromwell *THE NASEBY*, the Duke changed to *THE ROYAL CHARLES*. That which previously bore the name of *THE SPEAKER*, was now, out of compliment to the Princess-royal, distinguished by that of *THE MARY*; and that which had, out of respect to the second Protector, been named *THE RICHARD*, was changed to *THE JAMES*.

All things now being in readiness for the reception of the King, his brothers, and their loyal followers, they all set out for that port early in the morning, King Charles riding between his two brothers, the Dukes of York and Gloucester. He was preceded by the young Prince of Orange, Prince William of Nassau, husband of the Princess Louisa of Orange, and the Duke of Brunswick Lunenburgh. The Princess-royal, the Princess-dowager of Orange, her two daughters, the Queen of Bohemia, and the various ladies of their households, followed in their coaches. Also all the nobility of the Hague proceeded after them to the-sea beach, amidst the roar of cannon and musketry, and

¹ *Theat. European.* De Thou's despatches.

² *Ibid.*

the responsive salutes from the British fleet in waiting to receive their king.

Charles dismounted on the shore, and took leave of the Princess-dowager of Orange and her daughters, Prince William of Nassau, the Duke of Brunswick Lunenburgh, and the other personages of consequence who had shown him attention. A boat, provided by the States, was waiting to convey him to the Royal Charles, into which the King, his ladies, and the young Prince of Orange were handed; but presently after, one still more elegant met them, from the admiral's ship, carpeted and with glass windows. Into the English boat they all transferred themselves, and soon reached THE ROYAL CHARLES, where his majesty was received with the most loyal affection by all parties. The Earl of Manchester offered the homage of his knee, the moment the sovereign stepped on deck; the royal standard of Great Britain was hoisted, and a climax of delight pervaded officers, sailors and crew. A sumptuous dinner had been provided on board. Charles, the Queen of Bohemia, his sister the Princess-royal, her son the young Prince of Orange, with the two royal dukes, dined together. The King embraced and blessed his royal nephew with paternal tenderness, when the anchor was weighed and the sails spread. His majesty endeavoured to console his sister, by promising a happy meeting soon in England, but she parted in tears, and returned amidst the roar of the royal salutation from the Royal Charles, which was answered by the artillery at the Hague, and at Scheveling, till the British ships were fairly out of sight.

The Princess-royal consoled herself for her separation from her royal brothers by celebrating the birthday of King Charles, and his restoration to the throne of Great Britain, on the 29th of May, with a magnificent feast. Bonfires in the evening were lighted in all quarters of the town.

The Princess was next gratified by an earnest request from the republican town of Amsterdam, that she and the Prince, her son, would condescend to honour them with their presence at a *fête*, to be given on June 7th. As their magistrates had not been able to prevail on the King, her brother, to grant them his company, they hoped she would compensate them for that disappointment, by acceding to their humble prayer. This Mary found it impossible to refuse, and she indulged the hope that they would bestow all the dignities her beloved husband had held on her boy. She took him with her to Leyden, on Monday, June 4th, to be ready to start for Amsterdam. They were most honourably received in that seat of learning. All the students in the university went out in procession to meet their young fellow-scholar and his royal mother, and brought them in with great triumph, eighteen chariots having been prepared for their reception. All the

guns the place could boast were fired to welcome the illustrious visitors, and nothing but feasting and rejoicing took place all the time they stayed.

Their reception at Amsterdam was far more splendid and complimentary. There were twenty pageants, representing, chiefly, the favourable change that had befallen the royal house of Stuart; and several full of hope, and promising a bright destiny to the Prince, who was represented as a phoenix rising from the ashes of his sire.¹

An orange-tree was introduced, bearing only one orange, to indicate that he was the sole hope of that illustrious house. The Holland East India House offered costly presents to the Princess and her son. The young Prince, followed by all the nobles of the district, rode through the city on the 9th of June; the people were delighted to see him; he returned to dine with the Princess, his mother. They both attended the principal church on the following day, which was Sunday. A state seat, lined with tapestry, and adorned with oranges and green foliage, had been provided for them, and they were the delight of all eyes. They left Amsterdam the next day, escorted by a guard of honour. At Haarlem, they were received equally well by the magistrates in their full dress, with orange scarfs and plumes. The town was decorated with wreaths of laurel, orange, lilies and roses. A band of music greeted their approach. They remained there four days, fêted by the magistrates, and treated with the greatest affection by the whole town. They proceeded to Leyden, on their way to the Hague, where they arrived on the 20th, and were greeted with a state reception also.²

The young Prince was much pleased on beholding a regiment of boys, bearing orange banners, who came to meet him and his mother, and greeted him as their general. They were all taken to the palace by his desire, and treated with wine and fruit, and he gave them each, with his own hand, a gingerbread cake at parting.³

The popularity of her son inclined the Princess-royal to think that the States-general, whose annual meeting took place in July, would be agreeable to invest him with all the honours and offices enjoyed by his late father, William II. She was deceived in this expectation. De Witt was decidedly opposed to conferring any of these dignities and offices of state on the, as yet, untried boy, for him to exercise by deputy, for at his tender age it was not possible for him to act for himself.

De Witt was undoubtedly right, under existing circumstances, though much resented by the royal English mother of the Prince, who thus writes to the King, her now powerful brother and friend, Charles II., on the subject, requesting his influence and advice. She says:—

¹ *Theat. European.* De Thou's despatches.

² *Theat. European.*

³ *Ibid.*

"Hague, 22nd July.

"I must first give you most humble thanks for your kindness to my son and me, before I give you an account of the succeeding, which truly has not been so successful as I could have wished for. De Witt continues so wilfully in the opinion I ought not to desire my son's designation to the offices of stadtholder and general, that it will give one many difficulties to surmount.

"This assembly finisheth the next week. If I can possibly, I will make some proposition, before they separate, that at their next coming together, which will be about a month hence, they may take some resolution, that at the least I may know who are our friends and who are not.

"If you have at any time leisure enough to speak to Monsieur Beverwort about it, I think it would do good; and if you please to tell him, that, according to your own belief, I have made some proposition for my son, and as he has always been my friend, you expect he will assist me, that all may happen to our good; for these, seeing here, that you expect I should make some proposition, it will be a great means to let them see your affection.

"But I hope you are well enough persuaded, that there is nothing that I would not do, to let you see how passionately I wish to serve you. I am going to Amsterdam, to see what the ships have brought home."¹

The Princess was rash and unthinking in her politics, and she had always the Princess-dowager's party to contend against her.

Charles II. advised more temporising conduct, as he, indeed, had always done. This was not agreeable to his sister, who desired him to assume a decided appearance in her favour, and indeed, to insist on the election of her young son as stadtholder—an election she never was happy enough to see.

She writes again to her royal brother in the middle of the following August, thus:—

"Before now I was in hope to have Oudart here, but his being come puts me into many troubles, especially in that I hear that you are changed in your opinion concerning my son; but if it be true, and you continue in it, I fear it will be our total ruin in this conjuncture of time, that our friends are so well disposed. The party in the province of Holland, that are against us, though now wavering, are so few, that if you will but continue in your resolution, they will not be able to resist, for you will so encourage our friends, that they will not fear about themselves to be so. As, for example, Zealand, who were strangely much encouraged to do what they did, with the assurance I took the liberty

¹ Lambeth MSS.

to give them, that the kindness to my son, would be acceptable to you Mr. Beverwort I am confident is deceived into that opinion."¹

"I received," continues she, "a letter from the queen, this last post, wherein she says 'she will send for me into France.' I have let her know you have a resolution of sending for me direct into England; therefore, for God's sake, agree between you what I have to do, which I hope you will not consider as an unreasonable desire, since I have made the same to the Queen; and pray do not delay it, for I have great impatience to be gone from hence, and yet, rather than displease either, I would suffer the greatest punishment of this world that is, live all my life here, for I know what it is to displease both of you to keep me from it again.

"I am to go to morrow," continues the Princess, "under the pretence of packing up all my things at the Hague, for England. I dine at my Lord Chesterfield's.

"I am very impatient to have the happiness of letting you see how entirely I am yours."²

Thus we see that Mary, though looking forward, with inexpressible pleasure, to her visit to England, was much troubled by the contrary orders of her brother Charles, and Queen Henrietta Maria, her mother. In reality, she was under no necessity of yielding obedience to either; but although the widow of a sovereign prince, she always treated Charles as her elder brother and her king. In the darkest era of his misfortunes, when he was landless, crownless, and penniless, she always yielded him the reverence due to her sovereign, while to Queen Henrietta Maria she demeaned herself as the most dutiful of daughters, regarding her not only as her mother, but as the revered widow of her dear and ever-lamented father, King Charles I.

Queen Henrietta Maria had signified that it was her pleasure for the Princess-royal, her daughter, widowed Princess of Orange, to join her in Paris, and proceed to England in her company. It was in vain that Mary represented the length of the journey, and the increase of the expense of taking herself and suite so far out of their way. Henrietta Maria was determined to be obeyed, and reiterated her maternal commands.

The Princess-royal tells Charles,³ "that the deputies of Zealand had that day their audience, in the assembly of Holland, concerning her son's interest, but she does not know what their answer has been, and is only too confident it will not be very satisfactory, though she hears that Holland will do something more for her son, than they had at

¹ Lambeth MSS.

² Hounsladyck, 20th of August; no date of the year, but evidently 1660.

³ Letter of the Princess-royal, Lambeth Library.

first offered to her. She had not thought it possible to see her brother in England, and to find violent enemies against her son." She mentions the fact, "that some of the judges who had voted her father's death, were then in Rotterdam, where they keep a conventicle. She thanks Charles for the bill of exchange he had sent her, doubtless in consideration of some of the deep debts he owed her. She ends with "expressing a longing desire for the next week, when she hopes to set out for England, with the Queen her mother's consent, and is, in the meantime, entirely his."¹

Poor Mary! Little did she imagine that this voyage to England, on which she was reckoning with such feverish impatience, was to be her death. Death while yet in the flower of her days. Gay and happy, she next announces to her brother that she had received the consent of the Queen, her mother, to her voyage to England.

"At last," writes she, "I can give you an account of Oudart's arrival, whose tedious passage gave me the more trouble, when I found by him your infinite kindness to my son and me. I will not stand now making you those acknowledgments which I ought, hoping to have the happiness of seeing you so soon. I shall therefore, reserve all to that time, with the account in what condition our business is here. I shall now only tell you, that I have sent Sylvius into France, to give the Queen a relation of my going into England, besides your positive commands in it, which I make no question will make her do the same thing. I received no letters from her this week, which put me in some pain, but I hope with your assistance to satisfy her with my not passing through France. To-morrow I go to the Hague, where I intend to use all diligence to put the business, I have there, in train, in order to embark as soon as the ships arrive, which I shall expect with much impatience."²

Sylvius, whom the Princess had sent to Paris, to explain all to the Queen, her mother, was a confidential Dutch officer of her household, whom she accredited to explain to the Queen, her mother, the reasons which rendered it necessary for her to proceed to England with all despatch.

"Sylvius," she says, "is returned, with the Queen's consent and approbation for my going straightly into England. Without I had sent him to inform the Queen particularly, how necessary it was for me to go, I find her consent had not been so easily obtained. I have now no other impatience left, but the arrival of the ships, which makes me every minute look to the winds. I do intend to go to town after they arrive. I do desire you not to give yourself the trouble of writing any more to me. Tuesday next, which is another post day into

¹ Lambeth MSS., 9th September, 1660.

² Houslardyck, 3rd September, 1660 (suppose). To Charles II. Lambeth MSS. 30.

England, I will let you know the direct time I intend to go from hence."¹

She then reverts to state affairs. "Holland has taken yet no resolution concerning my son. I fear they have a mind to delay the business.

"The towns of Leyden and Tuckhausen are for the designation. The rest are divided, some for to have my son *Enfant d'Estat*, and others against all, except I will promise to desist from the design." She attempts to have her son designated as Stadtholder. "This consideration lasts still, but," she says, "it shall not defer my journey; for besides the impatience I am in to have the happiness to be with you, I do still believe we are not likely to get any reason from this province, except their interest presses them to it, which I hope from your goodness. This is all the trouble I will give you at this time, except assuring you nothing is more entirely yours than I am."²

King Charles sent his faithful servant, Daniel O'Niel, over to the Hague, to assist the Princess-royal in making her arrangements for her voyage to England. She was in some embarrassment about the residence she had given to Charles Kirkholven, the son of her old friend Heenvliet, by Lady Stanhope. King Charles had elevated this youth to the English peerage, by the title of his grandfather, Lord Wootton. He was a great favourite of the Princess-royal, who had preferred him to a high post in her son's household, and decided that he, as an English peer, should take precedence of the Dutch gentlemen in the Prince's service, and even of his *maître d'hôtel*, at which the Dutchmen were so much offended that they one and all threatened to resign. It was with great difficulty the Princess contrived to pacify and induce them to remain.³

King Charles and the Duke of York both wrote to the States, requesting a favourable decision for their nephew. The answer arrived at length, stating that the States of Holland and West Friesland gratefully accepted the charge of educating their young Prince, settled on him forty thousand florins annually, and promised to recommend to the States-general his instalment into his late father's dignities, as soon as he should be of age.

The Princess-royal, in returning her thanks for what they had done in favour of the Prince, her son, expressed her regret that they had abstained from investing him, at once, with the dignities held by his late father. She then proceeded to Helvoetsluys with her son, who she designed to keep with her till the last moment. Then she wrote to the States again, recommending her son to their care; and entreating them "to pay all strict attention to his princely virtues."

¹ Lambeth MSS.

² Hague, 17th Sept. (No. 17.) Lambeth MSS.
De Tron's despatches.

The Princess-dowager was offended that Mary had not mentioned her in her letters to the States, and wrote angrily to her on the subject of her letter, and also that the suddenness of her departure prevented her from paying the attention of a parting visit. The admiral of the fleet sent out for the Princess by her royal brother, King Charles II., entreated her royal highness not to delay her embarkation, as the ships had already been waiting at the Brill, and their immediate return was necessary. The Princess, therefore, bidding an affectionate farewell to her aunt, the Queen of Bohemia, took a fond and passionate leave of her boy, who with the deputies of the States-general attended her to the sea-shore, where she and her numerous suite embarked in the *Tredaugh*, a very fine man-of-war, and set sail for England, accompanied by five other first-rate vessels and two frigates, sent out by King Charles for her convoy.¹

They had a dangerous voyage, for the *Tredaugh* struck six different times on the Kentish rock, but by the care of her commander, the Earl of Sandwich, and his pilot, was got off without the loss of any life on board, though for more than an hour there was a fear that all on board were destined to a watery grave;² but by God's providence they all safely reached Margate, September 23rd (O.S.).

The Princess and her train, consisting of more than a hundred persons, came on to Gravesend, where she was met by her brothers, King Charles II. and the Duke of York, who came down in the royal barges to receive and welcome her. But when she, on noticing the absence of her beloved brother, Henry Duke of Gloucester, learned the melancholy tidings that he had died of the small-pox on the 13th day of the month, and was buried on the 21st, in the twentieth year of his age, her grief was passionate and unspeakable. Not all the acclamations of the people, nor the royal salutes of cannon, from the Tower and the ships in the river, could rouse her from her grief, and it was observed how sad she was at her arrival at Whitehall.³

The marriage of the Duke of York with Anne Hyde, for several years maid of honour to the Princess of Orange at the Hague, was the next trouble that disturbed her royal highness, on her return to England.

Nothing could exceed her mortification and anger, at the idea "of yielding precedence to one whom she had honoured over much," she said, "by admitting her into her service as maid of honour."⁴

It is to be feared that in her anger she encouraged Charles Berkeley, of the Duke's household, in his unprincipled attempt to set the Duke against his wife, by asserting that her conduct was so light she was unworthy of being Duchess of York, for that he, and not the Duke,

¹ Holland Correspondence State Paper MSS.

² Rugge's *Diary*.

³ Pepys' *Diary*. Rugge's ditto.

⁴ *Mémoires de Montpensier*.

was the father of the child whose birth was hourly expected, as heir presumptive of England.¹

The Duke, on this painful calumny gave himself up to despair, refused to eat, and was ready to dissolve his marriage with the traitress who had been accused of deceiving him.

The following lines were addressed to the Princess-royal, on "her portrait, written by Anne Hyde, Duchess of York," while her maid of honour :

Heroic nymph ! in tempests the support,
In peace the glory, of the British court ;
Into whose arms the Church, the State, and all
That precious is or sacred, here, did fall.
Ages to come that shall your bounty hear
Shall think you mistress of the Indies, were
Though straiter bounds your fortune did confine,
In your large heart was found a wealthy mine ;
Like the blest oil the widow's lasting feast,
Your treasure as you poured it out increased.
While some your beauty, some your bounty sing,
Your native isle does with your praises ring ;
But, above all, a nymph of your own train
Gives us your character in such a strain
As none but she who in that court did dwell
Could know such worth, or worth describe so well.

Not even this eulogistic poem, of which the concluding stanzas pointedly declared to whom Mary was indebted for the revelation of her generosity to the exiled cavaliers, could reconcile her to the elevation of her late maid of honour, Anne Hyde, to the rank of sistership to herself, and the necessity of yielding precedence to her, in the British Court, as the wife of the heir-presumptive of the crown. Fortunately the new Duchess of York was not in a situation to claim her rank, so she and the Princess-royal never met, though the possibility of such a circumstance embittered the delight the Princess had anticipated from her visit to London.

The Princess-royal had, meantime, attended the chapel at Whitehall, and appeared at the *fêtes* and entertainments her brother, King Charles, had given for her amusement. She was then in the perfection of her charms, of which her portrait by Honthorst gives the best idea. There is no likeness of her either in England or Holland so good as that picture.²

There is a fine painting of her in the museum at Amsterdam, by Vander Helst, in full face, a whole-length, dressed in rich white satin and

¹ Clarendon. Stanluer Clarke's *Life of James II.*

² Her majesty the Queen of the Netherlands showed me Vandyck's portraits of Mary and her consort, William II., Prince of Orange, in her privy chamber. William is very handsome and chivalric ; the Princess

rather an ungraceful, unformed girl, but the attitude is ill chosen. Her majesty also showed me a beautiful miniature of the Princess, but it wanted individuality of character, and I considered Honthorst's by far the noblest delineation of all I saw.

pearls, holding an orange in her right hand, with a bunch of leaves. She is under a purple velvet canopy. Her complexion is that of a clear brunette, with rich dark eyes and hair, yet the picture is rather heavy, on the whole.

The Duke of York, having proceeded to Calais, with a fine squadron of the fleet, to conduct the Queen Henrietta Maria and her youngest daughter, the Princess Henrietta Anne, to Dover, the Princess-royal accompanied King Charles to meet them on their arrival, November 1st. Grief for the loss of Henry Duke of Gloucester saddened the royal party, and they all wept passionately, for the absence of one so amiable and tenderly beloved.

King Charles presented the Princess-royal with a beautiful boat, in which she often was rowed on the Thames. It was lined and cushioned with black velvet, embroidered with her arms in gold and silver. She sometimes rode on horseback, when her trappings were also of black velvet, trimmed with silver lace and fringe.

She received from her royal brother and his parliament the sum of ten thousand pounds, of her unpaid dowry, and everything appeared to tend to her happiness in this world; when in the midst of pleasure and festivity, she was suddenly smitten down with the small-pox.

The Queen, her mother, hastily removed to St. James's Palace from Whitehall, with her lovely young Henrietta, forgetting all maternal care and solicitude for her faithful eldest daughter, in her terror lest Henrietta should take the infection, and either die or be disfigured from its effects.

The Princess-royal made a will on the 24th of December, and signed and sealed it in the presence of her old devoted friends, Lady Stanhope, her son by Lord Stanhope, and her daughter by Heenvliet.

This as follows:—

“In the name of God, Amen.

“I, Mary, Princess of Great Britain, Dowager of Orange, &c., being visited with sickness, and probably at this time to exchange this life for a better, do, hereby, resign my soul into the hands of God, my Creator, trusting to His mercies, through the precious merits of Christ, my Saviour, to be saved body and soul, in the joyful meeting of eternal life. My body I bequeath to the earth, to be buried in such decent Christian manner, and in such place, as the King my royal brother shall be pleased to appoint, my desire being to be laid next the Duke of Gloucester, my late dear brother, if it may be with his majesty's liking. I earnestly beseech his majesty, as also the Queen my royal mother, to take upon them the care of the Prince of Orange, my son, as the best parents and friends I can commend him unto, and from whom he is, with most reason, to expect all good help, both at home

and abroad ; praying God to bless and make him a happy instrument to His glory—and to his country's good, as well as to the satisfaction of his nearest friends and allies. I entreat his majesty most especially, to be a protector and tutor to him, and to his interests, by his royal favour and influence ; and to authorise, as I shall hereafter name, to be executors of this my last will and testament, desiring her majesty the Queen, my mother, to cause my son's jewels, being those I found in his father's cabinet, expressed in a note of them, to be delivered unto him, or to some fit trustee for him. My other jewels, and all things else remaining after my death, properly belonging to me, I leave to the Queen my mother, so as my debts and servants' arrears and wages, in the first place, be duly paid and satisfied, as also the legacies, hereafter specified, to my servants and others. For which ends all my covenants, dues and remaining affairs, claims, dues, profits and accounts, may be well recovered and settled. I do hereby desire the Duke of York, my dear brother, to afford his aid thereunto, likewise the Lord Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans, Willis Nicholas Oudart, my secretary, counsellor to my son, his commissioner here, who hath long and faithfully served my royal brother, his majesty now being, and myself. These three, whom his majesty is by me desired, as aforesaid, to authorise and give power to them and their sufficient substitutes, as the executors of this, my last will and testament ; and of all further action, rights, claims, dues, and demands of mine, whether in and about the tutelage of my son, in Holland, or other provinces of the United Netherlands, and my quality of Regent in Orange. My portion yet unpaid in England, with the interest thereof, or other matters in my remaining desolate family ; commending to their majesties both my women and men-servants, to the end that they may be honoured with some competent provision, for their better support and maintenance, as my good meaning was to do for them, had I longer lived. This I declare to be my last will and testament, declared at the palace at Whitehall, this 24th of December (old style), 1660.

"I bequeath and give to the Countess of Chesterfield, the sum of five hundred pounds sterling, and as much to Madam Howard ; and I desire that to each other of my maid-servants and men-servants may be given so much apiece, as the estate I leave may bear, and may best recompense their faithful and good services unto me, for which I thank them.

"MARIE.

"By her royal highness's command.

"N. OUDART, *Secretary.*

"Signed, sealed, and delivered, in the presence of us—

"EDWARD KER.

"ROBERT WHITE.

"WILLIAM DYKE."

After the completion of her will, the Princess signed a paper to this effect:—"Having commanded Oudart, my secretary, to call for the most part of the ten thousand pounds sterling, given to me on the 13th of September last, and to distribute the same according to my orders, as he hath done; I assign the rest unto him, hereby to be also distributed as I have ordered, so as this present paper shall be a sufficient assignment and dischargement, from me, for the whole of the ten thousand pounds, aforesaid, which hereby I acknowledge to have received, fully giving this my acquittance for the same.

*"At Whitehall, the 24th of December, 1660."*¹

The Princess-royal turned faint when she had completed these agitating arrangements. The foolish physician insisted on bleeding her in the foot. Lady Balcarres, who was with her, observed her eyes wax dim, when this mistaken, and as it proved, fatal practice, was resorted to, and soon after the royal patient began to sink.

There was one thought which lay heavy on her mind, in the hour of death—her injustice to Anne Hyde, in winking at Berkeley's false witness against her. This she acknowledged, and fully justified her with her failing breath. After this conscientious confession she became calm and happy.

Philip Earl of Chesterfield, who was present, says:—

"Not long after the Princess-royal died, by whose bed I was standing, when she changed this life, and could not but admire her unconcernedness, constancy of mind, and resolution, which well became the grandchild of Henry IV. of France." Lady Mary Stanhope, his favourite sister, died the same year of the small-pox, 1660. The Princess-royal died about four o'clock on the afternoon of December 24th, but according to the new style in Holland, January 3rd, 1661.

It was said, apparently without any foundation, that the Princess-royal was privately married to Henry Jermyn, master of the horse to the Duke of York, and nephew and finally heir to Jermyn Earl of St. Albans, whom it was pretended the Queen-dowager, Henrietta Maria, had married after the death of Charles I.

But the Princess, tender as her conscience was, would undoubtedly have acknowledged her marriage, if it had ever taken place, when in the sight of death; and the report seems to have originated from the angry letters of Charles II. to her, three years before the Restoration, which she so much resented; but there is no more mention of Henry Jermyn from that time till revived after her death in Pepys' gossiping diary.²

She was much lamented in England. In Holland there were great

¹ From a contemporary copy in the Ashmolean Library, Oxford.

² Pepys' *Diary*, vol. i. p. 132. Note to Burnet's *History of his own Time*.

demonstrations of grief and affection for her memory. The States wrote a letter of condolence to King Charles in French. A dramatic poem, entitled "Tears for the death of her royal highness Madame Maria Stuart, Princess-dowager of Orange, daughter of his majesty Charles I., King of Great Britain, &c., who died in London, 3rd of January, 1661," was represented and recited by more than seventy persons at the theatre at Amsterdam. This poem of more than ten pages was written by John Vos, and is dedicated to Konstantyn Hùegens, president of the council of the Prince of Orange her son.¹ Other tokens of respect were paid to her memory in Holland.

Her death caused much regret in London, and produced a strong impression, following so immediately on that of her brother, Henry Duke of Gloucester.

A small volume, destitute of facts, but overflowing with bombastical eulogiums and declamatory lamentations of their early deaths, was published in London, professing to contain the lives of Henry Duke of Gloucester, and Mary Princess-royal and Dowager of Orange.²

The funeral of the Princess-royal was solemnized in Westminster Abbey, on Saturday, December 26th, only three days after her death.

The infectious nature of the malady which conducted her to the grave rendered hasty arrangements necessary for the sake of the living. The nobility assembled in the House of Peers at night, to attend the remains of the Princess, which were brought about nine o'clock at night in solemn procession, by torchlight from Somerset House, through a line of guards of the Duke of Albemarle's regiment of foot.

First went gentlemen and knights, next the servants of the Duke of York, then the servants of the Queen, after whom came his majesty's servants, next those of the deceased lady. Then two heralds before the Duke of Ormonde, lord-steward of his majesty's household, then Edward Earl of Manchester, lord chamberlain, after whom came Edward Earl of Clarendon, Lord Chancellor of England, with the purse and macebearer before him. Then came another herald bearing the coronet of her royal highness, Princess-royal of England and Princess-dowager of Orange, on a cushion of black velvet, followed by the remains of the royal lady, carried by her own servants; the pall being supported by six earls, and the canopy over it carried by baronets.

His royal highness the Duke of York, preceded by another herald, followed the corpse of his royal sister as chief mourner; his train was supported by persons of very high rank. In this order they came to Henry VII.'s chapel, where the remains of Mary Princess-royal of

¹ Royal Library, Hague.

² May's *Lives of Henry Duke of Gloucester, and Mary Princess of Orange*.

England, Princess-dowager of Orange, were interred in the vault of the royal Stuart line, beside those of Henry Duke of Gloucester.¹

"I am sorry," writes Charles Louis, Elector Palatine, to his mother, the Queen of Bohemia, then at the Hague, "for this new affliction God hath sent on your royal family; whereof I am the more sensible because I know how near it toucheth your majesty's affection, which was ever great towards the deceased Princess, of whom you will ever find the want while you stay at the Hague. I pray God to comfort your majesty in all this great affliction, and to do me such grace that I may be able to contribute something—if not so much as my duty requires towards it."²

Indeed, the loss of her best niece, as Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, ever called Mary, was felt very deeply. The poor Queen was distressed, as her undutiful son acknowledges, for money to procure proper mourning habiliments for her beloved niece; but he had not the heart to assist her with the smallest contribution towards obtaining this testimonial of respect.

No memorial marks the spot where the remains of Mary of England repose. Her son, William Prince of Orange, became King of England twenty-eight years after her death. He did not raise even so much as a simple tablet to her memory. Mary Princess-royal of England, as well as Queen Mary II. his wife, remain undistinguished in death in Westminster Abbey.³

¹ Heath's *Chronicle* p. 470.

² Bromley Letters, pp. 228, 229, date 21st January, 1661 (N.S.).

³ The old Princess-dowager of Orange, Amelia of Solms, daughter of John Albert Count de Solms, the widow of Frederick Henry Prince of Orange, established herself in the regency for her grandson, the young William III. of Orange, without a rival on the death of the Princess-royal. She lived to see her grandson possessed of

all the ancient dignities of his family, and she saw him display the military talents and political acumen for which he became so famous. Amelia was distinguished for her wit and brilliancy of intellect. She had four daughters—Louise, married to William, Elector of Brandenburg; Albertine Agnes, to the Prince of Nassau; Henrietta, to the Prince of Anhalt; and a fourth, married to the Duke of Simmerin.

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

CHAPTER I.

THE Princess Elizabeth, second daughter of Charles I. and Queen Henrietta Maria, was born in St. James's Palace, at ten o'clock on the morning of December 28th, 1635, during a deep fall of snow, on the day of the Holy Innocents. She was baptized on the following Saturday, in the Chapel-royal of that palace, by Archbishop Laud.¹

An especial embassy was sent by the United Provinces of Holland, and their Stadtholder, Frederick Henry Prince of Orange, to congratulate King Charles and his consort, on the happy event of the birth of the infant Princess. They brought the Queen, her mother, several rich presents on the occasion, among which were two costly china bowls, a massive piece of ambergris, and a most valuable and curious clock. To the King they presented two original paintings by Titian, and two by Tintoretto, to add to the rich collection of paintings with which that monarch was enriching Hampton Court.²

The Princess Elizabeth was very delicate in health, and spent her early infancy at Greenwich, Oatlands, and Hampton Court palaces. As she advanced in age the strong resemblance between the Princess-royal and her was commemorated by Crashaw, the poet, in an ode comparing them to "two silken flowers on one stem."³

A third sister was born in 1637, and added to the family circle much joy, during her brief life; but she died before completing her fifth year. This was the Princess Anne, a most interesting and holy child, who, when dying, being reminded to pray, said to Mrs. Corrant, one of her nursery attendants, "I am not able to say my long prayer (the Lord's prayer), but I will say my short one, Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, lest I sleep the sleep of death;" and with these words on her most innocent lips, she expired.⁴

The Princess Elizabeth at her birth was appointed a regular suite of

¹ Laud's *Diary*, folio.

² Sanderson's *Charles I.*

³ Crashaw's *Delights of the Muses*.

⁴ Fuller's *Worthies*. The posthumous

portrait of this child was introduced into the family group of the children of Charles I with the infant Henry Duke of Gloucester her arms, painted in 1641.

attendants, consisting of a nurse, three rockers, a groom of the back stairs, and menials of the nursery of inferior rank. She was soon placed under the care of the Countess of Roxburgh, state governess of the royal children. In early childhood her talents were precocious, and her sensibility exquisite. The Queen, her mother, in the temporary absence of King Charles, took her children to the vesper service, in her chapel in Hampton Court Palace. Elizabeth, who was not yet two years old, became restless, and to quiet her she was shown a book of devotion, belonging to one of the priests, containing, among other illustrations, a picture of the scourging of the blessed Saviour. "Poor man, poor man!" exclaimed the tender-hearted babe, and kissed the picture many times. The royal mother, much delighted, related this incident to the King as a trait of her child's devotion. Charles smiled and said, "She begins young."¹

The King her father received a proposal of marriage for Elizabeth, when she was only five years old, from Frederick Henry, Stadtholder of Holland, for his son William, the hereditary Prince of Orange. This was at first entertained favourably, but when the miniature of the Prince was shown to the young Elizabeth, she very sagaciously observed: "He is very handsome, but, I think, better suited to my sister than to me."

The hint was finally taken, and the Princess-royal was substituted in the treaty for her younger sister, to the great joy of the royal suitor; for Elizabeth, besides being far too young, was sickly, and her unfitness for such an engagement was evident to the Dutch ambassadors.

The Princess Elizabeth first appeared in public in June, 1640, at the baptism of her infant brother, Prince Henry, on which occasion her brothers, Charles Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, were the godfathers, and the Princess-royal the godmother. Elizabeth was only one of the spectators of this solemn ceremonial, but a very attractive one, with her sweet earnest countenance, and her long fair ringlets, just confined from falling about her face by a blue ribbon loosely tied.

She was, ten months later, an incognita spectator of the espousals of her beloved sister and the Prince William of Orange, from a window in the Queen's closet in Whitehall Palace.

She had her place at the state dinner, on that occasion, and accompanied the Queen her mother and the bride and bridegroom, in the afternoon, in their walk through the parks.

Several months later, she was one of the joyous party, when the Queen and her eldest sister, with her brothers, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, passed through the city in royal state, to meet

¹ *Neo's Despatches*, 29th March, 1639, Vatican Transcripts. *Green's Lives of the*
es.

the King on his return from Scotland; the last happy day they were permitted to enjoy in their troublous pilgrimage. In the succeeding February, she had to bid farewell to her beloved mother and sister, whom she never saw again, for the Queen set sail for Holland, early in the year 1642, with the youthful bride of Orange. The King her father returned to London no more. The Prince of Wales and the young Duke of York accompanied him into Yorkshire, and Elizabeth was left with her baby brother, Henry Duke of Gloucester, in St. James's Palace, under the care of the Countess of Roxburgh and Mrs. Murray, her governesses.

The Parliament, soon after, took possession of these harmless, unprotected innocents, although puzzled to find some fund for their maintenance. As early as May, 1642, Archbishop Laud, then under arrest, complained that seventy pounds of his rents were seized by the Parliament, to assist in the maintenance of the King's children.¹

Lord Saye and Sele advanced a loan of seven hundred and eighty pounds for this purpose, and the Parliament seized a little trunk, carefully sealed, from Sir David Cunninghame, the King's receiver for the tin mines in Cornwall, which he assured them was intended for the use of these children, then at St. James's Palace.²

There was a humble petition presented by Thomas Atkinson, his majesty's faithful servant and chariotman (coachman), who had been appointed, by the King and Queen, to the service of the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Elizabeth, at St. James's Palace, praying for his wages, which were in arrear. Parliament ordered Cornelius Holland, who had been lately appointed as paymaster to the Prince of Wales, to satisfy Atkinson, which he accordingly did, preferring the service of the Parliament to that of his royal master.³

The plague broke out and raged in the neighbourhood of the palace of St. James's, on which the Earl of Pembroke, who had the care of the royal children, was ordered to remove them to the house of Lord Cottington in Broad Street.⁴ Thither the children were accordingly transferred, with their attendants. But the Princess Elizabeth became so languid and generally indisposed, that her governess, Lady Roxburgh, sent to inform the Lords, "that the royal children were very incommodiously lodged in that house; the neighbourhood of a glasshouse occasioning such unhealthy smoke, that the Lady Elizabeth was ill in consequence of the noxious vapour; therefore she begged to have them removed back to St. James's Palace, unless a more salubrious situation could be found for their abode." The Lords communicated with the Commons on the subject, and in consequence the children were brought back to St. James's Palace, and the Earl of Pembroke was ordered to

¹ White Kennet's *History of England*. ² *Journals of the House of Commons*, folio ii.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ *Ibid.*

overlook their removal, and cautioned that no plots for their escape should be attempted.¹

Lady Roxburgh now petitioned that "a suitable allowance for the necessities of her royal pupils should be accorded by Parliament, protesting that they were in want of everything." The Speaker of the Commons, after making careful inquiries into the truth of her ladyship's statements, declared in the House that "the destitution of the royal children was such that he should be ashamed to speak of it, or have the particulars publicly known."² The Commons then promised to take the matter into consideration, and in consequence directions were given to the officers of the Mint that the sum of eight hundred pounds monthly should be allotted to the maintenance of the royal children.³

The health of Lady Roxburgh began to fail, and the Commons consented, on the 17th day of February, that her husband, the Earl of Roxburgh, should be granted leave to come from Oxford to visit his lady in London, bringing none other than his own personal servants with him, and that he should only stay three days; but his licence was extended a week longer than the term at first named.

The Countess of Roxburgh continued ill through that anxious winter. Her royal little pupils also were indisposed, and the cautious governess would not permit them to receive the care of any other than their accustomed medical attendant; for we find that the House of Commons, early in May, 1643, ordered that "Mr. Chase, the sworn apothecary of the Prince (query of Wales), shall have liberty to go, with his keeper, for four or five days, to administer physic to the King's children at St. James's."⁴ The faithful apothecary was a prisoner at this time, and was not allowed to attend the royal children without a keeper or guard.

Lady Roxburgh, their beloved governess, was herself ill, and in spite of the assistance which she derived from his skill, departed this life early in the month of May, 1643.

The Commons graciously accorded a warrant, allowing the remains of this excellent lady to be removed to Scotland, for interment by her lord. They also permitted Lord Murray to send a servant to Oxford, to acquaint the King with the demise of this lady; but only on condition that the letter, which was to be confined to that topic, should be first read in the House.⁵ This sad event, and the solemn preparations for removing the mortal remains of their beloved governess, were, of course, most awful and afflicting to the little royal captives, but no pen has chronicled their feelings on this sad, and, to them, awful event.

The Commons voted "that the Lady Vere should have the govern-

¹ *Journals of the House of Commons.*
² *Ibid.* ³ *Ibid.*

⁴ *Ibid.*, 2nd May, 1643.
⁵ *Ibid.*, vol. III.

ment of the Princess and her brother,"¹ whom they nominated "the two young princes," and "that the concurrence of the Lords should be desired." The Lords were in no hurry to return an answer; so the Commons sent to request "that they would reply, concerning the appointment of the Lady Vere to be governess to the Princess, at St. James's." The answer of the Lords was "that they would send an answer by a messenger of their own."² This they did not do, but voted "that the Countess of Dorset³ should be appointed to the office of governess to the Princess Elizabeth." After some consideration, the Commons consented to the appointment of the Countess of Dorset.⁴

This lady was much esteemed by the King, and had been appointed by him to the post of governess to the Duke of York, in the year 1638; and of her his majesty had said, "she was a lady accomplished with all virtues." It was therefore considered by him fortunate that his poor children had fallen into such faithful and desirable hands.

The fortunes of the Civil War had early separated the Duke of York from his noble preceptress, but she, in tender sympathy for his youthful sister and their infant brother, Henry Duke of Gloucester, consented to superintend the education of these deserted scions of royalty, to whom she nobly performed her duties, with not less than maternal care. Her prudence and devoted conduct, in this difficult position, were so exemplary as to command the respect of all parties. Meantime a committee, appointed by Parliament to sit at St. James's Palace, ordered "that Mr. Cornelius Holland, its president, should take into his own possession the money recently paid by him to the late Countess of Roxburgh, which was ordered to be disposed for the providing the royal children with apparel."⁵

Finally an order was passed by both Houses, that the royal children should be supplied from the Mint, with diet, apparel, and other necessities. This order was, however, followed by a strict investigation of the principles and conduct of all the members of their household, with a strict injunction "that all persons employed about both the brother and sister, should be compelled to take the covenant, and whoever rejected it should be dismissed without delay."

The Princess Elizabeth, much afflicted by this order, the object of which, she perceived, was to deprive her of all the faithful attendants who had fondly continued attached to her service, from her infancy;

¹ Lady Vere was the daughter of Sir John Tracy, of Todington, in the county of Gloucestershire, and the widow of Horace, the first Lord Vere. She was also the mother of the wife of Oliver St. John. Lady Vere was an ancient lady, very wise and prudent, and not at all ambitious of having the care of the royal children, although a large allowance was proffered with them.

² *Journals of the House of Commons*, 28th June, 1643.

³ *Ibid.*, 10th July, 1643.

⁴ Mary, daughter and heiress of Sir George Croxdale, and wife of the Earl of Dorset. See Collins's *Peerage*.

⁵ *Journals of the House of Commons*, vol. lii.

young as she was, she addressed the following brief appeal to the House of Lords :—

“ MY LORDS,

“ I account myself very miserable that I must have my servants taken from me, and strangers put to me. You promised me that you would have a care of me, and I hope you will show it in preventing so great a grief, as this would be to me. I pray, my lords, consider of it, and give me cause to thank you, and to rest

“ Your loving Friend,

“ *To the right honourable the lords
and peers in Parliament.*”

“ ELIZABETH.

The young Princess, with truly royal courage and dignity, put this note into the hand of the Earl of Pembroke, and requested him to present it to the House of Lords. This he did without delay, though possibly surprised at such a commission from a little maiden not yet nine years of age.

Their lordships read the letter of the young Princess with surprise and sympathy, sent it to the Commons, and inquired if the statement of the Princess were true. The Commons urged, in excuse for their proceedings, “that they had been informed there was a design on foot for removing the King’s children to Oxford.”¹ The Lords took up a high hand, and voted “that it was a breach of their privilege for the servants of the King’s children to be displaced, without their approval,” and prevented the harsh proceedings of the Commons. They appointed a committee, from themselves, to visit² St. James’s Palace, and inquire what would be necessary.

The Commons were much offended at this check of their arbitrary proceedings from the Lords, who, regardless of their displeasure, proceeded to settle the household of the royal brother and sister. That of the young Princess, consisted of the Countess of Dorset, as lady governess, Lady Southcote, as lady of the bedchamber, two cofferesses, one of whom, Mrs. Lee, was retained at her own special request, four chamberwomen, a laundress, and a starcher; two physicians, of whom the principal was Sir Theodore Mayerne, six chaplains, and one household divine, two gentlemen ushers, a French master, and four pages, besides menials. Eleven servants were dismissed, and her former French master.³

It was further ordained, that the household chaplain should read prayers night and morning, that two sermons should be preached every Sunday, that the gates were to be locked at ten o’clock, and not re-

¹ Whitelock’s *Memorials*.

² *Journals of the House of Lords*.

³ *Ibid.*

opened without special leave of the chief resident officer, and that power should rest with the Lords to alter the regulations, and change the attendants as they might think proper.¹

The Countess of Dorset, in the meantime, endeavoured by all means in her power to comfort and afford her protecting influence to the young royal captives, and to supply to the sensitive Elizabeth the place of the absent mother, whom she was no more to behold in this world.

Before Elizabeth had completed her ninth year, her hand was promised in marriage, by her royal father, to the learned and chivalric son of the loyal Marquis of Worcester,² Edward Lord Herbert, with a portion of no less than three hundred thousand pounds, which, his majesty gratefully acknowledged, was in payment of the like sum advanced to him, in his great necessity, by the Marquis of Worcester and his generous son. The King bestows on the Lord Herbert, in this promissory document, the royal name of Plantagenet, which he empowers him to bear henceforth, and promises to confer the title of Duke of Somerset on him and his heirs male for ever.³

The Marquis of Hertford remonstrating that he was the rightful Duke of Somerset, Lord Herbert waived the title in his favour. And as the Princess Elizabeth was not in her royal father's possession, and the husband to whom she was thus vainly promised was a zealous member of the Church of Rome, and Elizabeth a firm Protestant, the marriage could never have taken effect, even if she had been free to obey her royal sire's behest, instead of remaining, till her death, a hopeless captive in the hands of her father's foes.

Wholly unconscious of the matrimonial contract into which her royal father had entered on her behalf, the Princess Elizabeth was devoting her morning hours of life to the study of the Holy Scriptures, and had already acquired a knowledge of the learned languages in which they were written. Before she had completed her ninth year, she could read, with facility, the Greek, Latin, and Hebrew languages, and was accustomed to study and compare passages of the Holy Book in all the versions in which it had been rendered by the respective learned authors who had devoted their talents to this important object.

The erudite William Greenhill dedicated his exposition of the first five chapters of the Book of Ezekiel to the Princess Elizabeth, and uses these remarkable words in his dedication to the young royal captive:—

“Your desire to know the original tongues, that you may understand the Scriptures better, your resolution to write them out with your own

¹ *Journals of the House of Lords.*

² *Memoirs of the Marquis of Worcester.*

³ From the original document signed by King Charles I., in the possession of the

Duke of Beaufort, at Badminton. Printed at full length in Dircke's *Life and Times of the Second Marquis of Worcester.*

princely hand, in the hope to come to the perfect knowledge of them, breeds in us hopes that you will exceed all your sex, and be without equal in Europe."

William Greenhill had probably been presented to the studious young Princess, to whom he dedicated his book, or he would scarcely have been so conversant with her tastes and pursuits. The poor child, for such she was in years, although her mind was prematurely developed by the sweet uses of adversity, was happily inclined to improve her solitary hours of captivity by the study of the best of books. She thus beguiled the tediousness of her weary days, regardless of the many changes in her household, and the irritating interference of her royal father's foes.

Her preceptress in languages was the learned Mrs. Makin, sister to a celebrated linguist and mathematician, named John Pell, through whose able assistance she acquired proficiency in French, Spanish, and Italian, quite astonishing at her tender years. The Countess of Dorset was herself a patroness of literature. A work entitled '*The Vanity and Mutations of the World*,' was dedicated to this excellent lady, by one of the philosophers of that period, so that, doubtless, the young Princess received great encouragement from the companionship and conversation of her accomplished governess.

The King was naturally anxious about his young children, and made an effort to extricate them from the hands of those in whose power they then were, by trying to negotiate an exchange between them, and several prisoners of the parliamentary party, who had been captured by him; but the offer was rejected on the false pretence that the royal children were not prisoners, and, therefore, not in the position which rendered them subject to exchange.¹

If not prisoners, why, it may naturally be inquired, were they treated as such, their faithful servants dismissed, and others appointed, at the will of those who persisted in detaining the royal children from their parents.

Some modern authors have asserted that the Princess Elizabeth broke her leg at this period,² but the post-mortem examination of her body, by Dr. Ernest Wilkins, of Newport, proves that this statement is perfectly unfounded, for there were not the slightest marks of fracture on the bones of either leg, which must have been indelible had such accident ever occurred.

Notwithstanding the spirited interference of the House of Lords, the Commons were indefatigable in their attempts at forcing the covenant on the members of Elizabeth's household, and succeeded in ejecting the chaplains appointed by King Charles, under the pretext of popery. The change is thus described by one of the parliamentary writers:—

¹ Green's *Lives of the Princesses*.

² *Ibid.*, vol. vi. p. 346.

"All ill-disposed servants about them were ordered to be removed, and good ministers placed in the room of bad ones, and to preach monthly by turns at St. James's, reverend and godly Mr. Stephen Marshall and Mr. Obadiah Sedgewick, being appointed two and two of them for this service. Much about the same time, by an ordinance of Parliament, there was again further order taken for the more holy and happy institution and education of his majesty's two children, at St. James's where several new officers and attendants were appointed to wait upon the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Elizabeth, as namely: reverend, religious, and learned Mr. Torshell, to be household chaplain, and that truly pious and gracious gentleman, Mr. Humphrey, to be comptroller, &c., and that those which were malignant, corrupt, and popishly affected, should be quite displaced and removed thence, and the former prelati- cal priests to be also utterly cashiered and displaced, and in their stead, reverend, truly pious, and orthodoxly learned, Mr. Stephen Marshall, Mr. Jeremiah Whitaker, Mr. Carryll, Mr. Obadiah Sedgewick, and Mr. William Sparstone, were assigned to preach constantly before them, and by God's gracious and special blessing, to instil holy and wholesome principles into their princely hearts."¹

A petition having been presented to the House of Commons from the Countess of Dorset, and disregarded for some time, the Lords sent to call the attention of the lower House to it on the 13th of July, 1644, stating "that the extremities of the Countess were very great."² What these extremities were is not explained, neither was the petition printed in the journals of either the Lords or the Commons; but it probably concerned the royal children, whose removal from St. James's palace followed immediately, for the Speaker gave notice to the court of guards, "that there might be no stop to the passage of the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester, with their servants and retinue, on their way to Chelsea, to the house of Sir John Danvers on the morrow."³

This Sir John Danvers signed the death warrant of King Charles I., therefore we may imagine there could not be any great cordiality between the Princess Elizabeth and a person capable of such a crime. The royal children only remained in this uncongenial abode till September. They were then ordered to proceed to Whitehall, where they were domiciled during the winter of 1644-5. The celebrated linguist, Alexander Rowley, dedicated to "the peerless Princess Elizabeth," as he entitles her, his useful work, 'The Scholar's Companion,' a vocabulary of the Hebrew and Greek words used in Scripture, with their explanations in Latin and English.

¹ *Vicar's Parliamentary Chronicles*, 4to. London, 1646. Part iii. pp. 99, 175.

² *Journals of the House of Commons*.

³ *Ibid.*

A great sorrow was experienced by the young Princess, in the summer of 1645, by the death of her faithful friend and governess, the Countess of Dorset, who, refusing to abandon her royal pupils for the sake of her own health, and worn out by the anxious cares and disquiets of her situation, died in St. James's palace, at her post, to the no small trouble of the House of Commons. Aware of her declining health, they were then in treaty with the Earl and Countess of Northumberland, to transfer the care of the royal children to them. On the event of the Countess of Dorset's death, they were fain to induce the Earl and Countess of Northumberland to give directions for the funeral of their predecessor, for which the necessary funds were furnished by the Commonwealth.¹

The royal children were placed, for a short time, under the care of Lady Vere; but early in the autumn of 1645 they were transferred to the Earl and Countess of Northumberland. The Earl's salary was three thousand pounds per annum for this charge, and his allowance for the diet of the Princess, her brother, and their suite of attendants, was nine thousand five hundred pounds a year. The servants' wages were in arrear, but the Earl insisted on their all being paid before he entered on his office.

CHAPTER II.

THE Earl of Northumberland, before he consented to accept the office of keeper of the royal children, insisted that he should have liberty to treat them with all suitable respect as the son and daughter of his sovereign.² This condition was reluctantly granted, together with leave to remove them, for the benefit of their health, into the country. They spent the latter portion of the summer at the earl's splendid mansion, Sion House, near Richmond, surrounded with every comfort in that magnificent nobleman's power to confer, and were tenderly cherished by his amiable countess.

It was at that time the Princess Elizabeth addressed the following letter to her beloved sister, the Princess-royal, to whom she had occasionally written several short but loving billets, previously, assuring her that she never would or could forget her. The present letter was evidently written to be sent by some person travelling to Holland.

¹ Whitelock's *Memorials*. Collins's *Peerage*.

² *Journals of the House of Lords*, vol. vii.

"DEAR SISTER,

"I am glad of so fit an opportunity to present my love to you. I intended to have sent you some venison, but being prevented at this time, I hope I shall have it ready to entertain you, at the Hague, when you return. Pray believe me to be

"Your most affectionate sister,

"ELIZABETH.

"11th September, 1645.

"To my dear sister, Princess Mary."

Clarendon states "that the Earl and Countess of Northumberland treated the royal children with all possible consideration and respect, but could give them no more liberty than they were allowed by the parliament." That body, never tired of vexatiously interfering about the children of their sovereign, now called attention to the money paid for their support, which was declared to be much more than was requisite; and required the Earl of Northumberland to make such retrenchments as would enable him to maintain them on five thousand pounds a year, which was to be placed entirely at his disposal, and to cover all expenses, except the cost of the physicians and the wages of their servants, which the parliament was bound to discharge.¹

The Earl of Northumberland was empowered to select for the residence of the royal brother and sister, either Whitehall, Somerset House, or St. James's palace, also to take from the royal stores such tapestries, plate, and furniture as he thought proper for their use.²

The Earl selected St. James's palace for the residence of the young Princess and her brother, and thither they and their attendants were removed in the spring of 1646. But on the surrender of Oxford, where the plague had just broken out, one of the articles of the capitulation was that the Duke of York, who had been left there by the King on his putting himself into the hands of the Scotch army at Newcastle, should be sent to London, under the care of an honourable escort, to be placed, with his younger brother and his sister, under the care of the Earl of Northumberland, at the cost of the parliament.

The Earl of Northumberland accordingly, on the 28th of July, proceeded to meet the young Duke, with a sumptuous retinue of coaches and nobles, on his arrival in the city of London, and conducted him in royal state to St. James's palace.³ A vast crowd of the loving people came out to greet and welcome the son of their absent sovereign, strewed the way with flowers and sweet herbs, and saluted him with joyful acclamations of love and loyalty.

There was a truly rapturous meeting between him and his sister,

¹ *Journals of the House of Commons.*

² *Journals of the House of Lords.*

³ *Whitelock's Memorials.*

the Princess Elizabeth, who had not seen each other's faces for more than five years.

The Oxford retinue of the young duke was, however, instantly changed for other officials, selected by the Earl of Northumberland, who were probably not the most agreeable to his royal highness.

The sore sickness in London, in the month of August, caused the Earl of Northumberland to apply to the Lords assembled in parliament, for leave to remove the children of the King from St. James's palace to his own house at Isleworth, called Sion, to escape the danger of the infection. His petition was granted, but he was cautioned not to admit any of the King's, their father's, party, to speak to them.¹

When the commissioners from the parliament were deputed to see and confer with the King at Newcastle, the Earl of Pembroke was the only one among them who took the trouble of visiting the Princess Elizabeth and her brothers, preparatory to their departure, to enquire of them their small errands to their royal father.

Tidings of the disgraceful sale of the confiding sovereign, who had rashly trusted Argyle and his compeers, for the base lucre of English gold, at length reached his captive children; though of his sons, the Duke of York, only, was old enough to thrill with indignation at the odious and unmanly conduct of the sordid leaders who had condescended to perpetrate the deed. The Earl of Northumberland sought to comfort the royal children, by removing them to Hampton Court, in March, but before they had enjoyed the pleasant change of scene many weeks, he was suddenly compelled to bring them back to St. James's palace, by the astounding news of the audacious seizure of the King, at Holmby House, by Cornet Joyce and his daring party of Roundhead troopers.

King Charles was meantime transferred to Windsor, where he hoped to find his children, having previously sent a request to parliament that his three children might be permitted to join him there and pass a few days with him.

This request was refused by the ruling powers, for fear of the children being taken out of their hands by the army.² The King returned in great dejection to Caversham House, in Berkshire, where he entreated General Fairfax to second his longing desire to see and embrace his beloved children, from whom he had so long been parted. The General being fully disposed to exert his powerful interest to obtain this pleasure for his afflicted sovereign, Charles wrote to the Duke of York as follows:—

¹ Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*.

² *Journals of the House of Lords*, vol. ix.; *Journals of the House of Commons*, vol. vi.

“Caversham, 4th July, 1647.

“JAMES,

“I am in hope that you may be permitted, with your brother and sister, to come to some place betwixt this and London, where I may see you; and to this end, therefore, I command you to ask leave of the two Houses to make a journey, if it may be for a night or two; but rather than not to see you, I will be content to come to some convenient place to dine, and go back at night. And, foreseeing the fear of your being within the power of the army, as I am, may be objected to hinder this my desire, I have full assurance from Sir Thomas Fairfax and the chief officers that there will be no interruption or impediment made by them to your return, how and when you please. So God bless you.

“Your loving father,

“CHARLES R.

“Send me word as soon as you can of the time and place, where I shall have the contentment of seeing you, your brother, and sister.”¹

The Duke of York sent this letter to both Houses of Parliament, with the earnest entreaties of himself and his brother and sister, that they might be permitted the happiness of an interview with the King their father. Sir Thomas Fairfax wrote to unite his request to theirs, stating that this favour would highly gratify the King, and could by no means prejudice the interests of the parliament, promising to ensure the safe return of the royal children after two days' absence.

The House of Lords at once consented, and the Commons, after some hesitation, coincided with the Peers on condition that the Earl of Northumberland should accompany his royal charges and ensure their return.² To this he cheerfully agreed, and he and the royal children started, before seven o'clock, on the morning of July 16th, to meet their beloved king and father at Maidenhead, near Windsor. A long journey in those days, but the Earl of Northumberland had arranged to travel in the carriage, drawn by six stout horses, which contained the Princess, her two brothers, and himself. There were two other carriages with the female attendants of the Princess, and the equerries of the young Dukes her brothers.

The sympathies of the kind-hearted population of the district through which they travelled were manifested in a lively and picturesque manner on this occasion. They flocked in crowds to see the captive scions of royalty on their way to meet their hapless king and father, greeted them with affectionate acclamations, and strewed the road through which they passed with flowers, sweet herbs, and green boughs.³

¹ Rushworth. Whitelock's *Memorials*. ² *Journals of the House of Commons*. Whitelock.

³ Heath's *Chronicle*.

After a pleasant journey, the young royal party and their attendants arrived at Maidenhead, and rested at the Greyhound Inn a full hour before the King and his military escort came up.¹

It was more than five years since King Charles had seen Elizabeth, who was but a little girl of seven years old when they parted. She was now rapidly approaching to early womanhood, full of sensibility and sweetness. Henry Duke of Gloucester, when last he saw him, was an infant under two years old: he had now completed his seventh year.

"Child, do you know me?" asked the King.

"No," replied the boy.

"I am your father," said the King mournfully; "and it is not the least of my misfortunes that I have brought you and your brothers and sisters into the world to share my miseries."²

James and Elizabeth burst into tears; the King kissed, embraced, and fervently blessed them all—placed Henry and Elizabeth on his knees, and tenderly caressed the young Duke of York, who had shared in some of his military adventures, and displayed courage and spirit beyond his years.

This meeting between King Charles I. and his three captive children was indeed so passionately touching that it drew "iron tears down Cromwell's cheeks," who was an eye-witness of the scene, and told Sir John Berkeley, whom he afterwards encountered, "that he had seen the most moving sight, the meeting between the King and his children, that he had wept plentifully at the sight thereof, and shed abundance of tears at the recollection of it."³

Sir Thomas Fairfax, who had attended the King from Caversham to Maidenhead, but, out of delicacy, did not intrude on the privacy of this scene, having been requested by his majesty to dine with him, the royal children, and the Earl of Northumberland, now made his appearance. The great respect paid to him by the attendants induced the Princess Elizabeth to enquire who he was. On being informed that he was the General, she advanced to him, "courteously addressed him, and thanked him for the happiness she and her brothers now enjoyed, in the sight of their dear father, which she knew was procured by his goodness, and assured him she should always be grateful to him, and should it ever be in her power she should be only too happy to requite the favour." The General assured her, in reply, that he had only performed one of the least of the duties he owed to the children of his sovereign, and requested permission to kiss her hand. This the little lady gracefully allowed.⁴

After dinner the children accompanied their royal father to

¹ Heath's *Chronicle*.

² Ibid. Whitelock's *Memorials*.

³ Ludlow's *Memoirs*. Heath's *Chronicle*.

⁴ *Moderate Intelligence*, 22nd July, 1647. *Perfect Diurnal*. *Perfect Summary*.

Caversham, where apartments had been prepared for them to pass the night, and every accommodation was provided for them, at the expense of the Parliament. At the end of the second day, the Earl of Northumberland was compelled to remind the family party to separate. The children wept bitterly at parting, but were consoled by the King giving them hopes that ere long they might meet again.¹

In less than a week after their return to London, the plague again broke out, in the immediate neighbourhood of St. James's palace, and the Earl of Northumberland earnestly petitioned Parliament for leave to remove his precious charge into the country, naming Sion House as the fittest and most salubrious place for their retreat. Permission was at first granted by parliament for the Earl to remove them to his own house, but presently revoked, and an order was given for placing the royal children in the heart of the city. The mansion of the lord mayor was chosen, and thither they were removed. Lord Car and Mr. Boynton were commissioned to attend the Princess and her two brothers, and to request the lord mayor, in the name of both Houses of Parliament, to receive and take charge of them.² They only abode there a very few days, the inconvenience of the chief magistrate being manifest, and the Earl of Northumberland was entreated to take the guardianship of them again. The Earl objected to the unpunctuality of the payment of the allowance for them he had been promised, and stated that he was nearly two thousand pounds out of pocket, having been compelled to expend his own private property for the needful expenses laid out on them and their train. The money was instantly paid, and he was requested to take the royal children to Sion House. He then said he would not prevent the King from seeing his own children whenever his majesty wished for their company.

The Earl was too powerful to be denied, so Elizabeth and her two brothers had liberty to meet their royal father whenever he desired to see them.

The King, escorted by a troop of the parliamentary horse soldiers, rode to Sion House on the 20th of August, to their mutual delight. On the 27th he hunted in Richmond Park, and afterwards dined at Sion House, with his three children, also on the 3rd of September. But the House of Commons took offence at these frequent meetings, which caused the Earl of Northumberland to move the House of Lords, "that he might, wheuever he pleased, bring the royal children to the King, or admit him to see them at Sion House." His request was tacitly agreed to by the House, for it dared not be rejected. An apartment in Sion House still bears the name of King Charles's room, having been fitted up for his use at these visits. The King expressed himself

¹ Herbert's *Two Last Years of Charles I.*

² Green's *Princesses*, vol. vi.

much pleased at the attention his children received from the Earl and Countess of Northumberland, to whom he gave great thanks for their care of them.¹

The King having been removed to Hampton Court, his children were admitted to see him and ask his blessing. His majesty expressed much joy at seeing them with him, running and playing before him for a long time in the garden. His faithful subjects who were there expressed also as much joy to see them all together. Another writer in the public journals, writing from Hampton Court, September 16th, says: "The King dined here yesterday; the Duke of York sat on his majesty's right hand. His majesty is very fond of him, and loving to all the children: he bears the young lady often in his arms."

The King, to whose mind the dark shadow of his impending fate often presented itself, took great pains to instruct his children in their duty, if his life should be shortened by the relentless malice of his foes. He reminded them, that the Parliament could do him no harm as long as he remained in the hands of the army, by the leaders of which despotic body he was at present courteously treated; but if a change should take place, and he should be removed to a prison, he advised the Duke of York to lose no time in effecting his escape, and if he could, to make his way to Holland, where he doubted not he would be kindly received by his sister Mary and her husband the young Prince of Orange; but warned him that the States-general might possibly restrain the Prince from aiding him, or even displaying his affection to him as he could wish. He enjoined him, his little brother Gloucester, and the Princess Elizabeth, to render due obedience to the Queen, their mother, in all things—not forsaking the religion in which they had been baptized and bred, in which he, their father, had always found his greatest comfort in his darkest hours. He reminded them that when he should be taken away, their obedience would be due to the Prince of Wales, their elder brother, to whom he urged them, on his blessing, to pay all dutiful submission.²

The Princess Elizabeth was then twelve years old, and possessed of maturity of mind far beyond her tender age. The King, her father, enjoined her never to be engaged in marriage without the Queen her mother's express consent.³ He did not speak of the promise he had made of her hand to the Lord Herbert, for that nobleman had broken the contract, and married the daughter of the Earl of Thomond, despairing of ever seeing or being permitted to wed the Princess, as she was in the hands of the Parliament, and he was a Catholic of the Church of Rome, upwards of twenty years her senior in age. The

¹ Green's *Lives of the Princesses* vol. vi. From the *Diurnal* of the month of September, 1647.

² Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*.

³ *Ibid.*

King charged his daughter to remain steady in her attachment to the Church of England, which, though at present under great persecution, was, he assured her, the best and most glorious church in Christendom.

The King was somewhat apprehensive that the Duke of Gloucester, being only just turned of seven years of age, might forget his instructions on religion; but they remained indelibly impressed on the heart of the little Prince. "For many years afterwards," says Clarendon, "when he was sent out of England, he made full relation of all these particulars to me, with that commotion of spirit that they appeared to be deeply rooted in him; and he made use of one part of it, very seasonably, when there was an attempt to pervert him in his religion, and to persuade him to become a Roman Catholic to advance his fortunes."¹

The King also charged the little Prince, on his blessing, never to be made the instrument of the ambition of evil men, by consenting to assume the crown, which could not be his right as long as his eldest brother were in existence; and if he should be cut off, then the Duke of York would stand in his place.

The King having received a hint of the intention of Parliament to remove his children to St. James's palace for the winter, where they would be prevented from further intercourse with him, wrote the following letter to the Lord-general Sir Thomas Fairfax:—

"CHARLES REX.

"We have received great content in the frequent repair to us hither of our children from Sion, and hearing that the Earl of Northumberland (under whose care they are) is now towards a remove with them to St. James's, so as they will be at a greater distance from us, we are desirous you will add this acceptable civility to your former ones, as to write, effectually, to the two Houses of Parliament, that my Lord of Northumberland may be authorized once in ten days, or some such time, to give us the same satisfaction, of letting our children visit and remain with us here, for a night or two, the distance from London, wintry weather and shortness of days not permitting such returns as they have hitherto observed. We shall account this a further comfort to us, and acknowledge it accordingly. Given at our honour at Hampton Court, the 10th of October, 1647."²

"*To Sir Thomas Fairfax, General.*"

The King's request, being preferred through so influential a person as Sir Thomas Fairfax, was not rejected, and the Earl of Northumber-

¹ Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*.

² Rushworth, vol. vii.

land was instructed to take the royal children to the King whenever he required to see them, with liberty for them to remain a few days when they came to Hampton Court.¹ This was a great comfort to them and their royal father.

On the following Saturday, the royal children had the happiness of again meeting the King, their father, at Hampton Court, with permission to stay there all night. Again the King repeated his cautions to them, and begged them to be obedient to the Queen, their mother, if he should be taken off. The Princess Elizabeth was lodged in the royal gallery, near the apartment of the King, her father. The heavy tramp of the two sentinels appointed to keep guard over their sovereign, so that he should not attempt to escape, disturbed the Princess, who was accustomed to the unbroken quiet of Sion House, and she complained to the King that the soldiers disquieted her, and prevented her from sleeping.

The King sent for Colonel Whalley, their commanding officer, and ordered him to request his men to be more quiet. Whalley replied, "that if the men made any noise it was contrary to his express desire, and that he would reiterate his orders that they should not disquiet her highness." But the Princess complained, the second night, that the men had again prevented her from sleeping. The King spoke again to Whalley on the subject, and begged that during his daughter's stay the men might be removed to a greater distance. Whalley replied, "that he could not give stricter orders than he had already done to the men, and that they had assured him that they had stepped so softly that they thought it impossible for her highness to hear them; but he was willing to remove them farther off, provided his majesty would be pleased to renew his engagement not to attempt an escape." "You had my engagement," replied the King haughtily. "I will not renew it. Keep your guards."²

The King was painfully aware of the delicate state of his daughter's health, and regretted that he had condescended to ask a favour of the rude and unfeeling Roundhead soldier, who had thus coarsely reminded his sovereign that he was a prisoner, although in one of his own royal palaces. This was possibly the reason of his omitting to send for Elizabeth so soon again, to which he mysteriously alludes in the following brief letter to her.

"Hampton Court, 20th October, 1647.

"DEAR DAUGHTER,

"This is to assure you that it is not through forgetfulness that I have not, all this time, sent for you; the reasons for which,

¹ *Journals of the House of Lords*, vol. ix.

² Whalley to the Speaker Lentual. Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*.

when you shall come, shall be told you by your brother James this evening, and so God bless you.

“Your loving father,

“CHARLES R.

“Kiss your brother Harry and my Lady Northumberland for me.”

So precious to the sensitive maiden were the opportunities of seeing her beloved father, that, when a longer time than usual intervened without his sending for her to Hampton Court, she wrote tenderly to him to enquire the cause, to which the King returned this affectionate reply.

“*Hampton Court, 27th October, 1647.*

“DEAR DAUGHTER,

“This is to assure you that it is not through forgetfulness or any want of kindness that I have not, all this time, sent for you, but for such reasons as is fitter for you to imagine, which you may easily do, than me to write; but now I hope to see you upon Friday or Saturday next, as your brother James can more particularly tell you, to whom, referring you, I rest your loving father,

“CHARLES R.”²

The happiness of the Princess Elizabeth and her captive brothers, in occasionally seeing their royal father, and receiving sweet counsel from his honoured lips, was too great to last. The great number of his loyal subjects who daily presented themselves at Hampton Court, to pay their duty to him, alarmed Cromwell, although Mrs. Cromwell and her daughters were among those who sought the honour of a presentation to his majesty, and were honoured by a most gracious reception, which Mrs. Cromwell never forgot, or remembered without gratitude.

But the general interest excited by the sovereign and his lovely interesting children becoming stronger every day, incendiary letters were addressed to Charles, intimating that he was in danger of assassination if he remained at Hampton Court. He left it, in an evil hour, on the night of the 11th of November, 1647, the Princess Elizabeth having been removed back to St. James's palace just before; where they soon after had the distress of hearing how their beloved parent and sovereign had fallen into the hands of Colonel Hammond, by whom he was conveyed to his dreary prison of Carisbrook Castle, in the Isle of Wight.

¹ Additional MS. 3299, p. 150.

² Ellis's *Letters*, second series.

CHAPTER III.

DEEPER sadness fell on the Princess Elizabeth after the departure of her royal father from Hampton Court. She and her two brothers passed a melancholy winter at St. James's palace. She had been deprived of the company and consolation of her beloved governess, Mrs. Murray, afterwards Lady Halkett of Pitferran, who, while she was permitted to remain with her, was of the greatest service in directing her not to seek for comfort in the perishing things of this world, its glories and grandeur, but to look for aid from God, in all the afflictions that had been laid upon her and her beloved father, beseeching her always to remember that they were for her good, for that "whosoever God loveth, he chasteneth."

The Princess and her two brothers, with their attendants, were permitted to take daily air and exercise in the gardens of St. James's palace, and even to converse with the nobility and gentry who came daily to pay their compliments to them. Among others, Colonel Bamfield, a gentleman of insinuating manners in the service of the Parliament, daily entered into conversation with the Duke of York, and presently made him understand that there was a plan formed for his escape, provided he could contrive to slip out of St. James's palace after dark. The Duke of York, being a bold, enterprising boy, readily entered into the project. He, with his sister, the Princess Elizabeth, and the little Duke of Gloucester were accustomed to play at hide and seek every night after supper, and he generally found out such difficult places of concealment as to baffle all their ingenuity to discover him.

On the night of April 21, when it was his turn to hide, he went into his bedroom, where he locked in the favourite spaniel of the Princess, his sister, lest it should lead to a discovery by following him, as it was accustomed to do; throwing off his cloak and doublet, he slipped downstairs and through the garden, of which he had possessed himself of the key. Colonel Bamfield was there waiting for him, and conveyed him in a coach to the house of Surgeon Lee in Warwick Lane.

He was there joyfully greeted by the faithful governess of his sister, Mrs. Murray, who, without loss of time, arrayed him in a suit of girl's clothes which she had ready in a bundle. Colonel Bamfield then conveyed him down the river in a boat to Gravesend, where they embarked for Rotterdam.¹

He had nearly been discovered on the voyage, for the captain,

¹ Clarendon. Rushworth.

looking through the keyhole of the cabin, saw him laying his leg on the table, and pulling up his stocking in so unladylike a manner that he told his mate he was sure his young passenger was no maiden, but a youth in female apparel.

This opinion reaching the ears of the fugitive Duke of York, he called the captain on one side, confided his identity to his honour, and asked him if he could find it in his heart to betray the son of his unfortunate king.

"No, no," replied the captain. "I will defend you, if necessary, with my life."

He safely steered his schooner through a squadron of Parliamentary vessels at the Nore, and landed his perilous passenger, with Colonel Bamfield, in Holland the next day. There the young Prince obtained masculine apparel, and was dearly welcomed by the Princess-royal, his sister, and her generous consort the Prince of Orange, who had not seen him since the day of their espousals at Whitehall in 1641.

With what anxious hearts must his sister, the Princess Elizabeth, and even little Gloucester, have awaited the tidings of the young Duke's arrival at the friendly Court of the Hague, which, of course, they were long in receiving. The Earl of Northumberland was much annoyed at the escape of the Duke of York, of which the next day he acquainted the Parliament. They, after a careful review of the circumstances, acquitted the Earl of any portion of blame, and allowed him to take the Princess Elizabeth and little Gloucester to Sion House, and to take great care to prevent their escape. All the attendants of the Princess and her young brother were dismissed, and strangers placed in their service by the Earl of Northumberland, to the great grief of Elizabeth. She and her brother were removed from St. James's palace to Sion House, and ordered by the Parliament to be kept in strict restraint.¹

Sion House, that beautiful mansion on the banks of the Thames, replete with so many historical circumstances and fine paintings, and among such lovely scenery, would have been no unpleasant abiding place but for the painful anxieties that weighed on the heart of the sad daughter of King Charles, and her longing desire to rest her aching head on the bosom of her mother, that mother whom she was to see no more on earth.

Sion House had been the prison of an unfortunate queen, who had been carried up that broad sparkling river to die on a scaffold, untried, doomed by act of attainder. There, too, the spotless Lady Jane Grey had been reluctantly compelled to pass a portion of her joyless wedded life, with the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, her unbeloved

¹ Clarendon. Rushworth. *Journals of the House of Lords, and Journals of the House of Commons.*

father and mother-in-law, usurpers of the Percy honours. Lady Jane Grey's last voyage from Sion House had been to the Tower, and to the scaffold. Was it possible for the youthful captive, Elizabeth Stuart, to forget the names and sad fates of the royal ladies who had preceded her as occupants of the joyless state apartments of Sion House—one only a hundred and five years, the other fifty-eight years previous to her own time? No pen has chronicled the themes of her melancholy musings during the weary months the blameless Princess Elizabeth and her innocent little brother were confined at Sion House; but who that is familiar with the tearful stories of Queen Catharine Howard, and Lady Jane Grey, can doubt that they were often present in fancy to the young royal captive during her solitary hours at Sion? None but princes in adversity can know how passing sad the calamities of royalty are to the royal.

In August, 1648, Parliament decided on mocking the King with the treaty of Newport in the Isle of Wight.

The Earl of Northumberland was one of the commissioners, so the Princess would hear from time to time tidings of her beloved King and father's health, during the tedious and deceptive treaty. The King, however, sent his faithful attendant, Thomas Herbert, to London, with various letters to his faithful friends, among others, one to the Princess Elizabeth, who had just been removed with little Gloucester to St. James's palace. Herbert waited on the royal maiden, and delivered to her the precious letter from the King, his master, of which he was the bearer. She received it with much joy, and gave Herbert her hand to kiss.

The letter was a passing sad one, and could scarcely have cheered the sad heart of poor Elizabeth, or that of her little brother Gloucester, but it was written by their honoured and much-loved parent, and that was enough for the sorrowful children. It was as follows:—

“14th October, 1648.

“DEAR DAUGHTER,

“It is not want of affection that makes me write so seldom to you, but want of matter such as I could wish, and, indeed, I am loth to write to those I love when I am out of humour, as I have been these days past, lest my letters should trouble those I desire to please; but having this opportunity I would not lose it, though at this time I have nothing to say but God bless you.

“So I rest, your loving father,

“CHARLES R.

“Give your brother my blessing with a kiss, and commend me kindly to my Lady Northumberland by the same token.”¹

¹ Ellis's *Historical Letters*, second series.

This tender, melancholy letter shows how sad the imprisoned monarch was when he wrote it.

The next day Elizabeth sent a most dutiful and affectionate letter to the King, her father, which Herbert faithfully delivered to his captive sovereign at Carisbrook. Unfortunately it has not been preserved.

It was at the failure of this deceptive treaty of Newport Sir Philip Warwiek records, "that the King turned away his head and leaned from the window, and the largest tears he ever saw shed by human eyes fell from those of his majesty, unobserved, as he thought, by the commissioners."

After the departure of the commissioners, Charles wrote the following beautiful letter to his son, the Prince of Wales, which, as it is but little known, we take leave to insert, as not inappropriate to the brief memorials of his hapless daughter, the Princess Elizabeth.

"SON,¹

"By what hath been said, you may see how long we have laboured in search of peace. Do not you be discouraged to tread those ways in all worthy means to restore yourself to your rights, but prefer the way of peace. Show the greatness of your mind rather to conquer your enemies by pardoning, than by punishing. If you saw how unmanly and unchristian this implacable disposition is in our ill-willers, you would avoid that spirit.

"Censure us not for having parted with too much of our own rights; the price was great, the commodity was security to us, peace to our people. And we are confident another Parliament would remember how useful a king's power is to a people's liberty, and of how much we have divested ourselves, that we and they might meet again in a due parliamentary way, to agree the bounds for prince and people. And in this give belief to our experience, never to affect more greatness or prerogative, than what is, really and intrinsically, for the good of your subjects (not satisfaction of favourites), and if you thus use it you will never want means to be a father to all, and a bountiful prince to any you would be extraordinarily gracious unto. You may perceive all men trust their treasures where it returns them interest; and if princes, like the sea, receive and repay all the fresh streams and rivers, trust them that they will not grudge, but pride themselves to make up an ocean. These considerations may make you as great a prince as your father is now a low one; and your state may be so much the more established as mine hath been shaken. For subjects have learned (we dare say) that victories over their princes are but triumphs over themselves, and so will

¹ Newport, 29th November, 1648. Letter from King Charles I. to his son the Prince of Wales, after the departure of the commissioners. *Heath's Chronicle*.

be more unwilling to hearken to change hereafter. The English nation are a sober people, however, at present under some infatuation.

“We know not but this may be the last time we may speak to you or the world publicly. We are sensible into what hands we are fallen, and yet we bless God we have those inward refreshments that the malice of our enemies cannot disturb. To conclude, if God gives you success, use it humbly and far from revenge. If He restore you to your rights upon hard conditions, whatever you promise, keep.

“Those men which have forced laws which they were bound to observe, will find their triumphs full of troubles. Do not think anything in this world worth obtaining by force and unjust means. You are the son of our love, and as we direct you to what we have recommended to you, so we assure you we do not more affectionately pray for you, to whom we are a natural parent, than we do that the ancient glory and renown of this nation be not buried in irreligion and fanatic humour; and that all our subjects, to whom we are a political parent, may have such sober thoughts as to seek their peace in the orthodox profession of the Christian religion, as it was established since the Reformation in this kingdom, and not in new revelations; and that the ancient laws, with the interpretations according to known practices, may once again be a hedge about them, that you in due time may govern, and they be governed as in the fear of the Lord.

“The commissioners are gone, the corn is now on the ground. We expect the harvest: if the fruit be peace, we hope the God of peace will in time reduce all to truth and order again, which that He may do is the prayer of

“C. R.”¹

With foreboding spirits the Princess Elizabeth, and even little Gloucester, must have learned the agitating intelligence of the sudden rude removal of the King, their royal father, from Carisbrook Castle, by the army, to the more dismal prison of Hurst Castle.

Perhaps his halt at royal Windsor, from the 23rd of December to the 19th of January, inspired false hopes in the hearts of his dutiful but painfully anxious children. Hopes, alas, at variance with the dark shadow now impending over the dial of his shortening day, and his own prophetic warnings to them when last they met at Hampton Court and Sion House.

Who can describe the agonising days and nights of suspense and terror that pervaded Elizabeth's heart till the dread summons arrived for her and her little brother to come to London, and receive their death-doomed father's last farewell?

King Charles had excused himself from seeing his nephew, the

¹ *Heath's Chronicle.*

Prince-elector, and others, who offered to come and pay their duty to him. Whitelock's account of the parting between Charles and his children is brief and pathetic. "The King's children came from Sion House to visit him at St. James's. He took the Princess in his arms and kissed her, and gave her two seals with diamonds, and prayed for the blessing of God on her and the rest of his children, and there was great weeping."¹

But the artless, simple narrative given by the Princess herself, of this touching scene, is too precious to be omitted. She has thus endorsed it: "What the King said to me on the 29th of January, 1648, the last time I had the happiness to see him.

"He told me that he was glad I had come; for though he had not time to say much, yet somewhat he wished to say to me, which he could not to another, and he feared the cruelty was too great to permit his writing. 'But, sweetheart,' he added, 'thou wilt forget what I tell thee.' Then shedding abundance of tears," continues the princess, "I told him I would write down all he said to me. 'He wished me,' he said, 'not to grieve and torment myself for him, for it was a glorious death he should die; it being for the laws and religion of the land.' He told me what books to read against popery. He said that he had forgiven all his enemies, and he hoped God would forgive them also; and he commanded us, and all the rest of my brothers and sisters, to forgive them also. Above all, he bade me tell my mother, 'that his thoughts had never strayed from her, and that his love for her would be the same to the last.' Withal he commanded me and my brother 'to love her and be obedient to her.' He desired me 'not to grieve for him, for he should die a martyr, and that he doubted not but God would restore the throne to his son, and that we should be all happier than we could possibly have been if he had lived.'² Then, taking my brother Gloucester on his knee, he said, 'Sweetheart, now will they cut off thy father's head.' Upon which the child looked very steadfastly upon him. 'Heed, my child, what I say; they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a king. But, mark what I say; you must not be a king as long as your brothers Charles and James live. Therefore I charge you, do not be made a king by them.' At which the child, sighing deeply, replied, 'I will be torn in pieces first.' And these words, coming so unexpectedly from so young a child, rejoiced my father exceedingly. And his majesty spoke to him of the welfare of his soul, and to keep his religion, commending him to God, and He would provide for him. All which the young child earnestly promised. His majesty also bid me send his blessing to the rest of my brothers and sisters, with commendations to all his friends."

He also bade Elizabeth "remember to tell her brother James, that

¹ Whitelock's *Memorials*.

² *Reliquiæ Sacræ*, p. 337.

it was his father's last desire that he should no longer look on Charles as his eldest brother only, but be obedient to him as his sovereign. That they should all love one another, and forgive their father's enemies, but not trust them, because they had been false to him, and he feared also to their own souls." He bade her "read Bishop Andrew's 'Sermons,' Hooker's 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' and Laud's book against Fisher, to ground her against popery." Then he gave her his pocket Bible, telling her, "it had been his constant companion and greatest comfort through all his sorrows, and he hoped it would be hers." Fervently he blessed and embraced both his beloved children, till feeling his own fortitude on the point of failing, he called in a broken voice to Bishop Juxon, the only witness of this heart-rending scene, "Have them taken away."

The children sobbed aloud. The King leaned his head against the window, endeavouring to suppress or conceal his tears, when, catching a view of them as they passed through the door, he rushed from the window, snatched them once more to his bosom, blessed, and passionately kissed them again. Then tearing himself from their tearful caresses, he fell on his knees, and strove, by prayer, to calm the agony of that parting, which was to him the bitterness of death.¹

What must it have been to his children? That young, sensitive Elizabeth and the ardent little Gloucester. No sympathising pen has told how or where the forlorn ones passed that sorrowful night, or the dreadful morrow, 30th January, on which they knew full well the murder of their King and father would be perpetrated.

It is easy to surmise, however, that the Princess and her little brother were hurried back to Sion House the same evening, with all the speed six horses could exert, to avoid exciting the compassionate feelings of the spectators, whose sympathies would, probably, have been moved by recognition of the heart-broken children of their hapless sovereign returning from their last sorrowful visit to him.

Why are these children held in captivity? might, and would, in all probability, have been asked on that occasion, had they been identified. What have they done? Why are they not restored to the Queen their mother? What harm could be apprehended from that pale, tearful girl, only just turned of thirteen, or that little boy of nine years old?

Shame, shame on an English Parliament, fighting under pretence of liberty, while keeping such guiltless babes in prison.

¹ *Reliquiæ Sacræ.* Rushworth's *Collections*, vol. v. p. 604.

CHAPTER IV.

IN what manner the Princess Elizabeth and her little brother received the tragic particulars of their royal father's death remains untold. The events of the next two months remain a blank in the history of the poor orphans. It appears, however, that some effort was made for their liberation by the Earl of Northumberland; but chiefly on selfish motives, because the allowance promised by the Parliament had been so unpunctually paid that he found himself a great loser by his office. He says:—

“MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

“I have for some months past been put to maintain the Duke of Gloucester and his sister out of my own purse, and for want of those allowances which I should have received, by appointment of the Parliament, have run myself so far out of money, that I am altogether destitute of means to provide longer for them, or indeed for my own poor family, unless I may have what is owing to me upon these assignments.

“My apprehension, likewise, of practices upon the Duke of Gloucester, which probably may not be in my power to prevent, makes me think it necessary for me to acquaint your lordships that I cannot undertake to be answerable for him.¹

“The maintaining and safe keeping of these children being matters of state, I know not where, so properly, to apply myself for directions as to this council, humbly desiring that you may be pleased to consider how they may be otherwise disposed of, and that my looking upon this business of public concernment, may excuse the interruption that is here given to your great affairs by

“Your lordships' humble servant,

“NORTHUMBERLAND.

“*Sion, April 6th, 1649.*”

Serious consideration was given to the Earl's resignation of the care of the children of the late King. The Princess petitioned, “that she might go abroad to her sister, the Princess-royal, in Holland;” but on the 25th of April the Parliament voted that “the Princess Elizabeth should not have liberty to go beyond seas,” carrying this barbarous resolution by one vote only. No reason was pleaded for the cruel decision of the pitiless despots in thus dooming a guileless orphan maiden to a lifelong imprisonment, as it really proved.²

¹ *Memorials of the Civil War*, by H. Carey.

² *Journals of the House of Commons.*

If the Earl of Northumberland had possessed the spirit of an English nobleman of ancient times, he would have appealed in behalf of his royal charges to Cromwell, Ireton, and Marten, to show on what pretence they constituted this innocent girl, who was still an infant by the common law of the realm, a prisoner. He would have asked what law she had broken, and in what manner she had given any of them offence. But Northumberland was afraid of exposing himself to the ill will of the lawless men who had murdered their King, and shed the blood of Hamilton, Holland, and Capel on the scaffold, therefore he winked at their injustice.

The House resolved to confide the royal children to the care of Sir Edward Harrington and his lady, with an allowance of three thousand pounds per annum, for their support, and requested that they should take the young Princess and her brother to their country seat in Rutlandshire; but in two days' time the baronet and his wife excused themselves from the charge of taking the late King's children; Sir Edward presenting a petition to the House, "showing that he and his wife are old and sickly, and that he is not able to walk abroad, by reason of the gout, much less to undertake so necessary and continued an attendance." Therefore Sir Edward begged that he might be excused.¹

The next May, the Countess of Carlisle, the Earl of Northumberland's sister, was offered the tuition of the royal children, by the Parliament, with an allowance of three thousand pounds a year for their maintenance,² but it was not accepted, probably because the Earl of Northumberland had been accorded a much larger allowance with the children.

The Earl of Northumberland proposed his other sister, the Countess of Leicester, for the post he desired to vacate. Early in June, 1649, the royal children were removed from Sion House to Penshurst, in Kent, the Earl and Countess of Leicester being strictly ordered by Parliament that no other ceremony was to be used to the late King's children than to the children of the family, that they were to eat at the same table, and not to be addressed by any additional titles.³

Under any other circumstances, how charming to a cultivated mind, like that of the Princess Elizabeth, would have been a summer residence in beautiful, classic Penshurst, the abode of Sir Philip Sidney, where his 'Arcadia' was written, and where Edward VI. had been accustomed to sport with "his Jane," afterwards the Duchess of Feria, in their childhood.⁴

There also the maiden Queen, and many of those who had given

¹ *Journals of the House of Commons.*

² Whitelock's *Memorials*.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ See *Bachelor Kings of England*, by Agnes Strickland.

brilliancy to her reign, had been accustomed to resort; but far more interesting to the daughter of Charles was her domestication with the widowed Countess of Sunderland, the far-famed Sacharrissa of Waller, Lady Dorothy Sidney, who with her young son was then staying at Penshurst.

"There," says Clarendon, "by an act of Providence, Mr. Lovel, an honest man, who had been recommended to teach the Earl of Sunderland, whose mother was a daughter of the House of Leicester, became likewise the tutor to the Duke of Gloucester, who was, by that means, well taught in the learning that was fit for his years, and very well instructed in the principles of religion, and the duty that he owed to the King his brother, all which made the deeper impression on his very pregnant nature." A tender affection sprang up between the young Prince and his instructor; a friendship, doubtless, very consolatory to the declining Princess Elizabeth, whose loving heart must have bled at the prospect of leaving that young boy, at her too probable departure from life, a lonely, friendless orphan, among un pitying strangers and relentless foes.

The Earl of Northumberland found it expedient to join his sister, the Countess of Leicester, in addressing a letter to the Parliament, requesting a suitable allowance for the maintenance of the late King's children, which, though promised, had not as yet been given; whereupon the committee of the revenue were required to provide money for that purpose.¹

Economy being the watchword of the regicide Parliament in regard to these hapless children, whom they had insisted on detaining as their prisoners, they now made a further reduction of the number of their attendants, and the promised allowance to the Countess of Leicester for their maintenance was diminished from three thousand pounds per annum, to two thousand five hundred, to her great indignation, for the Earl her husband had thought proper to scotch her personal allowance from him, four hundred pounds per year, on the speculation of what she might be able to make out of the promised annuity of three thousand pounds for the maintenance of the royal children. The Countess, it seems, did not submit to the deprivation without an angry struggle on the subject with her lord.²

The Parliament cautioned her ladyship against treating the children with unnecessary titles of honour, and ordered her to make them dine at her domestic table with her own children. This order was contemptuously set at nought by the courageous Countess.

The Princess Elizabeth continued ill, having been so ever since the death of her beloved father. She was tenderly cherished and watched over by the Countess of Leicester, but it was only too evident that every day was conducting the sorrow-blighted orphan nearer to the

¹ *Journals of the House of Lords.*

² *Blencowe's Sydney Papers.*

grave. She was visited by Dr. Treherne daily, but derived no benefit from his prescriptions. She had been too severely tried, and all the operations of nature had gone wrong.

Some insulting remarks there were in the journals regarding the possible marriage of the Princess Elizabeth, who had now entered her fourteenth year, observing that she might probably be sent into the family of Colonel Pride, and perhaps become the consort of his son! The Countess of Leicester prevented of course such annoying tittle tattle from coming to the eye or the ear of her melancholy, drooping charge.

The landing of Charles II. in Scotland, in 1650, caused a great sensation in England, and the Commons resolved to send his brother and sister beyond the limits of the Commonwealth. To have restored them to the longing arms of the widowed Queen their mother, or sent them to their sister the Princess of Orange, would have been tender mercy, but the tender mercies of the wicked are proverbially cruel. Those of the Council of State were barbarous beyond the bounds of credibility, for in the whole extent of Great Britain they could select no other place to send the broken-hearted children of their royal victim but Carisbrook, oh Carisbrook! where every stone would seem to chronicle their hapless father's sufferings and wrongs. How could Cromwell, Ireton, Marten, and Bradshaw, have found it in their hard hearts to send the unoffending orphans there?

The very order to Colonel Sydenham, governor of the Isle of Wight, appointing him to receive the two children of the late King, was written and signed by Joseph Bradshaw, president of the Council of State, who had illegally insulted the King, their father, at his mock trial.

Although the Princess Elizabeth had been ill so long, she was pronounced capable of performing the long journey, and that without the attendance of a governess, maid of honour, bedchamber woman, or any other experienced lady to take care of her by the way. Two females were all who were allowed, namely, one Judith Briot, her gentlewoman, in plain words, her lady's maid or dresser, the other, Elizabeth Jones, her laundress, both common servants. Anthony Mildmay, who had performed the office of carver to King Charles, was summoned with his wife, from Carisbrook, to receive the Princess at Penshurst, of the Earl and Countess of Leicester. The Princess Elizabeth, previous to her departure, confided to the Earl of Leicester two jewels, which had been given to her for her own private property, and "requested him to take care of them till she might send him more distinct directions what she would have done with them." This she specified also in a letter which she left in his hands. One of the jewels was a pearl necklace, the other a diamond ornament. She then bade both him and the Countess of Leicester farewell, and with her brother, the little Duke

of Gloucester, Mr. Lovel, his tutor, and Sir Anthony and Lady Mildmay, set out on her dreary journey.

The rate of travelling in those days was so slow, and the roads so bad, that the scanty band of travellers did not reach Cowes till Thursday, August the 15th, having set out on the preceding Friday. For some unexplained reason, they remained there all that night and the Friday, and did not enter Carisbrook Castle till Saturday, the 17th of August. Probably the Princess was overcome by her feelings and unable to proceed. The result plainly shows that her journey to that ill-omened place was her death.

On the Monday after her arrival at Carisbrook, she complained of headache and feverish symptoms. She was worse next day, and her illness rapidly increased. She had no experienced matron with her, nor any other female attendants than her two maids; but on the third or fourth day of her sickness, it was judged necessary to call in medical advice, and Dr. Bagnall, a physician resident at Newport, was summoned to her aid, probably by Colonel Sydenham, the Governor of the Isle of Wight; for there was no one with her who had authority for such a proceeding. Dr. Bagnall finding her case was beyond his art to deal with, required further advice.

Dr. Treherne, the physician who had been accustomed to attend at Penshurst, was summoned. He did not come, but sent another physician, with remedies of election, having previously cast her horoscope, deeming it vain to employ other medicines than astrological preparations for her relief. These fanciful prescriptions were, of course, unavailing. She grew worse from day to day, but her patience was unruffled, and her devout ejaculations edified all about her. Almost the last act of the Princess Elizabeth was to charge her brother's faithful tutor, Mr. Lovel, who was a watcher by her dying bed, to give her best remembrances to the Countess of Leicester, and tell her that the diamond ornament which she had confided to the Earl of Leicester to keep till she should dispose of it, she now bequeathed to the Countess of Leicester, wishing her to keep and wear it for her sake."¹ She also bequeathed her pearl necklace to her brother, the young Duke of Gloucester, as a memorial of her love.

Her female attendance was notoriously deficient. Nurses, perhaps, were procured by the care of Sir Anthony Mildmay or his wife; but these were ignorant women, and personal strangers to the royal maid. She had so longed a desire to be taken to her fondly-remembered sister, the Princess of Orange, that her sickness and her wish were mentioned to the

¹ The Countess of Leicester and her lord had some trouble to obtain this precious legacy of the dying Princess, but at last they succeeded, as is proved by Mrs. Green, who

has printed the document obtained from the Prerogative Court of Canterbury on November 22nd, 1651. *Lives of Princesses*, vol. vi. pp. 388-9.

House of Commons by Sir Henry Mildmay, the brother of Sir Anthony. Her prayer was granted, but she had already obtained her release.¹

The Princess expired alone, on Sunday, September the 8th, "her pale cheek resting on the Holy Book which told her God was near, though all forsook." That precious book, her royal father's last gift, had been her companion and consolation through her weary lonely captivity. Sir Theodore Mayerne did not arrive till after her death. He declares "that she died of a malignant fever, which constantly increased, she being far distant from physicians and remedies." This was not saying much for the professional skill of Dr. Bagnall, of Newport, by whom the poor Princess had been attended.

It has been stated that her death was caused by a chill, caught in consequence of a heavy shower of rain falling while she and her young brother were out on the bowling-green, the Monday after their arrival at Carisbrook Castle. It is possible they might have visited this spot in consequence of having been told that it was one of the accustomed haunts of their royal father, who was fond of the exercise of bowls; but that either of the sorrowful orphans should have engaged in that, or any other pastime, so immediately on their introduction into the ill-omened place of his woful incarceration, is to the last degree improbable. Indeed, the feeble and debilitated state of Elizabeth's health would have rendered her entering into a vigorous and active sport impossible, even if her profound melancholy would have permitted her to wish it.

The Princess Elizabeth died in the fifteenth year of her age, and the eighth of her captivity. She had evidently suffered from the want of air and exercise, the deprivation from the lively sports of childhood, added to the deep grief with which her young heart was oppressed, which was not the less poignant for being patiently suffered without a murmur.

The following exquisite lines, by her contemporary Welsh bard, Henry Vaughan, were addressed to Elizabeth:—

Thou seemst a rose-bud born in snow,
A flowre of purpose sprung to bow
To heedless tempests, and the rage
Of an incensèd stormie age.

* * * * *

And yet, as Balm-trees gently spend
Their tears for those that doe them rend,
Thou didst not murmure nor revile,
But drank'st thy wormwood with a smile.

The room in which the Princess Elizabeth died is a small apartment facing the entrance towers of Carisbrook Castle. The boards of the floor are nearly gone, but the roof is still perfect. The body of the Princess was embalmed, and enclosed in a leaden coffin, and after lying

¹ *Journals of the House of Commons.*

in state for a fortnight, was removed to St. Thomas's Church, at Newport, in a borrowed coach, attended by her few servants. It was met and attended to the grave by the mayor and aldermen of Newport, in their robes. Elizabeth's mortal remains were interred in a small vault, without funeral rites.

The letters E. S. were carved on the wall nearest the vault, to mark the place of her rest; but in less than a century all memory of her had passed away.

In digging a grave for a son of the Lord Delaware, in the year 1793, the vault containing the remains of the Princess Elizabeth was accidentally discovered in the chancel of St. Thomas's Church. The leaden coffin and urn remained in perfect preservation, though a hundred and fifty three years had elapsed since they were first deposited there. The discovery caused some little sensation at the time, but was again forgotten, till the demolition of St. Thomas's Church, when the vault was again thrown open to the eye of day.

The coffin was resting on two rudely arched stones. It measured five feet five and a half inches in length, and had a ridge in front where it closed, tapering down towards the feet. The inscription was roughly cut on three strips of lead: it was as follows:—

“Elizabeth, second daughter of the late King Charles, Dec'd Sept. 8th, MDCL.”

A post-mortem examination of the remains of the Princess was made by the learned Ernst Wilkins, M.D.,¹ of Newport, proving that, although the immediate cause of her death might probably have resulted from wet garments, she had long been suffering from softening of the bones, called rickets, a malady little known in England at that period.

Her hair, still preserved round the skull, was of considerable length and silky fineness, of a fine light brown, approaching to auburn hue.

The part of the skull most developed is that named by phrenologists the region of caution. The over-development of that organ is said to indicate melancholy. The appearance of the bones indicated deformity, and also clearly proved that no fracture had ever taken place on either of her legs, as mistakenly asserted by some of her modern biographers.

After the church of St. Thomas's at Newport was rebuilt, the remains of the Princess Elizabeth were reinterred. A lovely monument was erected to her memory, at the expense of her Majesty the Queen, with a full-length statue, designed by the Baron Marochetti, from the portrait of this interesting Princess, in her Majesty's collection at Windsor. The attitude is most touching, representing her as she

¹ I have been favoured by that gentleman with his scientific observations on the remains of the unfortunate Princess, from which I have abridged this account.—A. S.

was found, with her cheek resting on the open page of the Bible, at our Lord's consoling promise to the afflicted :—"Come unto Me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you."

Her Majesty's inscription is as follows :—

"To the memory of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I., who died at Carisbrook Castle, on Sunday, September 8th, 1650, and is interred beneath the chancel of this church, this monument is erected, a token of respect for her virtues, and of sympathy for her misfortunes,
"By VICTORIA R." ¹

After the afflicting death of his beloved sister, Henry Duke of Gloucester remained a solitary prisoner in Carisbrook Castle, but attended by his faithful tutor, Mr. Lovel. He appeared nearly forgotten for more than two years; but at length the princely boy induced Lovel to inquire, in his name, of the House of Commons, what steps he should take for the recovery of his liberty?

Lovel faithfully and courageously performed his mission, and Cromwell said "he was content that the son of the late King should have liberty to go beyond seas," and Parliament ordered that a warrant for five hundred pounds should be given to Mr. Lovel, for the expense of the young Duke of Gloucester's transfer beyond seas. Mr. Lovel obtained permission to procure a ship for the passage of his young royal pupil. His orders were to embark at the Isle of Wight, and not to suffer the Duke to land in any part of England whatsoever.

The Duke of Gloucester was rapturously received by his eldest sister the young widowed Princess of Orange, and his aunt, the Queen of Bohemia. Both were desirous to detain him at the Hague, but the Queen, his mother, who had not seen him since he was in his second year, insisted on his joining her in Paris.

¹ A beautiful trait in the character of the Queen, who did what the royal brothers of this interesting Princess omitted, in raising a monument to her memory.

THE PRINCESS HENRIETTA ANNE.

CHAPTER I.

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA was in very ill health in the spring of 1644, suffering from rheumatic fever and a painful complication of nervous maladies, when the prospect of increasing her family added to her trouble. She was at that time at Oxford, which is proverbially cold and bleak.

She had a longing desire to try the warm springs of Bath, and there to await the birth of her expected infant; but when she arrived at Bath, she found that city dilapidated, and without any of the comforts requisite for her sad state of health. So, after a wretched stay of two or three days, she proceeded to Exeter, where, at the brief but earnest request of the King, her husband, her favourite physician, Sir Theodore Mayerne, came to visit her, accompanied by Sir Martin Lister. Sir Theodore Mayerne travelled in the Queen's coach from Oxford to Exeter, where the Queen had taken up her abode in Bedford House. There, on the 16th of June, 1644, she gave birth to her youngest daughter.

Very soon after this event, the Earl of Essex advanced to besiege Exeter. The Queen, who had not recovered from her confinement, sent to the Earl to request a safe-conduct to Bath, for the restoration of her health. The Earl uncivilly replied, "that it was his intention to conduct her majesty to London, where her presence was required by the Parliament, to answer for the war."¹ It has even been said, that he proclaimed a reward for her head, but we doubt the truth of this.

Henrietta, perceiving that it would only waste time to negotiate, determined to withdraw from Exeter, without further ceremony, before she should be considered capable of leaving her bed. She consigned her new-born infant to the care of Lady Dalkeith, who had been appointed by the King to fill the post of her state governess, and

¹ Clarendon. Jenkins's *History of the City of Exeter*. Oliver's *Exeter*.

tenderly recommending her to the care of Sir John Berkeley, the brave and loyal governor of Exeter, she bade the poor babe farewell, and effected her escape from the besieged city, attended by Sir John Winton, her physician-in-ordinary, her confessor, and one lady.¹

Sir John Winton, in his private account of the Queen's escape, declares that he walked on foot by the Queen's litter nearly all the way to Falmouth. When he arrived there, he and the Queen learned that the infant Princess was suffering from convulsion fits, which induced the Queen to send him back to Exeter to her relief.² He safely retraced his journey, and succeeded in relieving the tiny royal patient. News of the birth of this infant having, meantime, reached King Charles at Buckingham in August, he commanded that she should be baptized in Exeter Cathedral, according to the rites of the Church of England. A handsome font was erected in the body of the church, under a rich canopy of state, and the Dean, Dr. Lawrence Burnell, chancellor of the church, performed the holy ceremony. The governor, Sir John Berkeley, acted as godfather, Lady Dalkeith as godmother, assisted by Lady Powlett. Although the names of Henrietta Anne were given to the royal neophyte, that of Henrietta alone is recorded in her baptismal register in Exeter Cathedral.

King Charles, after a series of victories, raised the siege of Exeter ten days after the flight of his Queen. He entered the town in triumph, and took up his abode in Bedford House, where Lady Dalkeith presented the infant princess to her royal father. Charles bestowed a paternal embrace and blessing on the tender babe. He was accompanied by the Prince of Wales, who lodged in the Deanery. The loyal citizens presented him with five hundred pounds in gold. The King, before he left Exeter, appointed Dr. Thomas Fuller, Chaplain to his infant daughter, and assigned the major part of the excise of that city for her support, and having driven all threatening assailants far away, he gave her his farewell blessing, and left her at Bedford House, with her devoted governess, under the especial care of Sir John Berkeley, the Governor of Exeter, to whom she was recommended by the King. His majesty returned to Exeter, September 17th, and took up his quarters at Bedford House, for nearly a week, at the end of which he took leave of his little daughter, for the last time, for he never saw her again. She was then barely three months old. Henrietta remained at Exeter for nearly a year. Her eldest brother, Charles, Prince of Wales, took up his quarters at Exeter for a month.

Soon after his departure, the city of Exeter was closely besieged by the army of the Parliament, under the command of Sir Thomas Fairfax. There was then every fear of the people being starved into a surrender, from scarcity of provision; but while all was in a state

¹ Jenkins's *History of Exeter*.

² Sir John Winton's private history of the escape.

of blank despair in Exeter, there suddenly appeared an unhopèd-for supply, for incredible flights of fine fat larks poured into the famishing town; "whereof," says Fuller, our good Church of England biographer, who was then in Exeter, as chaplain to her infant royal highness, "I was not only an eye, but a mouth witness." They were as fat as plentiful, and sold at twopence and under a dozen. The rich could have no better meat, and made pottage of them by boiling them down. Many natural causes were assigned for this visitation, which, of course, our quaint authority compares to the supply of quails in the wilderness, and evidently believes that they were expressly sent for the sustentation of the loyal men of Exeter, the defenders of their innocent royal guest.

The baby Princess had the honour of frequently giving audience to her loving and faithful chaplain, the Rev. Thomas Fuller, who wrote, during his attendance on her, several of his beautiful little tracts, full of quaint stories, for her use. He had them printed in loyal and suffering Exeter. The first of these is supposed to be "Good Thoughts in Bad Times." It was dedicated to Lady Dalkeith.

One day there was a little festival, among the sad circle of loyal ladies, in the besieged city, when the little Princess gave audience, in the arms of her governess and godmother, Lady Dalkeith, and received a copy of the work for her use and early training in the reformed Catholic Church of England, from the venerable hands of its best historian, as the first-fruits of the Exeter press.¹

The Queen was suffering great anxiety during the siege of Exeter, regarding the fate of her infant daughter. She had written to Lady Dalkeith, to remove the babe as soon as the city was threatened with a siege, but it was not in the power of Lady Dalkeith to obey her royal mistress. Both she and the child were shut up in the city, and had to make the best of their ill luck. The Queen wrote most angrily to poor Lady Dalkeith on the subject, assailing her with the bitterest reproaches, for not removing the infant at the first approach of danger; and not only did the Queen upbraid this faithful and devoted lady, but Lord Jermyn, also, wrote to Sir Edward Hyde, repeating all the Queen's displeasure at the conduct of Lady Dalkeith in not taking the little Princess away from Exeter before the siege commenced.

Sir Edward Hyde answered Lord Jermyn in these words:—"In

¹ Thomas Fuller's *Worthies of Repute*. The learned author of the *Bio Britannica*, assures us this copy, though unhappily the Princess was brought up in a different religion, was carefully preserved for her, and valued when restored to her. He had seen it. Her name was written therein on two blank leaves, with palm leaves and a coronet painted, and on the leaves many of the

choicest thoughts inscribed in her hand; the book being bound in blue Turkey leather, her cipher, or monogram, inscribed thereon. Fuller married a daughter of Lord Baltinglass, and had by her two sons. He died in 1661, having had just time to hail the Restoration, and greet his young Princess on her visit to Whitehall before her marriage.

reply to your postscript¹ concerning the Princess and her governess, I think it will break her (Lady Dalkeith's) heart, when she hears of the Queen's displeasure; which, pardon me for saying, is with much severity conceived against her. Your notion seems to be, that an unfortunate friend is as bad as an unfaithful. I'll be bold to say, let the success be what it will, that the governess is as faultless in the business as you are, and hath been as punctual and solicitous, to obey the Queen's directions, as she could be to save her soul. She could not act her part without assistance; and what assistance could she have? How could she have left Exeter, and whither could she have gone? She had just got the Queen's letter when the Prince was last at Exeter, about the end of September. She showed it me, and asked my help. I durst not communicate, the season not being come, which was pointed out by the Queen, for her remove, which was when Exeter should be in danger to be besieged, which we had no reason to believe would be before the winter was over. It was no wonder if they were not forward to leave that place till forced, since there they had complete subsistence, which nobody else had, and which they could not expect in any other place in England. On the enemy's advance, we had reason to believe our troops, then little inferior in number, would have stopped them awhile; and moreover a report was just then raised that we were carrying the Prince of Wales to France, which caused strange disturbance, and at Exeter itself people would have formally protested against it, had not the Governor prevented them. In Cornwall, at the public sessions, a petition was framed by the judges, that the Prince should be desired to declare that no adverse fortune should drive him out of the kingdom, but it was suppressed by Killigrew. Even the servants spoke big, and vowed what they would do, if the Prince's removal were undertaken. Was this the time to remove the Princess? Had it been done, all security for the Prince's safety would have passed away. The governess would have procured a pass to bring the Princess to Cornwall, had not her letters been taken at Dartwell, by which the design of transporting her transpired. You have now the whole story, and may conclude the governess could as easily have beaten Fairfax as prevented being shut up in Exeter; from whence I hope she will get safely with her charge, to whom I am confident she hath omitted no part of her duty."²

The siege of Exeter was at length turned into a blockade, and the temporary supply of larks being exhausted, and the garrison suffering from famine, the brave governor, Sir John Berkeley, was under the necessity of entering into terms for the surrender of the loyal city on the 13th of April, 1646.

¹ *Clarendon Papers*, vol. ii. p. 203.

² *Ibid.*

The little Princess left the city of Exeter in as royal a manner as was possible for the daughter of a fugitive King to do; in the arms of her faithful governess, Lady Dalkeith, and escorted by the brave governor of the city, Sir John Berkeley, who, with his garrison, marched out with the honours of war. Sir John Berkeley had stipulated for the Princess and her governess to be allowed full liberty to proceed to any place in the kingdom, wherever it might be most pleasing for them to go, within twenty days after the surrender of Exeter, with all their plate, money, and goods; but it does not appear that these conditions were observed, for the little Princess and Lady Dalkeith were conducted to Oatlands,¹ where they were joined by the rest of the household that had been appointed by the King to wait on the child, and Lady Dalkeith had to pay all the expenses of the establishment out of her own pocket.

It was in vain that the poor lady wrote to the Speaker of the House of Commons, and at last to the committee of the House, for the county of Surrey, sitting at Kingston, entreating to be repaid the money she had expended for the maintenance of her young royal charge. No notice was taken of her petition for aid. At last, however, an order was passed on the 24th of May, by the House of Commons, "That the Princess Henrietta should be brought up to London, placed with her sister and brothers at St. James's Palace, and care taken that she should want for nothing² requisite to her birth and quality, but that the whole of her present retinue should be dismissed."

Lady Dalkeith was determined not to be separated from her precious charge, and addressed an earnest appeal to the Upper House, representing that she had been entrusted by the King himself with the care of the Princess Henrietta, and that he had sent her a positive injunction not to be separated from her royal charge; that, by the articles of the surrender of Exeter, it was also provided that the Princess was to be disposed of according to his majesty's direction; that she had preserved her royal highness from a very weak to a very hopeful state of health; that she was best acquainted with her constitution; that she had disbursed a great sum of money for the support of her highness and her family, since the treaty for the surrender of Exeter; that some objection had, she understood, been made upon the expense and inconvenience of dividing the King's children into two families; to which she had humbly answered, that she would cheerfully consent to remain with her highness at St. James's Palace, and be subordinate to my lord and lady of Northumberland, and to follow their directions concerning the Princess. "All my desire,"³ continues Lady Dalkeith, "is now to be continued about her person,

¹ Whitelock's *Memorials*.

² *Ibid.*

³ Tanner MS. 59, Part I., p. 369. Bodleian Library.

without being any kind of burden to the Parliament, or inconvenience to my lord and lady of Northumberland, resolving to bring such obedience as, I hope, shall make me acceptable. But if this be not satisfactory, I have only these requests, that I may be reimbursed the money I have laid out during my attendance and expectation of the Parliament's pleasure; that I may have a pass to send one to his majesty, to know his pleasure, without which in honour and honesty I cannot deliver up his child; and in the meantime (which cannot be long) I most humbly entreat there may be a present order for a weekly allowance for her highness and her family, which will enable me, with more patience, to expect the reimbursement of my money." This letter is dated Oatlands, the 28th of June, 1646.

As the Parliament deigned no reply to this earnest appeal, Lady Dalkeith determined to carry off the little Princess to the Queen, her mother, without further ceremony, or troubling the Parliament with more petitions on the subject of her maintenance. Having provided herself with a shabby ragged dress, for her own array, she disguised her graceful form with an artificial hump, made up of pieces of old rags bundled together, which she sewed on one shoulder; then dressing her royal pupil in a miserable old tattered dress, she called her her son, and gave her the name of Pierre, pretending to be the wife of a French valet, who was in the secret, and departed with her and the little Princess on the 25th of July. The royal child, who was then two years and a month old, was indignant at seeing herself stripped of her rich dress, and arrayed in the shabby, squalid garments Lady Dalkeith had provided for their runaway expedition to the sea coast. She endeavoured to undeceive every one whom she encountered on the way to Dover, by declaring "she was not Pierre, but Princess, and that the shabby dress she wore was not her own clothes." Fortunately her perilous explanations were not very intelligible to any one but her faithful governess, Lady Dalkeith, who carried her on foot most of the way to Dover. Sir John Berkeley kept Lady Dalkeith and her malcontent burden in sight on her journey to Dover, where they arrived safely, though the lady was much fatigued with her unaccustomed travels on foot. From her first resting-place she had sent the following letter to the female attendants of the Princess Henrietta at Oatlands:—

"GENTLEWOMEN,

"You are witness with what patience I have expected the pleasure of the Parliament. I have found it impossible to obtain any justice to her highness, or favour to myself, or any of you. I was no longer able to keep her, which was the cause I have been forced to take this upon me. Be pleased to repair to his majesty, all of you, or

as many of you as think fit. I then am sure you will enjoy the blessing of serving her highness, which, believe me, is heartily wished by me. It will be a great mark of your faithfulness and kindness to your mistress, to conceal her being gone as long as you can, and it will make your past service more considered, and that to come more acceptable; and trust me, your divulging it will be of no advantage to you. Thus you may do it, seeming to expect her the day following after the receipt of this letter, and then cause to deliver this other" (which probably was enclosed) "to Mr. Marshall, after you have read it, and tell him—which is the truth—that I have removed her highness to a better air, whither you may, if you will, follow her.

"All her wearing clothes, woollen or linen, you may distribute amongst you. The little plate she hath Mrs. Case will have a care of. Her other things are to be continued with Mr. Marshall. I am so confident you will behave yourselves kindly and faithfully to your mistress, that you may yet more oblige me to be, what you shall always find me, which is to you all,

"A very hearty kind friend,

"A. DALKEITH.

"For her highness the Princess Henrietta, her gentlewomen."¹

It was not till Monday, the 28th of July, that the ladies communicated the flight of Lady Dalkeith and the abduction of the little Princess Henrietta to the Parliament. It was then judged useless to pursue the fugitive governess and her royal charge. In the meantime they sailed in the common packet-boat to Calais. When they landed in France all disguise was laid aside. Lady Dalkeith threw off her hump, dressed the little Princess according to her rank, and sent word to the Queen of their safe arrival in the French territories. The Queen, who had pined incessantly after this babe, received the welcome intelligence of her escape from England with transports of joy, and immediately sent her carriage and a faithful escort to meet her and Lady Dalkeith. Their first interview was with inexpressible rapture. The Queen thought she never could kiss and caress her recovered treasure enough.

Lady Dalkeith, who, by the death of her husband's father, had now become Countess of Morton, was regarded as the heroine of the Cavalier party then in Paris. She was the niece of the late Duke of Buckingham, and one of the most beautiful of the handsome family of Villiers.

The courtly poet, Edmund Waller, who was then resident in Paris, commemorated her romantic exploit in rescuing the little Princess from

¹ *Rushworth*, vol. vi. p. 318.

the hands of the Roundheads, in a long New Year's ode, in which, speaking of her stratagem in assuming the artificial hump, to escape from the pursuit of her foes, he says:—

“When the kind nymph, changing her faultless shape,
Became unhandsome, handsomely to 'scape,
When through the guards, the river, and the sea,
Faith, beauty, wit, and courage, made their way.”

Then reverting to the infant Henrietta, he concludes his poem in this really spirited and poetic strain:—

“Born in the storms of war, this royal pair,
Produced like lightning in tempestuous air,
Though now she flies her native isle less kind,
Less safe for her, than either sea or wind,
Shall, when the blossom of her beauty's blown,
See her great brother on the British throne,
Where peace shall smile and no dispute arise,
But which rules most, his sceptre, or her eyes.”¹

The Princess Henrietta continued at Paris, under the maternal care of the Lady Dalkeith, who had now assumed the title of Countess of Morton. It was in the midst of the revolutionary struggle of the Fronde. The Queen Henrietta Maria was, in a manner, compelled to change her pleasant, and comparatively secure, residence at St. Germain's for the Palace of the Louvre, when the Queen-mother of France, Anne of Austria, desired to move, with her children, into St. Germain's. The Queen of England was not alarmed at inhabiting the more dangerous Louvre, but was left without proper maintenance, and was unable to procure either food or firing in that distracted period.

Cardinal de Retz gives a pathetic description of the melancholy position in which he found both the Queen of England and her little daughter, the Princess Henrietta, when he called on her majesty, to see her in her new abode. “I found her,” he says, “in the bedroom of her daughter” (it was then past noon on the 11th of January, and snowing heavily, and there was no fire). “You find me,” said the Queen, “keeping my Henrietta company. I would not let the poor child rise to-day, for we have no fire.” The last faggot had been burned, and they had no food, for the last loaf was eaten. Upwards of six months had passed since the Queen had been paid a portion of her pension, and the tradespeople would no longer supply her with the necessaries of life on credit. The cardinal benevolently supplied the distressed daughter and granddaughter of Henry IV. from his own private funds, and stated the severe want in which he had found them so touchingly to the French Parliament, that forty thousand livres were sent to their aid.²

In less than a month after this event, the intelligence of the murder of Charles I. was received by Queen Henrietta Maria, and paralyzed

¹ Waller's *Poems*.

² *Memoirs of Cardinal de Retz*.

her with grief. She was at last persuaded by her faithful friends at Paris to retire to the convent of the Carmelites in the Faubourg de St. Jacques, at Paris, till the first bitterness of her deep grief had subsided, leaving her young daughter, Henrietta, under the care of Lady Morton and Father Cyprian de Gamache, her Capuchin priest.¹

The Queen was resolved to bring up the little Henrietta a Roman Catholic, and placed her under the training of Father Cyprian de Gamache. Gamache had no less desire to convert Lady Morton, who was always present at his lectures. One day the Countess said to her little pupil, "I believe Father Cyprian intends his catechism as much for me as for your royal highness."²

The child, of course, confided this opinion to her tutor, who acknowledged that Lady Morton was right. Soon after, the Queen being present at the tuition, the Princess expressed a great wish that every one would believe in her religion.

"Since you have so much zeal, my daughter," said the Queen, "I wonder you do not try to convert your governess."

"Madame," replied the little Princess, with much earnestness, "I am doing as much as I can."

"And how do you do it?" asked the Queen.

"Madame," replied the Princess, with infantine simplicity, "I begin by embracing my governess. I clasp her round the neck; I kiss her many times, and then I say: 'Be converted, Madame Morton. Be a Catholic, Madame Morton. Father Cyprian says you must be a Catholic to be saved. You have heard him as well as me, Madame Morton; so be a Catholic, my good lady.'"³

There was some opposition on the part of Charles II. to the Queen-mother's design of bringing up the Princess Henrietta in her own religion; but the Queen was so positive in this determination, that it was found impossible to dissuade her from it. Charles, who was persuaded it would militate against his own interests, endeavoured, both by his own persuasions and the reasoning of his council, to induce the Queen to see the matter in the proper point of view; but the Court of France was entirely of the Queen's opinion, and Charles, perceiving that he had no means of bringing his little sister up in the Protestant faith, took, at last, the easy way of letting his mother please herself in the matter.

The mock Court of Henrietta Maria at Paris was, meantime, filled with spies, and even Colonel Bamfield, who had been the means of contriving the escape of the Duke of York from St. James's Palace, in the spring of 1643, and carrying him safely over to Holland, had, in consequence of the neglect with which he had been treated by

¹ Madame de Motteville.

² MS. of Père Cyprian de Gamache.

³ Ibid.

the Queen Henrietta Maria, changed his politics, and become one of Cromwell's spies. He gives the following particulars of the ladies who were most trusted by her and her eldest daughter, the Princess-royal, at the Hague:—

"My Lady Stanhope," he says, "maintains correspondence with her brother-in-law, Lord Newburgh, and with the Scotch king and others here. Some things of which she hath given advertisement, are said to have come from Mr. Peters, rather, I believe, through want of secrecy than fidelity. My Lord Rochester pretends to have information of divers things from him. He brought information to the King, as the Queen told me, from the Earl of Narrina. The Lady Isabella Thynne holds constant correspondence with the Marquis of Ormonde. I saw part of one of her letters. My Lady Morton holds correspondence with Sir Edward Hyde and Sir John Berkeley. I have seen many of her letters to the one."¹

The Lady Morton, on her husband's death, married her old friend, Sir John Berkeley, by whom she had a numerous addition to her family, but died of an inflammatory fever in the flower of her age.

After the untimely death of the Princess Elizabeth, the youngest son of Queen Henrietta Maria, Henry Duke of Gloucester, having obtained his liberty through his tutor, Mr. Lovel, was entreated by his sister, the Princess-royal, to reside at the Hague, but the Queen their mother insisted on his coming to her. His brother, Charles II., objected, lest there should be any attempts by their royal mother to persuade him to join the Church of Rome. She, however, passed her word that there should not, and Charles left him with her.

Henry, with his brother James, attended the ministry of Dr. Cosins, their English chaplain, in a room in the Louvre, devoted to the service of the Church of England; but on the death of the Queen's confessor, Father Philips, Montague, a fierce convert to the Church of Rome, brother to the Earl of Manchester, was appointed to that office, and he persuaded the Queen and the Queen-mother of France to forbid the exercise of the Protestant religion within the walls of the Louvre. The only other place where the worship of the Church of England was celebrated at that time, was in the house of Sir Richard Browne, ambassador from the late King Charles I., who continued nominally to hold that office for Charles II. Thither young Gloucester went every day, to the great displeasure of the Queen. She sent Gloucester to pass a month with her confessor, the Abbé Montague, at Pontoise. Gloucester was at first accompanied by Mr. Lovel, his tutor, but Montague sent Lovel away, and tried to induce Gloucester to enter the Jesuits' College. Gloucester was resolute in his refusal, and the Queen permitted him to return to Paris. She then dismissed his

¹ Thurloe.

faithful tutor, Lovel, and charged the young Duke, on her blessing, to submit to her commands. He was still resolute, and sent for the Marquis of Ormonde, to support him in his resolution. Montague pressed the unfortunate youth for his answer to the Queen. Gloucester replied, that he meant to continue firm to the Church of England. "Then," said Montague, "it is her majesty's command that you see her face no more."¹

Gloucester pleaded for a final interview with his royal mother. This was angrily refused. His brother, the Duke of York, went to the Queen, and earnestly pleaded for his brother, but only got angry words for his pains. Gloucester threw himself in her way, as she was entering her coach for Chaillot, knelt, and humbly begged her blessing; but she angrily turned away, leaving the poor youth overwhelmed with sorrow.

"What has her majesty said, that has so discomposed your royal highness?" asked the Abbé Montague. "What I may thank you for, sir," replied the Duke, sharply; "and I will repeat the same to you. Be sure that I see your face no more."

It was now time for morning service at Sir Richard Browne's chapel, which, accompanied by the Duke of York, young Gloucester entered, and sought consolation from attending divine service. On retiring to his own apartment afterwards, he found that the sheets had been taken off his bed, and no dinner provided for him; so that if it had not been for the kindness of Lord Hatton, who hospitably fed, and invited him to stay at his house, he would have had neither bed nor food.

That night he returned to the Palais Royal, to take leave of his sister, Henrietta, before the Queen returned from vespers at Chaillot. When he informed the Princess that he was about to leave Paris, she began to cry and scream aloud. "Oh me, my mother! Ah me, my brother! What shall I do? I am undone for ever."

The Duke, however, bade her farewell, and accepted the aid of the Marquis of Ormonde, who sold the last jewel he possessed, being the jewel of the Garter, to enable him to pay the expenses of their journey.²

The Princess Henrietta continued to pursue her education quietly at Paris. The Queen, her mother, cherished hopes that she might, possibly, be selected by the King of France for his consort, but Louis, as before observed, was passionately in love with Maria Mancini, the niece of his prime minister, Cardinal Mazarin.

On the occasion of a private ball in the apartments of the Queen-mother, as Mademoiselle Mancini was not present, Louis, who was now sixteen, selected her sister, the Duchesse de Mercœur, for his

¹ Carte's *Life of the Marquis of Ormonde*.

² *Ibid*.

partner, instead of taking the Princess Henrietta of England. The Queen-mother rose abruptly from her chair, and taking Mazarin's niece from her royal son, reminded him that he must lead the Princess of England to the dance.¹

Queen Henrietta Maria, alarmed at the anger of her sister-in-law, and the lowering brow of her nephew, immediately joined the group, and assured Louis that her daughter would not dance that night, having hurt her foot. The Queen-mother said her son should not dance with a partner of lower rank. The result was that neither Louis nor Henrietta danced that night.

The young King was in disgrace with his royal mother, who reproached him from time to time, and he sullenly answered "that he did not like little girls."

CHAPTER II.

As the Princess Henrietta advanced towards womanhood, she became so graceful and captivating in her manners, that she commanded general admiration from every one in the French Court.

She danced exquisitely, and played on all the instruments then in use. She had been accustomed, from her ninth year, to take a part in the ballets practised in the French Court, and was always much applauded for the elegance of her performance. But it was only occasionally that she appeared in these public exhibitions. Her time was more frequently spent in the cloistered shades of Chaillot, with the Queen, her mother, assisting at religious ceremonies, and engaged in devotional exercises.² She attended on the Queen, her mother, in her visits to the baths at Bourbon. They were sometimes joined by the Princesses of the royal family, but always enjoyed their return to the Palais Royal—the general residence of the exiled Queen of England and her daughter. Sir John Reresby, an English gentleman of fortune, travelling in France, after the death of Cromwell, sought an introduction to the widowed Queen of England and her daughter, to whom some of the English paid their court at that time. "So I was," he says, "better received.³ I spoke French, and danced pretty well, and the young Princess, then about fifteen, behaved with all the innocent freedom that might be. She danced with me, played on the harpsichord to me, in her own apartment; she suffered me to wait on her in the garden, and sometimes to toss her in a swing between two great trees; and in fine, to be present at all her innocent diversions."

Madame de Motteville.

² Ibid.

³ *Memoirs of Sir John Reresby.*

Reresby, soon after, speaks with enthusiasm of a grand masque which was performed at the Louvre, where, he says, "the young King and the Princess Henrietta of England danced to admiration."¹ "This young Princess," says Father Cyprian de Gamache, who never seems weary of praising her, "was of a rare beauty, a sweet temper, and a noble spirit. She applied herself to all the exercises fitting to her royal degree. She excelled all the most skilful in dances, in playing on musical instruments, and all similar accomplishments. The elegance of her person, her majestic carriage, and all her movements, so justly regulated, called forth the praises of every one who beheld her."²

There had been several attempts to engage her in marriage, commencing with the young King of France, her cousin, who had not only refused to listen to any suggestions for her hand, but even spoke of her in terms approaching to contempt, and told his brother Philip "that she seemed destined to be his wife, for it seemed that no one else would marry her." Philip had, however, fallen in love with the fair English Princess, and with the full approval of the Queen, his mother, disclosed to the Queen Henrietta, his aunt, that it was his wish to make her his wife. Queen Henrietta Maria received his proposal with unfeigned pleasure, but suggested the prudence of waiting till something more distinctive could be told about her dower.

Immediately afterwards the restoration of Charles II. to the throne of Great Britain took place, leaving little doubt in the minds of the Queen, his mother, his sister, and her royal suitor, that everything suitable in the way of dower would in due time be provided by the Parliament of that mighty realm, for the marriage of the Princess. The Queen-mother had a thanksgiving service at Colombes, and fireworks before her palace in Paris, and thanksgivings the next day at Chaillot, where the Princess received the following characteristic billet from Charles, written at Canterbury, the day after his landing at Dover.

"Canterbury, 26th May.

"I was so tormented with business at the Hague, that I could not write to you before my departure; but left orders with my sister, to send you a small present from me, which I hope you will soon receive. I arrived yesterday at Dover, where I found Monk, with a great number of the nobility, who almost overwhelmed me with kindness and joy for my return. My head is so dreadfully stunned with the acclamations of the people, and the vast amount of business, that I know not whether I am writing sense or nonsense, therefore pardon me if I say no more than that

"I am entirely yours.

"For my dear sister."³

¹ *Sir John Reresby's Memoirs.*

² Father Cyprian Gamache's diary.

³ *Green's Lives of the Princesses*, vol. vi. p. 427.

Henrietta replied as follows:—

“Colombes, 15th June, 1660.

“I have received the letter you have written to me by Mr. Proger, which has delighted me, no little, for to know that you have arrived in England; and at the same time that you have remembered me, has given me the greatest joy in the world; and in truth I wish I could see you to express fully to you what I think thereupon, and you will see that it is true that there is no one more your servant than I.”

Charles II. delighted his fair young sister by sending her a present of a splendid side-saddle and horse-trappings of green velvet, richly embroidered, and trimmed with gold and silver lace.¹

This was no doubt the happiest period of Henrietta's life. She was just bursting into life and happiness; her engagement to her enamoured cousin, Monsieur Philip, Duke of Anjou, was now recognised by the royal family of France. He was the most passionate of lovers, and very handsome, although deficient in mental culture and accomplishments.

The marriage of the King, Louis XIV., to the Infanta Maria Theresa of Spain had just been solemnised, and the Queen-mother of France, her aunt, on the return of the King and Queen from their bridal, took both the Queen of England, Henrietta Maria, and her daughter, the Princess Henrietta, to Fontainebleau, to introduce them to the young Queen, after which Monsieur gave an entertainment at his residence at St. Cloud. The ball there was opened by him and the sweet English Princess, whose dancing was universally approved.

Henrietta writes to her royal brother, King Charles II., 12th August, from St. Colombes:—

“We are all shortly going to Paris, to witness the entry of the young Queen, which is to take place the 26th of this month. I will write an account of it to you, if my Lord St. Albans does not delay too long. No one, I can assure you, can love you more than your humble servant.”²

The Queen Henrietta addressed an important letter to her son, Charles II., relating to the Princess Henrietta, and asking his consent to her marriage with Monsieur.

“Paris, August 14th, 1660.

“I arrived in this town yesterday. As soon as I got in, the Queen called to see me, and inform me that she came, on the part of the King her son, to tell me that they both unitedly begged me to be pleased to approve a request they had to make to me, which was that I would do Monsieur the honour to give him my daughter in marriage, and that they had resolved to send an ambassador to you to this

¹ Green's *Lives of the Princesses*, vol. vi. p. 428.

² Lambeth MSS.

effect; she, also, said many friendly things to me about you and myself. I answered her that the King and she would do my daughter too much honour, and that I would not fail to let you know of this proposal. I beg of you to favour it. In the interim, before we can send the ambassador, I think you should give me permission to say that you approve it. I assure you that your sister is not at all displeased about it; and as to Monsieur, he is violently in love, and quite impatient for your reply. My Lord Jermyn is staying till after the *entrée*. The Cardinal has postponed him, promising to finish all that in time. The *entrée* will be to-morrow, so that he will be able to set out on Monday, at the latest.”¹

The next day, the King, with his Spanish bride, made their state entrance into Paris. The Princess Henrietta, with the Queen, her mother, and the Queen-mother of France, watched the procession from the windows of the Hôtel de Beauvais, in the Rue St. Antoine. Monsieur, the future husband of the English Princess, splendidly attired, rode on a white charger, near the King his brother, and his new sister, the Queen. The splendid *cortège* paused a moment as they passed the Hôtel de Beauvais, to salute the royal group assembled at the windows.

The royal bridegroom and bride, Louis XIV. and Queen Maria Theresa, paid a state visit to Queen Henrietta Maria and her daughter, the Princess Henrietta of England, on 28th of August, with Monsieur, and took Henrietta with them on their drive, to the great joy of Monsieur. Up to this time their mutual cousin, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, had taken very little notice of the English Princess; but now she found that Henrietta was regarded with great admiration by all the French Court, and that she was soon to become the bride of Monsieur, whom she had hitherto regarded as her own peculiar property, to wed or not to wed, according to her pleasure, she determined to contest the point of precedence with the gentle English Princess; and she took the opportunity when the death of Henrietta's brother, the Duke of Gloucester, rendered it necessary for all the members of the royal family of France to pay state visits of condolence to the Princess Henrietta of England, on that melancholy occasion. La Grande Mademoiselle, as she was styled, on account of her great inheritance, had so little sympathy for her afflicted cousin, as to intimate to her, that she would not pay the expected visit of condolence, unless she were allowed the precedence, at least while she was the visitor of Henrietta. The Queen of England was compelled to rouse herself from the indulgence of her maternal grief, to assert the rights of her daughter to precedence. She carried her appeal to the Queen-mother of France, who decided in favour of the daughter of England, and represented to Mademoiselle d'Orleans how wrong she

¹ Green's *Princesses*, vol. vi. p. 422. From Lambeth MSS.

was. But in vain. La Grande Mademoiselle protested that she would not pay the visit of condolence to the Princess of England at all, unless she would concede the precedency to her, at least while she was her visitor; and she continued to absent herself, till the Queen Henrietta thought proper to waive the punctilio, being satisfied with the decision of the French Court in her daughter's favour.¹ The Princess Henrietta conformed to the customs of the French Court, and received the visits of her guests in her bed.

A special ambassador, the Count de Soissons, was sent to England with a formal demand from the King of France for the hand of the Princess Henrietta, for his brother, Monsieur. The answer of King Charles II. was favourable and highly complimentary, but it was considered necessary that the young Princess and the Queen, her mother, should both go over to England, to settle all the punctilios of this momentous affair. Louis could not refrain from telling his enamoured brother that he "thought he need not be in so much haste to espouse the bones of the holy innocents"—a joke to which the extreme fragility of the young Princess had prompted her royal cousin of France.

A complimentary essay on Henrietta, dedicated to her future husband, Monsieur, only brother to the King, was written by the royal historiographer of France, M. de la Serre, stating the difficulty of portraying such perfect beauty as distinguished her, without letting the pencil fall from the hands that would depict such perfect charms as hers. After this highflown preface, he thus commences:—"Her figure is rich, her bearing serene, her hair most beautiful, her brow a mirror, reflecting the majesty of her race, and her eyes are matchless—in short, the sun sees nothing to equal her. The beauty of her soul can only be compared to that of her countenance. She speaks so agreeably, that the pleasure of hearing her is no less than that of seeing her. In singing, who can equal her? and in other accomplishments she is unrivalled." But we can pursue this highflown strain of eulogistic flattery no further. It was no doubt appreciated by the enamoured Prince, to whom the portrait of the fair English Princess is dedicated by M. de la Serre.

The Princess Henrietta spent almost all her time in writing to her brother, Charles II., sometimes two or three letters a day. Many of these billets are preserved in the Archbishop of Canterbury's library at Lambeth, but are really not worth the trouble of copying. The following will serve as a sample of her style.

"Mr. Fitzpatrick, the bearer of this, has begged me so much to write to you in his favour, that, although it is the third letter I have written to you in the same day, which will incur the risk of being importunate, I will venture it."

¹ *Mémoires de Montpensier.*

Girl-like, she did not consider the value either of her own time or that of the King, her brother, who was much occupied with the affairs of the nation on his restoration.

Henrietta, and the Queen her mother, set out from Paris on the 19th of October, leaving Monsieur in despair at parting with his future wife, and imploring her to hasten her return, that their marriage might take place the sooner. Henrietta and her royal mother were escorted by Prince Edward of the Rhine, the son of the Queen of Bohemia, who desired to visit England in their company. At Beauvais, they were received with royal honours by the magistrates and citizens. They attended a service in the cathedral, and reached Calais on the 28th of the month, where, the wind being stormy, they did not embark till the second day, when it was brilliantly fine. The Duke of York was at Calais, with a fine squadron of men-of-war, waiting to convoy them over to the British shore. He received them on board his own the admiral's ship, with a royal salute, which lasted half an hour. Owing to the profound calm, they were nearly two days in effecting the crossing from Calais to Dover, and had to sleep on board. They were treated by the Duke of York with a magnificent supper at his own expense. But remembering that the Queen and his sister, the Princess Henrietta, and almost all their attendants were members of the Church of Rome, and necessarily fasting, for it was the vigil of the feast of All Saints, he told them he had a fine piece of sturgeon in the ship, which should be at their service, and ordered it to be cooked for their regale. The next day the King came off to meet them when they were approaching Dover, and joyfully welcomed his royal mother and sister to the shores of England once more.

Many sad and painful memories oppressed the heart of the widowed Queen as they neared the shore; but all was bright and new to the youthful Princess, who was too young to remember her perilous journey, with Lady Morton, to escape from that port, disguised as Pierre, in the ragged garments which had so much offended her royal ideas of what her dress ought to have been, as "Princess." She was now at that sweet season when all her infantine troubles were forgotten, as though they had never occurred, and the roseate hues of hope invested the realities of life with beauty and promises of joy.

They landed at three o'clock, and were conducted by the King to Dover Castle, where he had caused a splendid banquet to be prepared for their entertainment. Every member of the royal family had assembled there to welcome the royal voyagers. They were affectionately greeted by the Princess-royal, who had come to Dover with the King, her brother, to enjoy the happiness of embracing them once more. The whole population of Dover thronged into the state dining-rooms to see them sup.

They all slept at Dover Castle that night, and the Queen had the imprudence to order the celebration of high mass in the great hall the next morning before setting off for Gravesend, where they slept.¹

That portion of the journey was performed in the royal carriages, but at Gravesend they all embarked in the King's state barges, which met them there, and they proceeded to Whitehall by water, saluted by all the ships in the river, and the Tower guns as they passed.

The river was thronged with boats, and rang with acclamations, more out of affection for the King, who was then in the zenith of his popularity, than for joy of the Queen, his mother's, return, the imprudent display of the mass, at Dover Castle, having naturally displeased the majority of the people. There were only three bonfires kindled that night in honour of her return to London. She held a great levée the day after her return to Whitehall, at which her lovely daughter, the Princess Henrietta, appeared, of whom Pepys in his diary records: "The Princess Henrietta is very pretty, but far below my expectations, and her dressing herself with her hair frizzed short up to her ears, did make her seem so much the less to me." He concludes, like a most dutiful husband, that his own wife, good Mrs. Pepys, "standing near her, well dressed, with the unwonted decoration of two or three black patches on her face, did seem to him much handsomer than she."

The Queen and both her daughters, the Princess-royal and Henrietta, were at that time residing with the King and the Duke of York, all together as one family, at Whitehall, in affectionate familiarity.

When Mr. Annesley waited on the Queen and her two daughters, from the House of Commons, to compliment them on their happy return to England, and to acquaint them with the vote of Parliament, endowing them with the noble present that had been accorded to them by the House, the Queen and the Princess-royal returned their thanks in a graceful and suitable manner; but the Princess Henrietta naïvely expressed her great affection and gratitude for the kindness and generosity of the House, "lamenting that she could not do it so well in the English tongue, but desired," she said, "to supply her deficiency with an English heart."

The Parliament settled on Henrietta, for her dowry, forty thousand jacobuses, and the King her brother presented her with twenty thousand for a gift, to pay the expenses of her marriage.² The King of France bestowed on his brother the Dukedom of Orleans, Valois and Chartres, which had fallen to the crown by the death of Gaston, Duke of Orleans, without heirs male. The French King and his brother agreed to endow the Princess with forty thousand livres a year, and to give her the

¹ Narrative of her chaplain, Father Gamache.

² *Parliamentary History*, vol. xxiv.

chateau of Montargis, handsomely furnished, for a private residence.¹ The fair Henrietta was perfectly satisfied with all the arrangements in her marriage articles, and considered herself as the affianced wife of Monsieur. The happiness of the royal family would have been perfect, but for the fatal illness of the Princess-royal, at Whitehall, which, as soon as it was discovered to be the small-pox, caused the Queen-mother to remove her darling Henrietta to St. James's Palace, for fear of infection either attacking her life or destroying her beauty. Immediately after the sad event of the death of the Princess-royal, on Christmas eve, a courier arrived from Monsieur, to express his earnest desire for the return of his beloved cousin and affianced wife.

The Princess Henrietta, with the Queen, her mother, commenced their journey to Portsmouth on the 2nd of January. They slept the first night at Hampton. The next morning they were followed by the King and a choice company of his Court.

Unfortunately the Duke of Buckingham, though a married man, had fallen in love with the youthful Henrietta, and besought the King to permit him to have the honour of escorting the Queen-mother and the Princess to Paris.

He had crossed over from Calais with these illustrious ladies, and rendered himself forward and disagreeable enough to both, so that it was entirely against their will that he now attached himself to their suite. He set off, without changing his dress or making any preparation for the voyage. The wind was at first favourable, but suddenly shifting the vessel ran on a dangerous sand, and they were all in great danger of foundering. After some hours of peril, the good ship, the *London*, was got out of danger, but the Princess was very ill with an eruptic fever. The Queen, fearing it was the small-pox, insisted on the ship putting back into port. Physicians came on board, and declared the illness was not small-pox, but measles, and advised the royal patient to be carried on shore after the crisis was over.

They all landed. The Princess suffered a severe relapse, so that her life was considered in danger. King Charles sent two of his physicians to her aid, but her recovery was, by many, attributed to her own sagacity in refusing to submit to the bleeding process, which had proved fatal to her sister the Princess-royal. The urgency of Monsieur, who having been fifteen days without receiving tidings from or of her, sent an express to enquire the reason of her silence and to press her to return to France, induced her to set off without further delay. She and the Queen and their suite embarked the following day, January 25th, for Havre de Grace, where they arrived without further accidents. They were handsomely received in that town, with a royal salute of cannon, a procession of ecclesiastics, magis-

¹ Marriage treaty. *Journals of the House of Commons.*

trates, soldiers and citizens, and a triumphant flourish of trumpets. Here the weakness of the Princess rendered it necessary for her to repose for several days, and the ill-judged conduct of the Duke of Buckingham proved so annoying to the royal invalid, that the Queen, her mother, despatched him to Paris, in order to get rid of his troublesome assiduities.

They had intended to travel by Rouen, but the Governor of Normandy warned them that the small-pox was raging there, like a pest, and many died of the infection every day. The Queen, therefore, for fear of losing her daughter, from the same malady which had so recently proved fatal to the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess-royal in England, gave up that route, and accepted the invitation of the Duke of Longueville, the Governor of Normandy, to rest at his chateau, at a safe distance from the infected city. The Duke of Longueville met the royal ladies at the head of a noble procession of the flower of the Norman nobility, welcomed them to Normandy, and conducted them to his stately chateau, where he feasted them and their suite.

The Queen Henrietta Maria held a grand reception on the following day, before she took her departure to Pontoise, where she had promised the Abbot Montague, her almoner, a visit. The Duke of Longueville, and his stately cavalcade of the Norman nobility, escorted the royal ladies part of the way towards Pontoise, till the Queen Henrietta Maria insisted on their taking their leave of her and the Princess of England, her daughter.

At Pontoise the royal travellers were most honourably received by the Lord Abbot Montague, the Queen's lord almoner. Soon after their arrival, while they were surveying the abbot's fine collection of paintings, jewellery, and porcelain, a mighty flourish of wind instruments announced the arrival of the King, Queen, and Queen-mother of France, with Monsieur, the lover of the Princess Henrietta, whom he regarded as his future spouse. He had not been informed that she had accompanied the Queen, her mother, from England, and was overcome with the pleasant surprise of seeing her. He stood with his eyes fixed on her as if he feared she would vanish from his sight. At last he recovered himself, spoke to her, and kissed her, begged to hear all particulars of the voyage from her own lips, and listened with rapt attention to all her adventures.¹

The King, Queen, and Monsieur, dined at Pontoise with the Abbot Montague and the royal travellers, and in the evening took their departure to Paris.

The following day, Monsieur returned on the wings of love to dine with his affianced and her royal mother, his aunt, and escorted them to Paris. They were met by the King and Queen of France, Mademoi-

¹ *Mémoires de Gamache.*

selle d'Orleans, and a great company of the chief nobility of St. Denis, and were by them conducted to their former abode at the Palais Royal. After returning the visits they had received from these illustrious persons with due ceremony, the Princess Henrietta retired with the Queen, her mother, to the convent of Chaillot, there to await the arrival of the Pope's dispensation for the marriage. It did not come till near the end of Lent, a time when it was not customary, in countries where the rites of the Church of Rome were practised, to celebrate marriages; but the impatience of Monsieur was unconquerable, and the Queen, Henrietta's mother, agreed to waive formalities.

The contract of betrothal was performed in the Louvre, on Wednesday, the 30th of March, in the presence of the King, Queen, Queen-mother, and Queen Henrietta Maria, the mother of the bride-elect, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, cousin of the contracting parties, the Prince and Princess of Condé, the Duke d'Enghien, the Duke de Vendôme, the Earl of St. Albans, ambassador from the King of Great Britain, brother of the Princess Henrietta, and other dignitaries of the courts of France and England. The bride-elect was richly adorned and elegantly arrayed; the dresses of all who assisted in the espousals were admirable.

The marriage was solemnised next day, March 31st, 1661, in the chapel of the Palais Royal, by the Bishop of Valence, in the presence of the King and Queen of France, the Queen-mother, and Queen Henrietta Maria, the mother of the bride.¹

The King and Queen of France supped with the bridegroom and the bride and the Queen of England; everything, even according to the report of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, being admirably arranged. She acknowledges the sweetness of manner and gracefulness of the youthful bride, who possessed the secret art of managing her figure so that it was universally admired; although, adds Mademoiselle, "she was crooked, a blemish that even her husband did not find out till after they were married."²

CHAPTER III.

THE day after their marriage, the Princess Henrietta and her consort received visits, and on that following she went to reside with Monsieur in his apartments in the Tuileries. It was the first separation from the Queen, her mother, Henrietta had ever experienced, and they parted with sobs and tears. Almost every one in the Palais Royal wept from sympathy at the sight of their distress. The Queen, her

¹ Madame de la Fayette's *Memoirs of Henrietta of England*.

² *Memoires de Montpensier*.

mother, greatly deplored her child's early marriage to so weak and uneducated a Prince, and being separated from her before she had acquired experience in life. Henrietta was only sixteen, her consort but three years her senior, and surrounded by dissipated young men, who persuaded him to assume the authority of a husband over the gentle and lovely girl whom he had espoused. He introduced her to his friend the Count de Guiche, the eldest son of the Marshal de Gramont, and desired her to pay him particular attention, as his early companion and friend.¹ Henrietta's natural courtesies disposed her to comply with the directions of her consort, and it was not long before De Guiche fell in love with her.²

The Duke of Buckingham, unwelcome as he was, intruded himself into the circle of Queen Henrietta Maria, and his flippant conversation about Madame, as Henrietta was now styled, together with his gossiping regarding her and De Guiche, coming to the ears of the Queen-mother of France, she caused him to be informed by her order, that the King of France considered his visit at his court had been quite long enough. This intimation succeeded in clearing the field of Buckingham.

Henrietta soon found out that her husband had neither talents nor education. Handsome he was, but feminine in his pursuits. He cared for nothing but dressing himself; indeed, the sarcastic wits of the court whispered that he amused his vacant hours in playing with a doll, an occupation to which he had been accustomed in the Queen his mother's antechamber, when a boy, and in knitting and netting among her maids of honour.

It was a sad thing to consign a lovely intellectual girl like Henrietta to the caprices of an uncultivated young man, whose unoccupied mind had no better employment than listening to the artful bad people, of both sexes, with whom he had surrounded her.

Although it is the fashion to revile the consort of Henrietta unsparingly in history, it would be difficult to convict him of greater faults than puerility, eccentricity, almost childish ignorance, and peevishness of temper. He was valiant in battle, a general by intuition. Madame de la Fayette, who certainly held him in strong aversion, thus sketches his portrait. "Monsieur, only brother to the King, was excessively attached to the Queen, his mother. His inclinations were only conformable to the occupations of women, as those of the King, his brother, were manly and masculine. Philip of Orleans was beautiful and well made, but his beauty was feminine, and he thought more of attracting general admiration than making conquests among the ladies, although he was continually in their company. His self-love permitted him to form no particular affection excepting for himself." She adds, "that while paying every possible attention to his beautiful young wife,

¹ Madame de la Fayette's *Life of Henrietta of England*.

² *Ibid.*

love was still lacking, for the miracle of inflaming his heart was not in the power of any woman in the world."

The royal family of France greeted the arrival of Henrietta in the Tuileries with costly presents and attractive entertainments. On Holy Thursday she represented the Queen, who was in delicate health, by washing the feet of the poor women of the Queen's age, according to the custom of the court of France.

Henrietta, now released from maternal control, plunged giddily into the vortex of dissipation the court of Louis XIV. presented, and presently became the leader of every masque, ball, and those nightly promenades, which were witnessed, with much uneasiness, by the Queen of Louis.

Mademoiselle de la Vallière, then scarcely more than a beautiful child, had been presented to Henrietta, by Madame de Choisy, for a young maid of honour, and was very much petted and patronised by her royal mistress, before she grew up into one of the dangerous beauties of the court, with far more sensibility than sense, and unhappily for herself, attracted the attention of the King, both from his loving Queen and wife, and his fascinating sister-in-law, Henrietta of England, to whose account his frequent visits at the apartments of Monsieur at the Tuileries was attributed. After spending the spring at Paris, Monsieur and Madame were invited to Fontainebleau, where the King saw her with all the improvement of person and manners, which her residence in Paris and her near advance to sweet seventeen, had effected. He then acknowledged his error, and vowed that "if he had ever said she was not the most enchanting woman in the world, he was the most unjust person in it." He attached himself to her with a degree of enthusiasm, as if he desired to atone for his former contemptuous opinion, and testified an excessive complaisance for whatever she said or did.¹

The use Madame made of the boundless influence, she suddenly found she possessed, was, girl-like, to devise and direct all parties of pleasure at the court, and Louis XIV. took no delight in any amusement which was not planned and led by his lovely sister-in-law. It was the height of a very hot summer, and Madame often went with her train of ladies to some of those gushing springs of living waters from which royal Fontainebleau derives its name. Her custom was to go in her coach of an afternoon, because of the heat, and return on horse-back, at the sun's decline, followed by all her ladies in equestrian costume, wearing plumes of every bright colour in their riding hats.

Such a procession of ladies winding through the dark primeval forest, with their bright mistress at their head, fresh from the bath, at the glowing age of seventeen, was a sight which Frenchmen, of all ranks,

¹ Madame de la Fayette's *Life of Henrietta of England*.

remembered and discussed, long after the dust and ashes of an early grave had closed over the best and loveliest of the group.

The King and the nobility of his household always came on horseback to meet and escort Madame and her ladies through the forest to supper. After supper they all mounted in the fashionable open carriages, called caleches, and drove or walked by the canal, listening to the exquisite concert of violins.

The Queen-mother, Anne of Austria, and the Spanish Queen consort, her niece, were offended at the lead the English Princess took at the court, and at her influence with the King, who devoted all the hours to his sister-in-law that he formerly spent with his mother and wife. They were sure Louis XIV. had some attachment which interfered with his duties, and his extreme complaisance to Madame, his compliance of every wish, and constant conversation with her, alarmed the jealousy of both Queens. Anne of Austria called a consultation with the Abbé Montague, the almoner of Queen Henrietta, and charged him to lecture Madame, to remind her of her extreme youth, and advise her never to form any parties without her, nor to attempt to attract the King in a different direction from the Queen his consort.

Soon after, the Queen-mother awakened the jealousy of Monsieur, who testified much uneasiness at the gay parties in which his royal brother was ever in attendance on Madame. He had hitherto let them proceed without his presence, but now mixed himself up with them in a manner which permitted not a moment's repose either to the King or his wife. And then the Queen-mother, Anne of Austria, and Monsieur remonstrated so earnestly with the King and Madame on the sinister rumours they had raised in France, that both seemed to wake from a sort of dream and wonder at their own conduct. On closer investigation, Monsieur and his mother discovered that the King's attraction to the society of his royal sister-in-law was for the sake, not of herself, but her young and lovely maid of honour, Louis de la Vallière.

"She was very pretty, very sweet, and very *naïve*," says Madame de la Fayette, who, nevertheless, draws a picture by no means consonant with the popular ideas of La Vallière, whom she describes as bounded in intellect, and deficient in that skill in animated conversation, which is the highest accomplishment in the appreciation of Frenchwomen.¹ Everybody, however, considered her charming, and the young courtiers strove to win her love. The Count de Guiche was attached to her beyond every other person, and seemed greatly occupied with her. Her fortune was nothing, and she found herself exceedingly happy under the protection of Madame, until the King publicly transferred to her all his attentions and assiduities." The Count de Guiche gave up the field to his more formidable rival without further contention.

¹ Madame de la Fayette's *Henrietta of England*.

Henrietta was now likely to give an heir to Monsieur, but she did not allow herself much repose on that account, though her husband was anxious that she should bring forth a living hopeful son. She visited the Queen, her mother, at Colombes, in June, but Monsieur desiring to give a ball at his apartments at Fontainebleau, she returned thither to grace it with her presence, and also attended that which was given by the Duke of Beaufort, in the park, where the dancing took place in a saloon constructed among the trees brilliantly lighted with coloured lamps.¹

Towards the end of the month, Henrietta's mother, the Queen-dowager of England, paid them a visit. The young married couple and their suite came out to meet and welcome her, and conducted her to the apartments prepared for her in the palace, where she remained a week in the society of her beloved daughter. The health of Henrietta, always delicate, was much injured by her reckless dissipation, and no advice from her mother could induce her to adopt a more prudent course of life. The summer passed away, her mother left her in great anxiety, apprehending that she would never have strength to give life to her expected babe. She was thinner than ever, pale, and almost suffocated with the perpetual cough that allowed her no sleep without the constant use of opiates. Towards the end of November she travelled to Paris, in a litter, attended by Monsieur. Her mother, Queen Henrietta Maria, was already there awaiting her. The physicians ordered Madame to keep her bed, and prescribed perfect repose, but she insisted on seeing company all day in her chamber, where ballets, vaudevilles, and all the favourite amusements of the court were performed.² She rallied and came into public again, and pursued the same reckless course; but at length, on the 27th of March, 1662, she gave birth to an infant daughter.³

Both Monsieur and herself were greatly disappointed at the sex of the child, although it was a most lovely babe. The King and Queen of France came to congratulate her as early as six o'clock in the morning, and Monsieur received the whole day the compliments of the court. He confirmed the selection made by the mother of the babe of Madame de St. Chaumont as her governess, in preference of Madame de Motteville, who was recommended by the Queen-mother and Queen Henrietta Maria, as the fittest person for that office.⁴

The baptism of the infant Princess took place on the 21st of May, in the chapel of the Palais Royal, and was performed by Montague, Abbot of Pontoise, the almoner of Queen Henrietta Maria, who, with the King and Queen of France, were sponsors for the babe, and gave her the name of Maria Louisa. The whole court was also present at the service.

¹ Madame de la Fayette.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Gazette de France.*

⁴ *Ibid.*

Running at the ring was afterwards performed by the King, Monsieur, and other noble personages in splendid costumes. The ladies were spectators of these games, and distributed the prizes. Henrietta and her consort subsequently retired to Colombes, to pay a long, quiet farewell visit to her mother, Queen Henrietta Maria, who was about to leave France for a sojourn in England. They escorted her as far as Beauvais on her journey. They did not separate without abundance of tears shed by Henrietta and her mother, who had never before parted for long. Monsieur and Madame returned to Paris, and the Queen took the road to Calais.¹

Early in the following year Henrietta wrote to the King, her brother, by Lady Stuart of Blantyre, whose daughter, la Belle Stuart as she was called, had been one of her ladies of honour, but had now, through her recommendation, obtained an appointment in the household of Catharine of Braganza, Charles's queen.

"I would not willingly," she says, "lose the opportunity of writing to you by Lady Stuart, who is bringing her daughter over to be one of the ladies of the household of the Queen, your wife. Were it not for this I could not have parted from her (la Belle Stuart) without pain, for she is the prettiest girl in the world, and one of the most skilful dressers.

"I have received one of your letters in reply to those I sent you by Crab. It is impossible to feel more joy than I do at the thought that we may meet once more. Your majesty is indeed the dearest thing in the world to me, and I rest your very humble servant."²

The consort of Henrietta, no less eager for pleasure than herself, conducted her to Chantilly, where they were both magnificently entertained by the Prince de Conde for two days. They received all honours, and enjoyed concerts and hunting matches, besides examining the Prince's inimitable collection of paintings. These entertainments were suddenly interrupted by the illness of Louis XIV.'s consort and infant daughter, of both of whom Henrietta thus writes to the King, her brother. "The Queen is much better, but the new-born Princess has been these two days in such bad convulsions, that her death is expected every hour; and so that the compliments you would make on her birth are useless, as I fear much she will be dead ere they arrive."³

The very day after the funeral of the French Princess was solemnised, a grand ballet took place, in which both the royal father of the infant and Henrietta took parts, and were much applauded.⁴

Henrietta proved useful in settling a fierce dispute for precedence, which took place the following summer in the court of Louis XIV., in consequence of the English ambassador, Denzil Lord Hollis, formerly

¹ *Gazette de France.*

² Lambeth MS.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ *Gazette de France.*

one of the most rabid republicans in the court of Charles I., insisting that his carriage should be allowed to go before those of all the Princes of the blood when he presented his credentials to the King. This was refused and he would not appear unless his claims were allowed. Henrietta, however, suggested, as an expedient, that his presentation should take place at St. Germain, and thus avoid the collision which would probably have occurred, had the contending parties met while the question was undecided.

In his despatch relating this dispute, Denzil Hollis condescends to bestow some commendations on Henrietta's conduct in this difficult matter. He says: "I must do Madame right, who only hath by her dexterity carried on and managed all this business, and brought it to that point where it now is."¹

Hollis continued to be so troublesome in his conduct that Henrietta complained to the King, her brother, of his intolerable pride and folly, in a lively letter in which she mentioned her little daughter, now two years old, in whose behalf she had invested some money in the East India Company of France, assuring Charles that the little Princess was growing up very pretty, and the image of him. Charles merrily replied:—

"I hope my niece will have a better portion than what your share will come to in the East India Trade. I believe you might have employed your money to better uses than to send it off on so long a journey. I hope it is but a compliment to me when you say my niece is so like me, for I never thought my face was even so much as intended for a beauty. I wish with all my heart I could see her, for at this distance I love her; you may guess therefore, if I were upon the place, what I should do.

"I am very sorry my Lord Hollis continues those kind of humours. I have renewed by every post my directions upon it, and have commanded him to proceed in his business and not to insist upon trifles. I am newly returned from seeing some of my ships which lie at the Nore, ready to go to sea, and the wind has made my head ache so much that I can write no longer; therefore I can say no more but that I am yours."²

Henrietta was again likely to increase her family; but always careless of herself, she attended a masque at the Louvre one evening, when her foot unluckily catching in a ribbon loop, which hung down from her masking dress, she would have had a very severe and heavy fall if a gentleman had not caught her and broken it, so that her accident was only a sprain, which confined her to her couch for nine days, for she went with the court to Fontainebleau, and mixed in the gay world as usual, and on the 18th of July, 1664, she gave birth to a

¹ Hollis despatches.

² Letter of Charles II., quoted by Mrs.

Green, from the collection of M. Donnadien. *Lives of the Princesses*, vol. vi. p. 472.

son, in the presence of the King, the two Queens, his wife and mother, her own consort, and other members of the French court.¹ Her consort, Monsieur, wrote immediately to her brother, Charles II., to announce the joyful news to him. Louis himself wrote to Charles by Montague, the almoner of Queen Henrietta Maria, who was in waiting to convey the joyful news to his royal mistress, as she had not yet returned from England.

"We have this morning," writes Louis, "received the accomplishment of our wishes, in the birth of a son, whom it has pleased God to give to my brother. To render the blessing more complete, nothing can be more favourable than the health both of the mother and child. You need only be pleased to estimate my joy by the greatness of your own."²

The English ambassador, Hollis, writes in August: "Madame looks as well as I ever saw her look in my life, that is, as well as possible, and has grown so fat, that my compliment to her yesterday was, it was well she had good witnesses (meaning of the birth of her son), else nobody would believe she had brought forth such a lusty young Duke, to see her in so good a plight so soon, and the young Duke is as lusty and as fine a child as ever I saw."³

The Queen-mother of France, Anne of Austria, was especially delighted with the birth of her hopeful grandson, as the Dauphin was a very sickly child, and had not much probability of living to wear the crown of France.

Her offer of adopting the daughter of Monsieur and Henrietta was gratefully accepted by both parents. Henrietta might now have enjoyed tranquillity; but the evil women by whom she was surrounded caused all manner of sinister reports to be circulated of her.

The worst of these incendiaries was Madame de Soissons, one of the Mancini sisters, and Mademoiselle Montelais, who both made a tool of the amiable, but weak La Vallière. Monsieur partly saw through the evil influence they exercised, and told the Queen, Anne of Austria, his mother, "that there would be no peace for his consort or himself with the maids of honour they had in their household, and he should take upon himself to dismiss two of them without delay."

Accordingly the Maréchale du Plessis, the superintendent of their household, by the order of Monsieur, the next day informed Mademoiselle Montelais and her companion in banishment, whose name is not mentioned, that they were to withdraw themselves from the Tuileries Palace at the hour when they usually went out in his coaches. Mademoiselle de Montelais entreated Madame du Plessis to let her take away her caskets; if she did not Madame would be ruined. Madame du Plessis

¹ *Gazette de France.*

² Green's *Lives of the Princesses*, vol. vi. p. 474.

³ *Ibid.*, pp. 474-5.

told her she would ask Monsieur's leave, but without telling him the reason.

Monsieur was rather shocked at being thought capable of detaining the young lady's ornaments. He desired that they would take all that belonged to them. Madame du Plessis was not aware of the service she had rendered her mistress, for away with these caskets went three or four letters which De Guiche had lately sent to Madame during their negotiation regarding his departure from Paris.¹

Before Madame was awake Mademoiselle de Montelais and her caskets were cleared out of the Palais Royal. When they were gone, Monsieur entered his consort's chamber, saying, "Madame, I have sent away two of your maids." While his wife looked at him with the utmost amazement, he left her apartment without saying another word.

An explanation subsequently took place between Madame and her consort, at which Madame avowed "that she had seen the Count de Guiche only once since it had been forbidden, and that he had written three or four times."²

As Monsieur had received precisely such amount of intelligence, he was wonderfully softened. He greatly enjoyed the authority he had exercised, and dismissing all frowns from his brow and bitterness from his words, he embraced his wife, and retained no anger for any one except the maids of honour. All his cares were exerted to prevent Madame from having any communication with Mademoiselle de Montelais, and as she had been very intimate with Mademoiselle de Vallière,³ he obtained orders from the King preventing her from being with his wife henceforward. In fact, they had very little communication together afterwards.

It is not difficult to perceive from this passage that the maid of honour they so unceremoniously ejected with the busybody Montelais, was Mademoiselle de la Vallière. Philip of Orleans has been unmercifully abused and calumniated by historians, but his conduct is far from bearing out the hard words they lavish on him. Excepting his boyish folly in forcing his favourite De Guiche to admire the young beauty Henrietta, his conduct was not unreasonable.

Madame promised her husband that she would break all acquaintance with De Guiche: she promised it likewise to the King. Monsieur had been very jealous of the King his brother's frequent visits at the Palais Royal, till he discovered they were not to his consort, but to her beautiful maid of honour, Mademoiselle de la Vallière; but even then he very properly said, "the King ought to have respected his household, and not polluted it with his libertinism."

Mademoiselle de Montelais, who had found a retreat at the house of

¹ Madame de La Fayette. *Mémoires d'Henriette d'Angleterre.*

² Madame de la Fayette, 107.

³ *Ibid.* 108.

a sister, would not rest quiet. She wrote two long letters to Mademoiselle de la Vallière on all the preceding commotions. In her letters she gave La Vallière directions how she was to behave to the King, and what she should say to him. It is to be feared that La Vallière babbled everything that occurred to Louis XIV., for these letters he saw, and put himself into a most remarkable rage concerning them. He sent to capture Mademoiselle de Montelais by means of an exempt, by whom she was hurried away from Paris to the convent of Fontevraud, where she remained with nothing to do, but to say her prayers, and no other royal personages to confer with, than the statues of our earlier Plantagenet kings and queens, the King having strictly interdicted her from speaking to a human creature—a terrible penance, considering the activity of her tongue.

The evil persons, by whom Madame was always surrounded, made it their constant study to excite ill-will between her and her consort, by misrepresenting everything she said or did, so as to excite his jealousy. Elizabeth Charlotte, his second wife, daughter of the Elector Palatine, renders due testimony to the innocence of her beautiful and graceful predecessor. "The late Madame," says she, "was very unfortunate in being surrounded by the greatest intriguers in the world, and confided in those who made a point of deceiving her. Young, gentle, and full of grace, she had no idea how wicked they were. They made it all their study to breed quarrels between her and her husband."¹

It happened one day that Henrietta went into the suite of nursery apartments, where her children were, with their governess, Madame de St. Chaumont. The Count de Guiche was there, and from what passed, she inclined to the suspicion that he came for the purpose of seeking an interview with her. But before anything could pass, the valet de chambre, Lanza, entered hastily, and told them that Monsieur was coming upstairs, and made a sign that the Count de Guiche should conceal himself behind the door, till he should have passed, which accordingly he did; but Lanza ran against Monsieur in his haste to open the door for him and set his nose a bleeding. Madame and the governess ran with handkerchiefs to stop the bleeding, covered his face, and De Guiche made his escape in the confusion. These foolish stratagems and attempts at concealment in a very natural incident, gave an appearance of evil to a really innocent circumstance.²

According to the etiquette of the French court, every one was expected to speak loud enough to be heard at table by all the company; but the Count de Guiche assumed incapacity for speaking audibly, by declaring himself to be ill with pulmonary consumption, and in order

¹ *Memoirs of Madame Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess d'Orleans.*

² Related by Elizabeth Charlotte, the second wife of Monsieur.

to corroborate his assertion, he ceased to eat solid food, and lived on milk diet for nearly a year. In consequence he spoke in a whisper to every one, and thus enjoyed the pleasure of conversing with Madame in a tone inaudible to her guests.

The impending hostilities between England and Holland occupied the thoughts of Madame far more than anything else, all this period, as her letters to her brother Charles II. bear witness. She writes to him on the 27th of May, telling him "she hears the Dutch fleet has sailed, and she fears the encounter will be furious between their navy and that of England. A thought," she says, "that makes me tremble." She, however, consoles herself with the reflection of Charles's usual good fortune, and assures him she will always be alive to his interests, for no one can love him more than she does.¹

While her mind was in this painful state of excitement, she was told that the fight she so much dreaded had taken place, that the Dutch had gained a decisive victory, the Duke of York's ship had been blown up, and he slain.

This report was the very reverse of the fact. James Duke of York had won the greatest battle ever fought between England and Holland, taken or destroyed twenty ships, and blown up the ship of the Dutch Admiral Opdam, with all his crew of five hundred men. This great battle was fought off Lowestoft.

The frightful tale of the defeat and death of her brave brother produced so fearful an effect on Henrietta, that she fell into strong convulsions: and after two or three days premature labour ensued, and she was delivered of a dead daughter, to the great indignation of her lord, who treated the loss of the infant as a serious crime on the part of his poor wife.

Henrietta was sufficiently recovered, on the 22nd of June, to write a long letter of congratulation to her brother, King Charles II., in which she mentions her consort in very friendly terms, as partaker of her joy for the great triumph of the British navy over the Dutch. She speaks, as if Monsieur and she had rejoiced together, for the great victory. "In fact" she says, "you should hold Monsieur in favour, for the sentiments he has uttered on this occasion and for the manner in which he expresses himself about everything that concerns you."²

Monsieur had written himself to his royal brother-in-law to congratulate him upon his brilliant victory, but his letters are never very interesting.³

Madame warmly counsels Charles to take the opportunity of this signal victory to make peace with the Dutch, which would put an end to bloodshed and the great expense of continuing the war. "As to

¹ Lambeth MS.

² Ibid.

³ Monsieur to King Charles II. State Paper. Correspondence, 17th June.

glory," she continues, "you have nothing more to gain." She then alludes, with great feeling, to the death of one of the loyal British noblemen, slain in this action. "I cannot conclude," she says, "without telling you my grief for the death of the poor Earl of Falmouth, as well on account of the regard I know you entertained for him, which he so justly deserved, as because I thought him greatly my friend. Indeed, on the very day on which I felt so joyful for your success, I could not refrain from a hearty fit of weeping."¹

Henrietta, notwithstanding her animated letters to Charles II., continued in very delicate health for several weeks, in the course of which her mother, Queen Henrietta Maria, returned from England, hearing of the continued indisposition of her daughter. Monsieur showed her with great pride his blooming boy, the little Duke of Valois, then turned two years old.²

Henrietta was drawn into a dangerous intrigue, as it appeared, through the vile arts of the Marquis de Vardes, a gentleman of the bedchamber to Louis XIV., who endeavoured to insinuate himself into her confidence to betray her secrets. He was the intimate friend of the Count de Guiche, whose passion for her was only too well known to the court. He persuaded Madame, that De Guiche had not only forgotten her, but was devoted to another lady; while he wrote to De Guiche tales of Madame's coquetries with the Prince de Marillac, the eldest son of the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, who had indeed excited the jealousy of Monsieur by his extravagant admiration of Madame. De Guiche, being hurt and offended by these tales, wrote of Madame bitterly in reply to Vardes, who showed his letters to Madame, without having informed her of his own sinister reports, which had elicited these bursts of spleen. She was, of course, deeply offended, and a complete estrangement followed. Vardes next attempted to alienate the favour of the King from Madame, and to a certain degree succeeded. His perfidy was, however, made known to Henrietta by the Countess de Soissons,³ one of the Mancini sisters, who was desperately in love with him, and out of jealous ill-will to him revealed all his evil doings, and completely unmasked his conduct to her royal lady.

Henrietta told the King, but Louis had been so earwigged by Vardes, that, to her infinite displeasure, he paid but little attention to her revelation. In the meantime the Count de Guiche returned from Poland, whither he had been sent from Lorraine, having greatly distinguished himself. He had a private interview with the King, to whom he related all his really innocent correspondence with Madame, and received a full pardon. Even Monsieur condescended to associate with him; but Madame, who was in ill-health, did not appear,⁴ and refused to accept letters from him. He was so simple as to employ

¹ Lambeth MS.² Madame de la Fayette.³ Ibid.⁴ Ibid.

the treacherous Vardes, who boasted of enjoying Madame's full confidence, to deliver a letter from him. This she positively refused to receive. Vardes had previously shown the letter to the King, and assured his majesty that she would receive it, as she was only deceiving him and her consort, when she pretended to have broken with De Guiche. Finding her inexorable, Vardes was compelled to leave her, and the King presently after entered.¹ She immediately told her royal brother-in-law of the object of Vardes interview, and so fully enlightened Louis as to his proceedings that he vowed to punish him severely for his next offence against her. Soon after, the Chevalier de Lorraine, the illegitimate brother of the Duke de Lorraine, and a great favourite of Monsieur, spoke to Vardes of his love to one of the ladies of Madame's household. Vardes, who was full of ill-will against Madame, told him "he was foolish to think of the maid, when he might aspire to the mistress."² This insolent innuendo, being reported to Henrietta, filled her with indignation, and she instantly complained to the King, and requested him to banish Vardes from France. Louis only sent him to the Bastile; till finding he was visited by many friends, to whom he continued to traduce Madame, he sent him to his government at Aigues Mortes, and expressly prohibited him from ever returning to court again.

Madame and Monsieur went to a masked ball, in a hired coach, in simple dominoes, while the members of their suite went in their state coaches, magnificently dressed. At the foot of the stairs they encountered a group of masks, whom Monsieur, enjoying the fun of his incognito, proposed Henrietta and himself joining. He took one of the ladies by the hand, and Henrietta allowed one of the gentlemen to take hers, but scarcely refrained from an exclamation of surprise on discovering, by an injury that had maimed his right hand, that it was the Count de Guiche, who, at the same moment, recognised her, by the perfume of her head-dress. Silently leading her up the stairs, De Guiche, when he saw Monsieur at a convenient distance, and fully engaged with his unknown party, entered into a full explanation, which was reciprocated by one from Madame, in which the falsehoods of Vardes were made manifest to each. They then parted, for Madame had caught somewhat uneasy glances of her husband, and was soon after descending the stairs, when her foot slipped, and she would have fallen down several of the stairs, but the Count de Guiche, who had lingered, started forward and saved her by catching her in his arms.

In the early part of the new year, the King induced his fair sister-in-law to arrange a ballet, to be called the birth of Venus, which was to be performed at the Palais Royal, and herself was to enact the part of Venus. The scenery was to be splendid. Monsieur was to

¹ Madame de la Fayette.

² Ibid.

take the character of the day-star. Four of the hours were to warn the goddess of beauty that she must ascend and take her place among the celestial dignitaries. The opening scene displayed a fair expanse of sea, in which Tritons were sporting, and these announced the birth of Venus, who appeared seated on a lovely throne of mother of pearl surrounded by twelve of her ladies, representing Nereids. Then the day-star Monsieur, and his attendant hours, summoned her to the celestial regions, and she majestically ascended, to the sound of enchanting music. In the second scene Venus received the homage of the marine gods, the philosophers, poets, and classic heroes of antiquity. At the finale, Henrietta and the King appeared in the characters of Alexander and Roxana, and danced, while flattering verses were recited and sung in their praise.¹ This ballet was repeated with great applause, till Henrietta grew weary of performing the same heartless foolery, and finally deputed the character of the Queen of Beauty to one of her ladies. The year of 1665, which commenced so gaily, ended with severe suffering and deadly sickness to the royal mother of the King and Henrietta's husband. Anne of Austria was dying of a painful cancer, which for some little time recalled the votaries of pleasure to attendance in her sick chamber. But, after a time, they all took the dying Queen's leave to attend the festivals of the new year, and deserted the post of duty for ball-rooms, concerts, and comedies. The royal invalid was conveyed to Paris, and for a few days appeared better, but her painful symptoms returned, and after a tender farewell to them all, she expired January 18th, 1666, leaving the bulk of her property to the little daughter of Monsieur and Henrietta, Maria Louisa, afterwards the consort of the King of Spain.²

Monsieur was much afflicted by the death of his royal mother, whom he loved better than anything in the world. Madame, also, mourned her death, she having always treated her with great tenderness, and was a true friend to her. Madame paid the last mark of respect in her power to her royal mother-in-law, by walking as chief mourner at her funeral, at St. Denis, wearing a train of seven ells in length, which was supported by the Count de Alban, her chief gentleman in waiting. Henrietta was led by her husband, Monsieur, and performed her part in the mournful pageant with her accustomed grace and good feeling.

¹ *Gazette de Paris*.

² Madame de Motteville.

CHAPTER IV.

THE year 1666 had opened sadly with the death of Henrietta's mother-in-law and kind friend, Anne of Austria; but it was destined to bring deeper sorrow to her in its close. Her only son, the Duke of Valois, was stricken with illness, which at first was attributed to teething, and not much regarded. It did not prevent the mother from attending her usual round of balls, fêtes, and comedies. She acted her part as one of the Muses on the 2nd of December in a court ballet at St. Germain; but hearing that her boy had taken a severe cold immediately afterwards, and was in a high fever, attended with convulsions and delirium, she remembered that the ceremony of his baptism had not yet been solemnised, and in a great fright ordered the Bishop of Valence to perform that important ceremonial without delay. The sick infant received the names of Philip Charles, after his father and his uncle, Charles II. of England. He expired on the 8th of December, two days after he had been admitted into the Christian Church. The grief of his mother was frantic, but of course unavailing. The want of sympathy between her and her consort embittered her anguish. Monsieur felt deeply the death of his lovely and hopeful boy, but it was a selfish affliction on his part. Instead of weeping with his wife, and endeavouring to soothe her sorrow, he declaimed on his own sore misfortune, in being thus bereaved of his only son, and bitterly insinuated that this misfortune might have been avoided by maternal care and watchfulness on her part.

The little Prince was at the attractive age of two years and four months. He was passionately regretted by the people, for the weakly constitution of the Dauphin rendered him very unlikely to fill the throne of St Louis. The infant Duke of Valois was laid in state, and visited by many of the nobility, and all degrees of national mourners. The King came to perform the rite of asperging the bier, and then paid a visit of condolence to Monsieur and Madame, and inquired their wishes as to the manner of the interment. They both decided on the remains of the little Prince being privately consigned to the royal vault at St. Denis.¹

The governess of the royal infant, and the Bishop of Valence, at the head of a long train of coaches, conveyed the body to St. Denis, and delivered it to the monks, by whom it was received with due respect, and all befitting honours paid.²

¹ *Gazette de France.*

² Ceremony of the interment of the Duke de Valois. *Gazette de France.*

The bereaved parents received the condolences of all the foreign ambassadors and the great nobles of their own court. They soon forgot their grief, and within a month after the funeral of their passionately regretted son, they gave a masked ball at the Palais Royal, and for many weeks plunged into the brilliant dissipation practised then annually at the Carnival.

This giddy round of pleasure affected the health of Henrietta, which was always delicate, and was followed by an abortion, which endangered her life, and produced such fearful exhaustion, that for a quarter of an hour every one thought her dying or dead, as her consort informs Charles II., with a great appearance of concern; and attributes an attack of fever, he had himself suffered, to his anxiety on account of the state to which he saw his wife reduced.

Henrietta was confined at St. Cloud, during several months, by deplorable weakness, but had the comfort of the society of the Queen her mother, who remained with her. Her husband paid her occasional visits, till summoned to attend his royal brother into Flanders, where, to his great delight, he was given a military command, and acquitted himself so well as to acquire great fame. He rejoined Henrietta, at Villers Coterets, in October. There Henrietta's health failing again, he wrote on the 28th to Charles II., and, speaking of her indisposition says,—

“Madame begs me to excuse her to you that she does not write, but for six days she has had headaches so severe that she has had her shutters always closed and has been bled in the foot, and tried many other remedies, but they have not relieved her at all.”¹

She was, however, so well recovered in a few days as to join the six days' hunt at Versailles, in commemoration of the feast of St. Michael, on which occasion the Queen and she appeared in the costume of Amazons, at the head of the ladies of their respective households, and appeared to suffer no inconvenience from their long continued equestrian exercise.²

In the following spring, James Duke of Monmouth, the natural son of Charles II., visited Paris, and was warmly recommended by his royal father to the notice of Henrietta. She treated him with affectionate familiarity, both in public and private, superintended the orders for his dresses, and introduced him to the French court, where a splendid fête was got up out of compliment to him.³ Notwithstanding the alleged near relationship between Henrietta and the reputed son of her beloved brother, her consort was jealous and sullen at the attention paid by her to the young Monmouth, and conducted himself very unpleasantly to her on that account.

¹ State Paper MS.

² *Mémoires de Montpensier.*

³ Charles II. to his sister. Dalrymple.

Henrietta had soon a sorer grief to sustain in the sudden and unexpected death of her tenderly-beloved mother, Queen Henrietta Maria, who had been her greatest comfort in all her matrimonial infelicity. Madame had been too ill in the summer of 1669 to pay her usual visits to her mother at Colombes, having often been compelled to keep her bed for days together. She was near her confinement again, and had been forbidden by her medical attendants to use the slightest exertion, having suffered so severely from her last premature confinement. The Queen, her mother, therefore visited her at St. Cloud, where Madame gave birth, on the 31st of August, to a second daughter.

Monsieur, who had hoped for another son, to replace the deeply-regretted loss of the Duke of Valois, thus alludes to his disappointment in a letter to one of his female friends, the Marchioness de Sablé. "Were it possible, Madame," he says, "for you to have so ill an opinion of me as to think that I could have forgotten you, it would only need this sorrow more to increase my other griefs; and without flattery, I should be more sorry to lose your friendship than I have been at having only a girl, when I had hoped to have had sons, and have none."¹

But now a deeper grief was to come upon his consort and him. He had always loved his royal aunt, the widowed Queen of England, better than anything in the world but his lost mother. He hastened to Colombes at the first news of her death, hoping to find her still living, and to perform her last wishes; but when he arrived she had been dead some hours, and was lying calm and motionless, as if asleep. After being certified that she would wake no more, he returned to St. Cloud, to break the melancholy tidings to her daughter. The distress of Henrietta, who was not yet out of her lying-in chamber, was intense. The King and Queen of France came instantly to soothe and offer all the consolation Henrietta was capable of receiving in her affliction; but in four days she was left to struggle, in comparative solitude, with her unutterable grief, for her consort accompanied the court in a progress to Chamborde, which occupied more than a month, during which the mortal remains of the Queen, her mother, were entombed among her royal ancestors at St Denis.

This solemnity took place September 12th, 1669. Mademoiselle de Montpensier walked as chief mourner, supported by the Duchesse de Guise. The Princess Henrietta was not able to attend, for she had not been confined quite a fortnight. But a much grander ceremonial took place at the conventual church of Chaillot, forty days after the death of her royal mother, out of tender sympathy for the feelings of the much-afflicted daughter of the august foundress of that convent.²

Both Madame and Monsieur were present on this occasion. The

¹ Green's *Lives of the Princesses*, vol. vi. p. 516.

² Recital of the Abbess of Chaillot,

church was hung with black, and in the centre of the choir was a platform ascended by four steps, on which rested a bier, covered with black velvet, having the armorial bearings of the late Queen, Henrietta Maria, daughter of France and Queen of England, worked in gold at the four corners. A wax effigy, exactly resembling her, reposed thereon, under a stately black canopy.

Monsieur and Madame, having taken their places, the late Queen's almoner, Montague, commenced the service, and the eloquent Bossuet delivered a most pathetic historical sermon on the life and vicissitudes of the deceased Queen; but in the midst of his grand funeral oration, after describing the perils which environed her at the birth of her youngest daughter, at Exeter, he electrified the congregation, by diverging from the late Queen, and addressing the following impassioned sentences to the Princess, her daughter, in allusion to the perils of her unconscious infancy.

"Princess! whose destiny is so great and glorious, were you then on the eve of being rendered a captive to the enemies of your royal house? O Eternal, watch over her! Holy angels, rank around her cradle your invisible squadrons, for she is destined to our valiant Philip,¹ of all the princes of France most worthy of her as she is most worthy of him. Gentlemen of France, God did in truth protect her. Lady Morton, two years afterwards, withdrew this precious infant from the hands of the rebels. Unconscious of her captivity, but feeling her high birth too powerfully to conceal it, the royal child refused to own any name or rank but her own, and persisted that she was no other than the Princess. At last she was brought to the arms of her mother, to console her for all her sorrows, and finally to contribute to the happiness of a great Prince."

Little could the eloquent preacher have been aware how small was the share of felicity secured to either Henrietta or her consort by this union. They were probably drawn more together by their mutual grief for the loss of her whom Bossuet commemorated, and his touching allusions to the events of the early youth of the lovely weeping Henrietta.

Tenderness for each other was for a brief season revived on this solemn occasion, but the revival was evanescent. Monsieur could not forgive the mental superiority of his wife, and the charm her winning manners exercised over the mind of his royal brother.

The loss of Queen Henrietta Maria was severely felt both by her daughter and Monsieur. There was, now, no one to mediate and persuade them into practising their duties to each other, especially the duties of self-control and forbearance from angry words and jealous reproaches. There was one thing in which they acted with generous unanimity of purpose. Monsieur placed Montague, the almoner of his

¹ Bossuet's *Oraison Funèbre*.

deceased aunt, at the head of his ecclesiastical establishment, and Madame received her mother's aged friend, the Père Cyprian Gamache, into her household, as her almoner; but he did not long survive to enjoy the bounty of his young royal patroness, or to weep over her untimely death.

Henrietta gradually recovered her health, and appeared once more in the gay world. The following glowing portrait of her was given by Philip, the second Earl of Chesterfield, in a letter to his friend the Countess of Derby, in the last year of Henrietta's life:—

“The Princess, whom all the world so much admires, at the first blush, appears to be of the greatest quality, and has something in her looks, besides her beauty, so new and unusual, that it surprises the beholders. Her stature (stature) is rather tall than otherwise. Her shape is delicate, her motions graceful. Her eyes are sparkling and yet compassionate, and do not only penetrate the thoughts of others, but often also express her own; teaching, as it were, a language yet unknown to any but the blest above. Her lips do always blush, for kissing the finest teeth that ever yet were seen; and her complexion is unparallded. Her bosom moving little worlds of pleasure, and so sweet an innocence shines in her composition, that one would think she had never heard the name of sin. Yet the freedom (ease) of her carriage, and the pleasantness of her discourse, would charm an anchorite; and yet there is something of majesty, so mixed with the rest, that it stifles the birth of any unruly thought, and creates love mingled with fear, like that inspired by deity. Her wit is most extolled by all that hear her, for she has not only a peculiar talent in finding apt similitudes, and in the quickness of her repartees, but in the plainest subjects of discourse she finds something new, which pleases all her auditors. But now as to her mind (temper). Though always generous, it is so changeable, and seems incapable of any lasting friendship, for she is never long satisfied with herself, or with those who endeavour to please her.”¹

Henrietta was often importuned to use her influence with her royal brother-in-law, Louis XIV., for persons in disgrace, and banished from the court of France, that they might have permission to return to that “fool's paradise.” The governess of her daughter, Madame St. Chaumont, sister to the Chevalier de Gramont, the reputed author of the famous ‘Memoires de Gramont,’ made daily intercession to her Princess, to obtain the recall of the Chevalier to the French court, whence he had been banished for exceeding the latitude allowed in gambling, duelling, and other profligacies. He had retreated to the court of Charles II. After five or six years spent there he fell honourably in love with the fair Elizabeth Hamilton, one of the reigning beauties of that court; but she positively refused to marry him, until he

¹ *Memoirs and Letters of Philip Stanhope, second Earl of Chesterfield*, p. 158.

should be received in Paris, with the distinction due to his early valour in the wars under the great Condé.

The ceaseless exertions of his sister, and the intercessions of Madame with the King, caused some hope that their representations had not been in vain. Madame St. Chaumont, indeed, urged him to cross the sea and plead his own cause with the King. The fair Hamilton, whom he consulted in the matter, urged him to lose no time in complying with the advice of his loving sister. His reception, on his arrival at the Hôtel de Gramont, was anything but cheering. His elder brother, the Mareschal de Gramont, appeared alarmed at the sight of him. The Chevalier produced his sister's letter urging his return, and dwelt on the good influence of her mistress, Madame.

"Do you wish to know the real state of the case?" said the Mareschal, in reply. "It is true that our King told Madame that you had declined some preferment offered to you by King Charles, and declared himself pleased with your conduct on that occasion. Madame interpreted this into permission for your return. And our sister, being very far from possessing the wisdom for which she gives herself credit, writes to you as if she had obtained leave for your recall. Listen to the truth. Madame spoke to me yesterday, when the King was at dinner, in congratulation, saying you would soon be here. While his majesty, on the contrary, when dinner was over, commanded me, if you arrived at home, to send you away directly. Here you are! Set off back again immediately."

Some months afterwards, better success attended the intercessions of the loving sister with her kind mistress. Henrietta at last persuaded her royal brother-in-law to legalise the return of the Chevalier, who had married Miss Hamilton in England, and settled down into the semblance of better behaviour. Charles II. writes thus to his sister when they came to bid him farewell:—

"I writ to you yesterday, by the Count de Gramont, but I believe this letter will come sooner to your hands, for he goes by way of Dieppe, with his wife and family. And now I have named her, I cannot choose but again desire you to be kind to her, for besides the merit her family has on both sides, she is as good a creature as ever lived. She will pass for a handsome woman in France, though she has not yet recovered her good shape, lately lost, and I am afraid never will."¹

Henrietta was much troubled, in her own house, by the impertinent conduct of her consort's great favourite, the Chevalier de Lorraine, the illegitimate brother of the Duc de Lorraine. He was very handsome and dissipated, and assumed an authority in the family very displeasing to Madame, and all her complaints were treated with dis-

¹ Dalrymple, vol. ii. p. 26.

regard by Monsieur. Madame de St. Chaumont, seeing how sorely mortified Henrietta was, mentioned her annoyance privately to the King. Louis immediately spoke to his brother on the subject, and reproved him for permitting his minion to render his consort uneasy. Monsieur, much offended at his royal brother's interference, took Henrietta to Villers Coterets, where she was reluctantly compelled to pass some time in the society of her sullen husband and his unpleasant favourite, the Chevalier de Lorraine. The only consolation she enjoyed was the friendship of Madame la Fayette, who had, some time previously, commenced, at her request, the biography of Henrietta of England, under her own eye, and to which Henrietta had at various times contributed occasional passages with her own hand. Of this life, which was left in a fragmentary state at Henrietta's death, we, like all her previous biographers, have availed ourselves largely.

Unfortunately for her, the Bishop of Valence, Monsieur's almoner, who was her firm friend and wise counsellor, had offended the King, in his manner of preferring a request from Monsieur, that his royal brother would give him the government of Languedoc, vacated by the death of the Prince de Conti. The King told him that the Princes of the blood, in France, were never happy but at court, and begged to remind Monsieur that they had agreed he should never have any government. He sent a letter to Monsieur, refusing his request, but so kindly worded that, captious as he was, he could not take offence.

The bishop next advised Monsieur to request admission to the royal councils. The King returned a direct negative. Monsieur, highly offended, vented his displeasure on the bishop, who had been the unsuccessful medium through whom both his requests had been preferred. He behaved with such unpredecended surliness, that the bishop, finding his duties were rendered unpleasant to him, expressed to Madame his wish to resign his post. She entreated him to look over Monsieur's ill-manners, and remain, for her sake.

Monsieur, finding himself tolerated, redoubled his insolence to the bishop, till at last the unfortunate almoner took the first moment of privacy with Henrietta to say, "For Heaven's sake, Madame, let me go out honestly by the door, to save Monsieur the trouble of throwing me out of the window."

She reluctantly consented, and the poor bishop tendered his resignation to Monsieur, who accepted it with the ungracious observation, "that he had done well to leave voluntarily, as he had thus saved himself from a compulsory dismissal." Soon after Monsieur ordered the bishop to retire to his diocese, and on his refusal, he threatened to procure a sentence of exile from the King. "Monsieur will find that a much easier matter than to obtain a government," was the rash retort of the persecuted bishop, now quite out of all patience with the

unkind manner of his treatment. This *bon mot* being repeated to the King, so offended his majesty, who construed it into a breach of confidence, in regard to the private matter on which he had been employed to communicate between the royal brothers, that he was banished from Paris.

Henrietta, who valued his advice, and was accustomed to consult him on all affairs of difficulty, vainly strove to obtain his pardon from the offended sovereign. Louis was inexorable. She then employed Madame de St. Chaumont to enter into a private correspondence with the exiled bishop, instructing her to ask how an interview between him and Madame could be accomplished. He, in reply, stated the impossibility of quitting his exile unrecalled. Henrietta entreated him not to deny his aid to her in her difficulties. Thus urged by a Princess to whom he owed so many obligations, the bishop asked and obtained permission from the King to proceed on family business to Limousin. When there he put off his episcopal dress, and travelled, with great speed, in the habiliments of a private gentleman, to Paris, where he was to meet Madame for a long consultation; but the haste with which he travelled, and the agitation he experienced at breaking his parole to the King, and the danger he felt he was incurring, threw him into a fever, that retarded him on his journey; so that he was long before he reached Paris, where he took up his quarters in a shabby house in Rue St. Denis. He immediately despatched his nephew and travelling companion to inform Madame, through Madame de St. Chaumont, what he had done and where he was. Some discrepancy in his disguise, and his mysterious proceedings, excited the suspicions of his host, and he was denounced to the police as a notorious forger and coiner, for whose apprehension a large reward had been offered. The poor bishop was terrified one morning by a visit from the police, and the declaration that they came to arrest and convey him to prison, as the notorious forger and coiner, of whom they had been long in quest. The hapless bishop tried to clear himself from this charge by displaying six thousand good pistoles, which he had in his valise. The police were inexorable, and told him their warrant for his arrest was positive. He requested a private interview with the chief, M. de Grais, to whom he declared his name and rank. Drawing then out his crozier from under his bolster, he pathetically entreated De Grais to spare his honour by not betraying him, and his life by not removing him to a prison, in his wretched state of health. De Grais promised to wait till he could receive instructions from court. The bishop employed the interval in destroying all the papers in his possession that could in any way implicate Henrietta, and sent a trusty messenger to inform her what he had done, so that she was safe whatever might be his fate.

The King refused to believe that the supposed coiner was the Bishop of Valence in disguise, saying it was impossible, for the bishop was at Limousin.¹

The following droll account of the manner in which Monsieur communicated the intelligence of the arrest of his *ci-devant* almoner to Henrietta, is thus related by Vernon, an English official, then residing in Paris, in one of his despatches:—

“They say that Monsieur, in dressing himself before he went to St. Germain, broke the business to Madame, and said, ‘Madame, do you not know that Monsieur, the Bishop of Valence is in Paris?’ She answered ‘that she thought he would not be so indiscreet as to come contrary to the King’s order.’ So Monsieur combed his head, and a little while after said, ‘Yes, Madame, it is true; he is in Paris, and he is again in prison.’ Whereupon she said, ‘she hoped they would consider his character, and use him with respect.’”²

Henrietta sent Madame de St. Chaumont to the King, to plead for the unfortunate bishop, but Louis was not disposed to submit to a direct act of disobedience to his authority; and, unfortunately, among the bishop’s papers was found a note from Madame de St. Chaumont, proving her knowledge of the bishop’s visit to Paris. The King sternly advised her to resign her post in Madame’s household, if she wished to avoid a dismissal. Relying on Henrietta’s influence with her royal brother-in-law, Madame de St. Chaumont hesitated, but Mareschal Turenne was presently sent to Henrietta by the King, with a formal mandate from his majesty, requiring her to dismiss Madame de St. Chaumont without delay. Henrietta felt that she was compelled to obey, which she did, with a passionate burst of sorrow; for she knew that Madame de St. Chaumont was punished for her fault. And she was much attached to her, for she had been the governess of her children, and her faithful friend and companion for nearly eight years. She desired to place Madame de la Fayette in her room, but the King compelled her to accept the Mareschal Clarendault, a stern fanatic, personally disagreeable to her, and much disliked by the young Mademoiselle, her daughter, who, though not quite eight years of age, was quite old enough to have likes and dislikes of her own.

At this very time, Henrietta was engaged in an important political scheme by Louis, to act as a secret agent between him and her brother, King Charles II., in their negotiations for dissolving the peace with Holland, and dismembering that country, which, under the sway of the pensionary De Witt, and his republican coadjutors, was becoming far too powerful for England, having crushed the young Prince of Orange, and almost blotted out his pretensions to the military sovereignty he claimed in right of his father, William II. Louis XIV. was prepared

¹ Choisy’s *Mémoires*.

² Green’s *Lives of the Princesses*, vol. vi.

to claim the Spanish Netherlands in right of his consort, the Infanta Maria Theresa of Spain, if the sturdy independence of De Witt could be destroyed. Meantime King Charles almost frustrated the views of his ally, Louis, by entering into a treaty with Holland and Sweden, well known in the history of that period as the Triple Alliance, which, if Charles had faithfully observed and kept, would have defeated Louis' designs on the Spanish Netherlands. It seems, by the following letter to his sister, he had entered into it in consequence of a temporary pique with Louis. He says:—

“I believe you will be a little surprised at the treaty I have concluded with the States. The effect of it is, to bring Spain to consent to the peace, on the terms the King of France hath avowed he will be content with, so I have done nothing to prejudice France, in this agreement, and they cannot wonder that I provide myself against any mischief this war may produce; and finding my proposition to France receive so cold an answer, which in effect was as good as a refusal, I thought I had no other way, but this, to secure myself. If I find by the letters that my Lord St. Albans is come away, I do intend to send somebody else into France, to incline the King to accept of this peace.”¹

Instead of listening to Charles's proposal of his joining in the Triple Alliance, Louis did his utmost to break it. He offered Charles a share in the spoils of Holland, a yearly subsidy of eight hundred thousand pounds, to pay any expenses his change of policy might cause; and in case Charles could be induced to declare himself a Roman Catholic, to assist him against any rebellion of his subjects.

It was expedient for the most profound secrecy to be observed in the negotiations for the private treaty between Charles and Louis, and both agreed to choose Henrietta as the principal instrument of their correspondence; and made her promise to conceal everything from her weak and mischievous consort, whom they knew was not to be trusted in anything of the slightest importance; for he was surrounded by spies and traitors, to whom he revealed every matter that was confided to him, and they sold all the intelligence they thus obtained to Spain or Holland.

Monsieur, perceiving a secret was withheld from him, was very angry, and tormented his luckless consort, day and night, to disclose the purport of the frequent long and mysterious conferences that were carried on between her and the King his brother, but nothing could induce her to tell him. Political matters alone, she assured him, engaged the attention of the King and herself.

“He had a right to be informed of their precise object,” he said, “whatever they were.” “That,” she replied, “was impossible, sur-

¹ Dalrymple's Appendix.

rounded as he was by traitors and spies, who sold all the information he could obtain of his royal brother's affairs to the enemies of France.'

He, however, discovered that it was intended for his consort to go to England, for the purpose of meeting her royal brother Charles II. He hinted to Louis that he was well acquainted with the nature of the business which had been so carefully concealed from him. Louis sent for Henrietta, and reproached her with having divulged this important state secret. She assured the King, "that she had kept it from every one, and most rigidly from Monsieur, as she well knew he was not to be trusted with any matter of importance." There was only one person, besides the Kings of France and England, who had by King Louis XIV. been entrusted with the knowledge of the matter, and that was the Mareschal Turenne. The King sent for him, and asked him if he had revealed the projected treaty against Holland, and Madame's journey into England, in these brief words:—

"Have you told any one of the proposed expedition against Holland, and of Madame's journey?"

"How, sire," stammered the Mareschal. "Does any one know your majesty's secret?"

"That is not the point," said the King, sternly. "Have you not mentioned it?"

"I have not said anything about Holland," replied Turenne, "but I will confess all to your majesty. I was afraid that Madame Coatquen, who wished to travel with the court, might not be of the party. I did but hint to her, that Madame would go to England to see the King her brother. I only said that, in order that she might take her measures early; and I ask your majesty's pardon," he pitifully added. The King, beginning to laugh, said, "Then you love Madame de Coatquen, Monsieur?"

"Not exactly," replied the old Mareschal, blushing, "but I have a great friendship for her." "Well, well," said the King, "what is done is done, but tell her no more secrets; for, if you love her, I am sorry to inform you that she loves the Chevalier de Lorraine, to whom she repeats everything, and he tells everything to my brother."¹

The Chevalier de Lorraine did everything in his power to aggravate the civil temper of Monsieur against his hapless consort. The King sympathised with her, and promised that the mischief-making Chevalier should be banished on the first tangible cause of offence he gave. It was not long before the Chevalier coveted two abbeys in Monsieur's appanage, who asked the King to confirm his grant of them to the Chevalier de Lorraine. The King drily refused, giving no reason but his will, that he did not choose the Chevalier de Lorraine to have that property which belonged to the church. Monsieur, in a rage,

¹ *Mémoires de Choisy*. Green's *Lives of the Princesses*, vol. vi. p. 529.

made use of language highly unbecoming and offensive to the King, on which Louis ordered his guard to arrest the Chevalier when he was closeted with Monsieur, and send him prisoner to Pierre Encise, at Lyons.

Monsieur hastened to court, and throwing himself at the feet of the King his brother, bathed in tears, pleaded for a revocation of the imprisonment of his favourite, but pleaded in vain. He then protested he would leave the court, and never return till the Chevalier de Lorraine was recalled. The King was inexorable, and Monsieur retired to vent some of his anger on Henrietta, ordering her to leave Paris with him, for Villers Coterets, without delay. Mademoiselle de Montpensier gives the following account of his demeanour the evening before their departure.

"I went to the Palais Royal," writes she, "where I found Monsieur very much out of temper. He complained of his misfortunes, and said he had always lived with the King, his brother, so as not to deserve the treatment he had just received; that he should go away to Villers Coterets, for he could not stay at court. Madame showed sympathy with Monsieur's sorrow. She said to me, 'I have no reason to love the Chevalier de Lorraine, because we did not agree well together; yet I pity him, and I am heartily sorry for Monsieur's vexation.' She made this speech with the air of a person interested in everything that could grieve him, yet in her secret heart she was very glad of it, for she was in complete union with the King, and no one doubts that she had a share in the Chevalier de Lorraine's disgrace."¹

Thus we see Mademoiselle de Montpensier gave Henrietta no credit for her gentle sympathising conduct to Monsieur, on whom also it made no favourable impression. He carried her off the next morning to Villers Coterets, where he gave vent to his anger in the following letter to his brother's faithful minister, Colbert:—

*"From Villers Coterets,
"2nd of Feb., 1670.*

* MONSIEUR COLBERT,

"Since, for some time past, I have thought you one of my friends, and you are the only person, amongst those who have the honour of approaching his majesty, who have given me marks of friendship, in the fearful calamity which has just befallen me, I trust you will not be displeased at my requesting you to say to the King, that I am come here in an extremity of grief, and finding myself obliged to leave him or to live at court with shame; that I entreat him to consider what the world would say, if I were seen cheerful and tranquil, amidst the pleasures of St. Germain's and the Carnival, whilst an innocent Prince, the best friend I had in the world, and attached to me, lingers for my sake in a miserable prison, banished to a distance

¹ *Mémoires de Mademoiselle de Montpensier*, vol. vii. p. 280.

from me. Moreover, the manner he was taken was the most marked affront I could receive, having been a long time uncertain whether it was against my own person that evil were designed, my chamber having been long environed on all sides by guards, the door as well as the windows, so that all my servants, in alarm, came and told me they knew not whether it was against me they were come. Besides, the King sent to ask my wife what part she would take. This showed that he wanted to authorise her to fail in her duty towards me—that of going with me. In spite of all these reasons, if I had thought myself useful to the King's service, I should never have left him; but the manner in which he has treated me all his life, thoroughly convinces me of the contrary. I know that in the mood in which I am now, I could only be disagreeable to him, and that it would even give him pain to have constantly before his eyes a brother whom he has driven to the extremity of despair, which would be annoying to him and most shameful to me. If I durst, I would entreat the King to place himself in my position, and to think what he would do under similar circumstances; to give me, himself, such advice as he thinks becoming to me; and to let everybody see that he has given it to a brother who has never, all his life, studied anything but how to please and be agreeable to him, as all my conduct might have given him to understand." Monsieur goes on to say, "that if the Chevalier de Lorraine had been culpable, he should have been the first to banish him, but that he had never thought of anything but how to gain his majesty's esteem and good graces."¹

Colbert, in reply to this letter, proceeded to Villers Coterets, under the idea that a personal conference was all that Monsieur required, to return to his obedience and cordiality to his royal brother; but Monsieur refused to appear at court, unless the Chevalier de Lorraine were recalled. But the King, attributing his brother's unwonted firmness to the instigation of his mischievous favourite, ordered Lorraine to be transferred to the Chateau d'If, and prohibited from either writing or receiving any letters. This order elicited a fresh burst of rage from Monsieur.²

Louis, to console his sister-in-law for the misery of spending a month in the unbroken solitude of her sulky husband's society, sent her a present of jewels, lace, perfume and gloves, and twenty purses, each containing a hundred louis d'ors, with a most obliging message, intimating that as Madame had not been at court this Carnival, and therefore unable to draw at the King's lottery, his majesty had put in several chances for her, and that it was her good fortune which had won these purses.

Henrietta's chief anxiety was how to obtain her husband's consent

¹ Green's *Lives of the Princesses*, vol. vi.

² *Ibid.*

to her journey into England, for though he affected great complaisance towards the English ambassadors, he still remained in so evil and suspicious a temper, that she would not venture to introduce the subject to him. Her brothers, Charles and the Duke of York, had written to Monsieur, telling him that the King and Queen of France, with Madame and their whole court, were about to travel on a state progress into Flanders, and would pass near Dunkirk or Calais, and that as they had an earnest desire to see their beloved sister, they entreated him to permit her to cross over to Dover, and pay a short visit to her English friends. These letters were written and despatched as early as January, and soon after Lord Falconbridge, attended by his secretary, Dodington, was sent over by King Charles to wait on Monsieur, and press him for his consent. They arrived just at the unlucky crisis when Monsieur was suffering great irritation about the arrest of his favourite, the Chevalier de Lorraine. Louis advised the delay of the letters and visit of the envoy till his brother should be in a better temper. Lord Falconbridge kept in the background, but his secretary, Dodington, was sent to Villers Coterets to visit Henrietta.

The following is his official narrative of their interview:—¹

“Madame received me with all imaginable kindness, much beyond what a man of my figure could pretend to, and did me the honour to give me a full hour’s private discourse with her; and perceiving that I was not unacquainted with her affairs, and flattering herself that I had address enough, or at least, inclination to serve her, she was pleased to tell me she had designed to see the King her brother at Dover, as this court passeth by Calais to Flanders; that this King had received the motion with all kindness, and conceived the ways of inducing Monsieur to accomplish it, which was that both her brothers should write to Monsieur, to that effect, which they had done; but the letters coming hither a day or two after the Chevalier de Lorraine’s disgrace, Monsieur fell into so ill a humour with Madame, even to parting of beds, that the King of France commanded the letters not to be delivered to Monsieur, until he was better prepared to receive such a motion. That since his [Monsieur’s] coming to Villers Coterets, he began to come to himself, and she [Madame] thought if the King of France approved of it, the letters might now be delivered; in order to which, her highness gave one of those three letters into my hand, and desired my Lord Ambassador Montague would presently, on my return, despatch away one to St. Germain’s, to get the King’s permission, that my Lord Falconbridge might bring them with him to Villers Coterets, and deliver them to Monsieur.

“The King of France is extraordinary kind to Madame, and hath signified it sufficiently in all this affair of the Chevalier de Lorraine,

¹ French correspondence in the State Paper Office, 21st February, 1670.

whom he disgraced on her account, and on her request also it is that Monsieur is now invited to court, although he seems not to take notice of it. She is even adored by all here, and questionless hath more spirit and conduct than even her mother had, and certainly is capable of the greatest matters.”¹

Sir Ralph Montague, the English ambassador, as suggested by Madame to his secretary Dodington, and approved by Louis XIV., proceeded to Villers Coterets and presented the letters from his sovereign and the Duke of York with all requisite ceremony to Monsieur, who condescended to receive the ambassador of his royal brother-in-law most courteously. Lord Falconbridge followed on the 22nd of February, and was also received graciously by Monsieur. He gives the following description of his confidential interview with Henrietta:—“Madame’s reception was obliging beyond expression. She has something particular in all she says or does, that is very surprising. I found by her, that although Monsieur were at that time in better humour than he of late had been, yet he still lies apart from her. That she wanted not hopes of inducing his consent to her seeing the King, my master, at Dover or Canterbury, this spring, as this court passes into Flanders, nor is this King unwilling to second her desires in that particular; and to say the truth, I find she has a very great influence in this court, where they all adore her, as she deserves, being a Princess of extraordinary address and conduct.

“The next day, after my arrival at Villers Coterets, M. Colbert came hither from this King, on the account of her highness, to invite Monsieur to court; who, although he would not see by whose hand it was wrought, did yet accept of the invitation, and declared he would return this day to St. Germain, as accordingly he did.”²

Monsieur was heartily glad to be released from his month of self-imposed solitude at his country palace at Villers Coterets. He travelled in the same carriage with Henrietta, Colbert, Montague, the English ambassador, and Lord Falconbridge, and proceeded the same night to St. Germain. Madame followed him the next day. Both were affectionately received by the King, who gave them rich presents, and celebrated their return to his court with great rejoicing and sumptuous entertainments. It was, however, observed that Madame looked pale and thin. She was indeed in much weaker health than before she left the court, and had not benefited by her reluctant residence at Villers Coterets.

¹ French correspondence, State Paper Office.

² *Ibid.*, 23rd February, 1670.

CHAPTER V.

AN apparent reconciliation followed the return of Monsieur and Madame to court, though quarrels were frequent between them, and Monsieur occasionally passed days without speaking to his lovely wife, and when he condescended to break his sullen silence, reproached her with grievances long past, and as she had hoped, forgotten. He complained of her to their mutual cousin, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, using language so offensive in regard to her, that Mademoiselle told him "he ought to speak with more respect of her, as his cousin, his consort, and the mother of his children, and formerly the object of his love." On which he declared that he had never loved his wife more than a fortnight after their marriage, and continued to speak in the most spiteful terms against her.¹

Meantime Louis XIV. caused Lionne, one of his ministers, to write to Colbert, telling him to inform the King of Great Britain of his ill success when he endeavoured to obtain Monsieur's consent to Madame's voyage into England; "for Monsieur replied in as contrary a manner as possible, and flying into violent fits of rage, declared that he would not even let Madame take the journey into Flanders. However, Colbert, who came to talk to Monsieur about it yesterday, thought Monsieur was a little softened, by the reasons he, Colbert, gave; and the King did not wholly despair of conquering the obstinacy of his perverse brother." Louis wrote himself to Colbert's brother in England, as follows:—

"I will not tell you what I have done, to instil into my brother's mind the proper disposition, and to conquer the great repugnance he feels for this voyage. It would be too long and not to the purpose, so I come at once to what I have obtained from him. As my sister has at different times spoken to my brother, on the substance of our negotiation, excepting the secret particulars, which, as this letter is going by post, I will not name, of which my brother knows nothing at all, he has made it a point of honour, that if this affair is to be concluded, his wife should not carry off all the honour alone; and he has fancied that by crossing over himself into England, when the thing should be made known to the world, the principal part of the glory would be attributed to him. And on this ground, from which he declares he will not swerve, he has proposed that the Duke of York should cross the sea to pay me a visit, and he then would go with

¹ *Mémoires de Montpensier*, vol. ix.

my sister to Dover, to see the King of England; adding that he shall not go as far as London, nor suffer my sister to go there for any consideration whatever. When I objected to him," continues Louis, "that the King of England would wish, reasonably enough, to converse with his sister as much and as freely as he liked, he assured me that he would not interfere with him as to that, but when they were together, after a few compliments, he would retire of himself, and leave them all the time and opportunity they could desire in their intercourse. All this depends on what I have already said on the passage of the Duke of York, to visit me, either at Dunkirk or Calais, as may be most convenient for him or as we shall agree, without which my brother would not go to Dover, nor would I, indeed, allow him."¹

But now Henrietta put in her cogent objections to the not unreasonable terms on which her consort had consented to her visiting England. She had determined to go without him, and she exerted her eloquence to persuade the King that, even if Monsieur were in the best temper in the world, the treaty, of which he was at present in ignorance, might not please him or his secret advisers, and he might, and in all probability would, render it impracticable. She stated her objections to Charles II., who replied that he could not spare the Duke of York out of his realm at present, therefore the arrangement made by Louis and Monsieur was impracticable; but he sent Lord Godolphin to Paris, to entreat Monsieur not to refuse him the favour of his sister's society for a few days, and as every one knew how anxiously he had requested it, his honour would be involved should it not be granted. He promised withal, that Madame should have precedence of every lady in England, the Queen alone excepted.

Monsieur was still disposed to refuse, but the King his brother sternly told him, "that as the proposed journey of Madame was for the interests of France, he would no longer be trifled with, and should expect no further opposition."

Monsieur then ungraciously consented to his consort's visit to Dover, but limited her stay to three days, and peremptorily forbade her to go to London.²

Henrietta was charmed at having carried her point, and prepared for her progress with the court to the north of France and her voyage to England. The King her brother-in-law presented her with two hundred thousand crowns to enable her to appear suitably to her rank as the second lady in France. She was desirous, previous to her departure, to have her infant daughter, Mademoiselle de Valois, baptized. This solemnity was performed at the Palais Royal on the 8th of April,

¹ Green's *Lives of the Princesses*, vol. vi., from M. Miguel's *Negotiations*, vol. iii. pp. 77, 78.

² *Ibid.*

1670, by the almoner of Monsieur; the Dauphin and Mademoiselle de Montpensier acting as sponsors in the presence of the King, Queen, Prince de Condé, the Due and Duchesse d'Enghien, and others of the chief of the French nobility. The royal party were magnificently entertained at dinner by Monsieur and Madame.¹

All things being now arranged, the royal progress commenced on the 28th of April. The party in the King's coach consisted of the King, Queen, and Dauphin of France, Monsieur, Madame, and Mademoiselle de Montpensier. A splendid train of nobles and ladies were in attendance, with the officers of state belonging to the King's and Monsieur's households, and an ample escort of the King's guards on horseback. All things were favourable but the weather, which alone was adverse, for the rain fell in ceaseless torrents, regardless of the annoyance it caused to royalty, and finally broke up and flooded the roads.

On approaching Landreeies, where they had arranged to sup and sleep, the governor's son rode up in great haste, to apprise their majesties that the Sambre had overflowed its banks, and blown up the bridge with the great rush of its swollen waters, rendering their further progress impracticable. Part of the carriages and attendants of the illustrious travellers having been sent forward, to arrange all things comfortably for their majesties and their party, had crossed the bridge in safety, and arrived at their destination. This rendered the unfortunate party only more comfortless, as they had neither *sacs du nuit*, valises, or attendants, to arrange their couches for the night, in the only shelter procurable in the dark and pouring rain. This was only a large barn, on a farm close by their compulsory halting place, where King, Queen, Dauphin, Monsieur, Madame, and Mademoiselle de Montpensier, with ladies, nobles, officers of state, and male servants, were all crowded together in pitiable confusion. To increase their trouble, they were all fasting and hungry, the long journey and inclement weather having sharpened their appetites.

Soup and a few chickens were at last procured from the farmers and peasants in the neighbourhood. But the soup was insufficient for the numbers waiting to be supplied. The poultry were all alive, and had to be killed and dressed in haste, for the supper of his most Christian majesty, his Queen and company; and when at last placed before them, there were neither knives, forks, nor spoons, so that they had to tear them to pieces as well as they could. Forgetful of the solemn etiquette of royalty, one snatched a wing, another a leg, as they best could manage to clutch any portion of the scanty supply of food.² They had drunk the soup, after it was cool enough, out of

¹ *Gazette de France. Mémoires de Montpensier.*

² *Mademoiselle de Montpensier's Mémoires, vol. ix.*

the woollen bowls and cups in which it was brought to them. The Spanish Infanta Queen was much shocked at the violation of etiquette to which the whole court was reduced on this occasion, but more particularly when informed by the King that they must all sleep in the same room, at any rate the royal party and the ladies; but as this barn had an inner compartment, that was reserved for the *elite* of the party and the ladies, Madame and Mademoiselle de Montpensier were disposed to laugh at the whole adventure; but they lay down with their fellow-travellers on the straw mattresses which had been procured from the peasants for their accommodation. A couch was prepared for the Queen, of the cushions of the royal coach, and the cloaks and shawls that had been provided for wraps on the journey. The whole of the company lay down to rest in their travelling dresses, having no toilets for the night. It was late before the temporary arrangements were completed, and their majesties and the rest of the royal party lay down to sleep. Tired and worn with the journey and its various discomforts, they all slept soundly but La Grande Mademoiselle, who alone was awake when the premier of France, Louvois, came at four o'clock in the morning to inform his majesty that the bridge had been repaired and the road made passable.

They all rose, the painted portion of the court ladies looking woefully faded, and without the means of improvement, as their dressing-cases and Abigails were all at Landrecies. However, such as they were, they proceeded on their way, at the order of his most Christian majesty, and entered the town in a melancholy plight. Henrietta was ill when they set out, and under medical care, reduced to a milk diet, and now appeared wholly dropping into the grave from bodily weakness, exhaustion, and the fatigue and discomforts of this weary journey, its restraints and ceremonials.¹

When they arrived at Douay, a grand reception awaited them, and while the civic authorities of that town were addressing a long complimentary barangue to the Queen of Louis, Henrietta, tired with her long standing, and feeling the approach of faintness, stole to a secluded nook behind the Queen, and ventured to rest her wearied limbs by sitting down. But the egotistical pride of Mademoiselle de Montpensier flew on fire at the idea of the English princess taking the liberty of sitting down while she was standing, so she came in a mighty hurry and flung herself on a seat by her side. The harangue happily soon ceased, but the Queen was shocked at the freedom taken by the second and third Princesses of France in her presence, and made her complaints to the King. Louis XIV. was not the man to endure an injury of the kind; the gentle and delicate invalid was lectured on her fault, and the robust and daring Mademoiselle sharply taken to task, who declared,

¹ *Mémoires de Montpensier*, vol. ix. pp 31-53.

she saw her cousin sitting, and therefore she sat down also, her rights, as the daughter of the King's uncle, being at least equal to those of the daughter of a younger aunt.

"I did not presume," continues La Grande Mademoiselle, "to tell her she ought to stand, but I purposely placed myself close to her Majesty to afford her the opportunity of correcting her mistake, and at the same time letting her know that Madame had no more right to sit down in her presence than I had."

The King, who does not appear to have been in his most courteous mood, expressed himself with great acrimony at Henrietta's dereliction from her duty to his Queen, at which he was seriously offended.

"Monsieur," continues Mademoiselle de Montpensier, "spoke to me about it, and said, 'I was more to blame than Madame, because I knew better than her what was proper to be done.' I told the King what Monsieur had said, and the King observed, 'that he thought me to blame in remaining seated,' on which she repeated her opinion 'that Madame had no more right to be seated than herself.'"

It is scarcely to be wondered, after La Grande Mademoiselle had played this malicious trick, and drawn on the poor drooping Henrietta the reproofs of both the King and Queen, that the delicate invalid was low-spirited the rest of the journey. The only nourishment she swallowed was milk, and when they halted for the night she retired to her apartment and lay down to repose. The King, when his passing ill-humour was over, showed the deepest solicitude for her and treated her with great tenderness. Far different was the conduct of his brother. "When in the coach," records Mademoiselle de Montpensier, "he would say very disagreeable things, even to her face. Among others, when we happened to speak of astrologers, he observed with a grin, 'that it had been predicted that he should have several wives, and from the state Madame was now in, he had reason to put some faith in the prediction.' All this appeared to me as silly as it was hard-hearted, and our silence showed what we thought of him. Remonstrances would have been unavailing, and only have recoiled on poor Madame."¹

It is to Mademoiselle de Montpensier's lively pen we are indebted for the events of this journey in the royal coach, the gorgeous moving mountain of gilding and heavy decorations which had to find accommodation within for eight travellers; the personal grandeur of Louis XIV., his Spanish Queen, with all her stiffness of etiquette; the sickly Daphin, a personage of immense consequence; the monkeyish vivacity and occasional waspish ill-nature of Monsieur, and the uncomplaining sufferings of his declining consort; with the satirical importance of Mademoiselle herself, who was so observant of the frailties of every member of the illustrious group and blind to her own.

¹ *Mémoires de Montpensier.*

The weather improved towards the latter end of the journey, and Monsieur relieved them of his disagreeable society by riding at the head of the regiment of cavalry, with his drawn sword in his hand, acting as their colonel.¹ His absence from the royal coach was an unspeakable relief to his sick consort, as may readily be imagined. On their arrival at Courtray they found messengers from Charles II. awaiting them with letters urging the visit of Madame, for her brother was already at Dover expecting to receive her. Monsieur appeared exceedingly annoyed at this announcement, especially as there was no invitation for him, which, notwithstanding his savage behaviour to Henrietta, he had evidently expected to receive. He declared that he had long repented giving his hard-wrung consent to her voyage, and was now prepared to exert his authority as her husband and forbid her to go. The King sternly interposed his royal command to prevent further opposition from his brother, telling him it was his pleasure and for the good of France that Madame should go, and he would have no more opposition to his will.

Monsieur then sullenly submitted, and accompanied his consort and the rest of the royal party to Lisle, where they all arrived on the 23rd of May. There they were splendidly received, but the delicate state of Henrietta's health prevented her from appearing at all the public manifestations of joy that were shown at the coming of Louis with his family and court to that city. In the quiet seclusion of her own apartment she had a private interview with M. de Pomponne, resident minister of Louis XIV. in Holland, who had come to pay his respects to his royal master; but Louis, being engaged in listening to the congratulatory orations of the officials of Lisle, Pomponne paid his visit to Henrietta, of whom he thus speaks: "I confess I was astonished to find such grasp of mind and capacity for business in a Princess who seemed only born for the graces which are the ornament of her sex. I found that she was informed of the orders I have constantly had not to enter into any solid alliance with the States, but to amuse them with useless negotiations. She knew the King's intentions to resent the part they had taken in the Triple Alliance, and showed great indignation at Sir William Temple for the dislike to France, which he could not hide. However, she assured me that he would not be long in a condition to hurt us. From what the King had said to me in general about the hopes which he had of bringing back the King of England to his interests, and from what was confirmed to me by Madame, it was easy to guess that the voyage of this Princess to London was not confined to the simple pleasure of seeing the King her brother."

"When Madame set out from Lisle, for her embarkation at Dunkirk,"

¹ *Mémoires de Montpensier*

proceeds Mademoiselle de Moutpensier, "every one came to her to bid her adieu, and many can bear witness to the sorrow she felt at the manner in which her husband conducted himself towards her. He attended her, however, to the water's edge. The Earl of Sandwich and his fleet, despatched by King Charles for her transport, had been already a week at Dunkirk waiting for her; the wet weather had delayed the progress of the French court so long.

Henrietta embarked immediately she arrived, with her numerous suite, seven ladies of the bedchamber, the Count and Countess d'Alban, her secretary, medical attendants, chaplains, ushers, and five maids-of-honour, among whom was Mademoiselle de Querouaille, afterwards the mistress of Charles II., whom he subsequently created Duchess of Portsmouth."¹

Henrietta was also attended on her voyage to Dover by Mareschal du Plessis, the Count and Countess de Gramont, the Bishop of Tournay, Abbé Chaumont, Monsieur l'Avocat, and others, who with their attendants swelled the number of her followers to upwards of two hundred persons.²

The morning was fine, and the squadron was seen from the heights of Dover. The King, Prince Rupert, the Duke of Monmouth, and others of the British court, rowed out a mile to meet her. The Duke of York had been compelled to return to London, so his was not among the familiar faces that greeted the longing eyes of Henrietta on her first return to England.

Dover Castle, the most beautiful and attractive of all the marine palaces of England, had been fitted up for the reception of the King, his beloved sister, and their suites. The weather was beautiful, and Henrietta appeared to derive new life from the change, and, most of all, from being relieved from the presence of her jealous and uncourteous husband, whose recent unkindness to her on their last journey still rankled in her mind, and disposed her to make an urgent attempt to escape from his intolerable yoke, but in vain, for Charles would not listen to her entreaties to grant her an asylum in England. "Much as he loved her," he told her, "it could not be. She must, when her mission was accomplished, return to her connubial misery, and endeavour to make the best of her hard lot."

¹ Among other false statements connected with Henrietta's visit to England, in 1670, it has been confidently asserted by shallow or calumnious writers that she brought over this woman to be Charles's mistress, and left her there for that purpose. But the simple fact was, that although Mademoiselle de Querouaille attended Henrietta to England as her maid-of-honour, and attracted much admiration from the King and others, she returned to France, with Henrietta, and came not back to England till the following

November, five months after the death of that unfortunate Princess, having obtained the post of maid-of-honour to Queen Catherine of Braganza, and then became the mistress of the King, and the mother of the Duke of Richmond. She was a most troublesome and unprincipled intriguer, one of the pests of that reign.

² *Gazette de France*. Lingard's *History of England*. *London Gazette*. *Theat. Europe*.

The absence of the Duke of York, which had been purposely contrived by King Charles to rid himself of his ill-judged zeal for the Church of Rome, whose tenets he had recently embraced, was favourable to the ratification of the secret treaty. Charles, who was then of no religion whatever, had repented of the article which engaged him to avow himself of that creed, and do his utmost to induce his subjects to imitate his example, had resolved to withdraw his consent from that absurd and impolitic clause which would be sure, if attempted, to plunge his realm into a bloody civil war. Louis, who had engaged to assist him in case of resistance from his subjects, perceiving that he should risk involving himself in an expensive and long protracted course of hostility with the people of England if he insisted on Charles fulfilling this article of the treaty, determined to place the conquest of Holland in the foreground. The main object of Henrietta's mission was to insist on that point. She presently perceived that Charles was inclined to back out of that portion of the treaty which affected his changing his religion.

He pleaded the aversion of his people to popery, and told her he had many misgivings on that subject himself, so that she was convinced of his determination to remain, as he had sworn at his coronation to be, a defender of the Protestant faith. It was on this account that he had secured the absence of his more honest brother James, who, inspired with all the zeal of a young and fiery convert, would have endeavoured to commit the King to the declaration of his affection for the unpopular creed of the Church of Rome.

The treaty was, however, signed and sent off to Paris for Louis's full assent, on 1st of June, before the return of the Duke of York, and Charles released from that most impolitic article engaging him to avow himself a member of the Church of Rome.

It has been erroneously asserted by several shallow historians that the Prince of Orange, William III., was at Dover with his uncle King Charles II., and his aunt Henrietta, Duchess d'Orleans, but though invited he did not come. He was probably aware of the nature of the secret treaty, which was for the dismemberment of Holland, then under the authority of the pensionary De Witt, who had contrived to exclude William from all power and authority in the States, and the offices exercised by the Prince, his father. But William bided his time, and was unwilling to become a party to this attack on the republic, or to accept the offer that provision should be made for him out of the spoils of his country, guaranteed by Louis at the request of King Charles of Great Britain, his uncle.

When the Duke of York returned to Dover, he found that the treaty had been finally concluded between King Charles and Louis, through the diplomatic talents of their sister, Madame of France. James

disapproved of the treaty, but it was of no use complaining, so he joined the merry party to Canterbury, which was arranged for her recreation; the Duke's company of players having prepared a splendid ballet and a comedy, which was there performed, and brilliantly attended by the court, his majesty, and Henrietta and her suite. A rich collation followed.

Queen Catharine and the Duchess of York arrived at Dover towards the close of Henrietta's visit, and the affectionate regard with which they treated her increased her desire to stay in England, but Charles would not permit her permanent stay. She had already exceeded Monsieur's leave of absence, and he was exigent for her return. Time passed but too swiftly. She was treated with adoring fondness by the English court, and vainly sighed to remain in her native land.

Charles presented her with a generous present towards the expenses of her homeward journey, and told her he wished her to leave him one of her jewels as a token of affection. She promised compliance with his wish, and told her pretty maid-of-honour, Mademoiselle de Querouaille, to bring down her jewel-casket, that he might make his choice from whatever she had. Charles detained the fair *suivante* by taking her hand, telling his sister "that was the jewel he coveted,"¹ and begged her to leave Mademoiselle de Querouaille behind on her return to France. Henrietta told him "that she had received the maiden from her parents, who were of a good, almost noble, family in Brittany; that she considered herself bound to protect her from all dishonour, and would take her back to France with her." Resisting all the remonstrances and entreaties of the enamoured monarch, she kept her word.²

The following lines were presented to Henrietta before her embarkation by the courtly Poet Edmund Waller, who upwards of twenty-three years previously had immortalised her first governess, the Countess of Morton, for effecting the escape of her infant royal charge; and now, in his old age, thus addressed the lovely Henrietta:—

That sun of beauty did among us rise,
 England first saw the light of your sweet eyes;
 In England, too, your early wit was shown,
 Favour that language which was then your own.
 When, though a child, through guards you made your way,
 What fleet or army could an angel stay?
 Thrice happy Britain if she could maintain
 Whom she first bred within her ambient main.
 Our late burnt London, in apparel new,
 Shook off her ashes to have treated you;
 But we must see our glory snatched away,
 And with warm tears increase the guilty sea,
 Sighs will not let us half our sorrows tell,
 Fair, lovely, great, and best of nymphs, farewell!

Henrietta embarked on the 12th of June with a breaking heart for

¹ *Vie de Louise de Querouaille*, p. 73.

² *Ibid.*

the shores of France. Concealing her distress under the mask of assumed vivacity, she continued to fascinate all who approached her by her wit and affability. The King and the Duke of York attended her on board ship, and sailed some little distance with her. When they bade her adieu, she was bathed in tears, and sadly looked back on the white cliffs of her native land, little suspecting she was to see them no more, or that her brief lease of life was so near its close. How many of the envied children of royalty would start back affrighted if the close-veiled pages of the future were suddenly disclosed to their eyes.

Henrietta was received at Calais with a royal salute of cannon, and was conducted by the magistrates and civic authorities to the house of the governor, where she was to pass the night; first, however, attending vespers at the church of the Minimes, to return thanks for her safe passage over the sea. She was at the celebration of early mass the next morning, at that of the Capuchins, and then set out for Boulogne, where she was received with almost an ovation. At Montrieul she was met and nobly entertained by the Duc d'Elbeuf who attended her to Abbeville, where she was met by an escort of royal troops. The English ambassador, Sir Ralph Montague, welcomed her at Beauvais,¹ and endeavoured to acquire from her the secrets of her recent negotiation between the King, her brother, and the King of France, which she was, of course, bound for the present to conceal from him as well as from all the world.

She was deeply hurt that her sullen consort had refused to repair to Calais to meet her on her landing; and the King considered it more prudent to omit paying her that compliment, as ill-natured observations would, he was well aware, have been made if he had gone and her consort stayed at home.

Monsieur, however, went a few miles out of St. Germain's to receive his wife, but without any demonstrations of tenderness.

CHAPTER VI.

HENRIETTA was most affectionately received both by the King and Queen of France, and with every mark of esteem by the latter.

Her consort was full of ill-feeling, and, annoyed at the warmth of her welcome, announced his intention of removing with her the next day to St. Cloud. Henrietta could not refrain from tears at this declaration, but he determined to have his own way. They arrived in Paris

¹ *London Gazette and Gazette de France.*

on the 20th of June, and it pleased Monsieur to remain there till the 24th. An opera was performed at the Palais Royal while they were there, in which the author took the opportunity of lavishing some elaborate compliments on Madame, and enumerating her resistless influence over the King and his Britannic majesty her brother.

The foreign ambassadors and their ladies, and all the noblesse in Paris, came to pay their homage to Henrietta,¹ who was looking more beautiful and animated than before her voyage to England. Her consort, jealous of her popularity, which he was fully aware he never could hope to rival, hurried her down to St. Cloud, where he began to torment her on the subject of his imprisoned favourite the Chevalier de Lorraine, assuring her he knew that his imprisonment was of her procuring, that she could obtain his release if she thought proper, and that he never could be reconciled to her unless she endeavoured to oblige him by bringing back the man in whose society he took so much delight. Henrietta paid no regard either to Monsieur's entreaties or his threats on that subject, but they painfully worried her.

Mademoiselle de Montpensier came to visit her while in this state of matrimonial infelicity at St. Cloud, and says: "She bitterly lamented the loss of her mother the late Queen-dowager of England; she said how dearly she loved her, and that she constantly missed mediation in making up the quarrels between her and Monsieur, with whom she had from the first always lived uneasily. I had felt much concerned for the death of the Queen, my aunt," continues Mademoiselle de Montpensier, "and now I saw that Madame was in tears, though trying to repress them, when mentioning her. At last, notwithstanding all her efforts to restrain them, they burst out and flowed abundantly and passionately."

Monsieur had taken it into his sapient head, it seems, that the object of Madame's mysterious visit to England was to facilitate her royal brother's divorce from his consort, Catharine of Braganza, and to make up a match between him and Mademoiselle de Montpensier. It is interesting to read the very kind mention of that Queen by Mademoiselle. "Queen Catharine," said Mademoiselle, "is a very worthy woman, not handsome, but so pious and affable that she gains the friendship of all. The English court," proceeded she, "was still in mourning for the late Queen-mother, Henrietta Maria. On alluding to this event, the tears of Madame flowed afresh."²

Madame accompanied her consort Monsieur to Versailles on the 26th of June; the ill-humour of Monsieur was powerfully excited by surprising the King in earnest conversation with Madame, which suddenly ceased on his entrance. On his demanding the purport of their discourse, they imprudently replied, it was not fit for him to know.

¹ Vernon's Despatches, State Paper MS.

² *Memoires de Mon pensier.*

In an irrepressible fit of rage, he commanded his wife to leave Versailles with him immediately, and took her back to St. Cloud bathed in tears. Yet her temper was so sweet, that, overlooking all provocations, she set about conciliating her waspish, unkind husband by every means in her power, and persuaded him to invite all the company he liked to the brilliant soirées at St. Cloud, arranged by her to celebrate her return from England. She made no objection to some of his female friends, though not of a class or character with whom it was quite proper for her to associate. This mightily dulcified his manners, though he was still discontented with her refusal to confide to him the particulars of her secret mission to England, and her positive determination not to procure the pardon and recall of the Chevalier de Lorraine.

Her health had become uncertain, and she appeared more thoughtful than she had ever been, since her marriage, on matters of religion. She lamented to Bossuet, when he came to see her, her past carelessness and neglect of her duties towards God; and that she had been too much taken up with the pleasures of the world and the things of time to think of those of eternity; and begged him to come more frequently to see her, and converse with her in private on subjects connected with the salvation of her soul, on which she had long since desired to be instructed.

Her friend and biographer, Madame de la Fayette, for whom she had sent on her return to St. Cloud, on her arrival after supper, found Madame walking in the gardens, where she joined her, and they walked together in the moonlight till past midnight.

Her physicians had warned Madame against these evening walks, and bathing after sunset in the cold clear waters of the Seine, which flowed through the grounds of St. Cloud, but these cautions she utterly disregarded. She complained to Madame de la Fayette of the oppression she suffered, and attributed it to the sultriness of the weather. "If," said she, "I had you always to talk with, I should be happier, but I am so weary of the people who are about me here that I can scarcely endure them."

On the morning of the 29th of June she spent some time in the apartment of her eldest daughter, Maria Louisa, whose portrait she designed to send to her brother the King of England. When she left her she proceeded to her husband Monsieur, with whom she remained some time chatting on indifferent subjects with her usual grace and liveliness. As it was Sunday, both Monsieur and Madame went to mass. During their absence the Marquis d'Effiat, first equerry to Monsieur, took the opportunity of opening the armoire in the ante-room, where he knew her plate and medicine were kept, and taking out the goblet from which she was accustomed to drink, rubbed it

in the inside with a paper. While he was thus occupied, an officer of her household entered and said, "Sir, what are you doing at our armoire, and why do you touch Madame's goblet?"

"I was parched with thirst," he replied, "and knowing that a jug of water was kept here, I came to have a drink. Perceiving the cup was dusty, I have cleaned it with this paper."¹ The official observed that no one was permitted to drink out of Madame's cup, and d'Effiat departed in a huff.

Henrietta dined cheerfully, and then repaired to her husband's apartments, where he was sitting to the same artist for his portrait, on which she gave her opinion, and appeared interested in watching the progress of the painting. Madame de la Fayette says that Madame fell asleep on a divan by her side, and that she had an unpleasant countenance both while sleeping and after she awoke, which was unusual to her, "that Monsieur was surprised, and remarked it," says Madame de la Fayette, "to me." She afterwards went into the drawing-room, where she conversed for some time with M. Boisfranc, Monsieur's treasurer, and complained many times while talking to him of the pain in her side.

"Monsieur," continues Madame de la Fayette, "went down stairs to leave for Paris, but returned with Madame Mecklenbourg, whom he met on the landing. Madame de Gamache brought for Madame as well as for me a glass of chicory-water, for which Madame had asked some time before. Madame de Gourdon, her tirewoman, presented the water to her. She drank it, and replacing the cup on the salver with one hand, she pressed her side with the other, exclaiming, 'Oh, what a stitch in my side! oh, what pain! I cannot bear it.' She flushed while pronouncing these words, and the moment after changed to a livid paleness, which surprised us all. She continued to cry out, and asked to be carried away, as she could not support herself. We took hold of her under her arms," continues Madame de la Fayette, "for she walked with difficulty, and was much bent. She was undressed immediately. I supported her while she was unlaced. She still complained, and I noticed that her eyes were filled with tears. I was astonished, for I knew she was the most patient creature in the world. I said to her, while kissing the arm which I supported, that I feared she suffered greatly. She answered, 'Inconceivably!'

"As soon as she was laid down in bed, she screamed more than ever, and rolled from side to side like a person in dreadful agony. Her first physician, M. Esprit, was sent for. He came and said it was colic, and ordered the usual remedies for that malady. Madame said that her pain was worse than we could imagine, that she was dying, and that a confessor must be sent for. Monsieur was by her bedside. She kissed him, and said, with such a sweetness of manner as might

¹ *Memoirs of Elizabeth Charlotte, Monsieur's second wife.*

break the hardest heart, 'Alas, Monsieur, you have long ceased to love me; but that is unjust; I have never been untrue to you.' Monsieur appeared greatly moved, as were all in the room, so that nothing was heard but the sound of weeping. All this passed in less than a half an hour. Madame still cried out that she had terrible pain in the pit of her stomach. All at once she told some one to examine the water she had drunk, and said it was poison; that perhaps one bottle had been mistaken for another; that she was sure she was poisoned, and would take a counter-poison.

"I was in the *ruelle* near Monsieur," continues Madame de la Fayette, "and although I believed him quite incapable of such a crime, the curiosity natural to human nature made me observe him attentively. He was neither moved nor embarrassed by Madame's opinion; he said some of the water must be given to a dog; he agreed with Madame that oil and counter-poison should be brought, that she might be freed from so sad a thought. Madame Desbordes, her first woman of the bedchamber, who was entirely in her interest, told her that she had prepared the water and she drank some of it; but Madame still continued to ask for oil and counter-poison. Both were given her.

"Sainte Foy, Monsieur's valet, brought her powder of viper. She said 'she took it from his hand because she had confidence in him.' Many drugs were given her, with this idea of poison, perhaps more likely to make her ill than to relieve her. What she took made her vomit. She had already been disposed to this many times before she took anything, but her vomitings were only slight. It appeared to her that she was about to die, and with great calmness she prepared herself for it.

"Monsieur told Madame de Gamache to feel her pulse, as the physicians had not done so. She left the *ruelle* in agitation, saying 'she could not feel any pulse, and that Madame's extremities were cold.' This frightened us, and Monsieur seemed alarmed. M. Esprit said 'that was an ordinary occurrence in colic, and that he would answer for Madame's life.'

"Monsieur angrily reminded the luckless physician that so had he answered for that of his son, the Duke de Valois, who had notwithstanding died; and so he believed would Madame, as he presumed to answer for her life.

"Meanwhile," continues Madame de la Fayette, "the *Curé* of St. Cloud, who had been sent for, arrived. Monsieur did me the honour to ask me if this confessor should be employed. I replied that a confession made at the prospect of death must be beneficial. Monsieur told me to go to Madame and inform her that the *Curé* of St. Cloud was come. I begged him to excuse me, and said that as she had herself asked for him, he might at once enter her room.

"Monsieur went to her bedside, and of her own accord she again

asked for a confessor. One of her first women of the bedchamber was standing at her bolster supporting her. Madame wished her to remain, and confessed before her. When the confessor retired, Monsieur went to her bedside. She spoke to him in a sweet, affectionate tone, but so low that we could not hear her words.

"It had been suggested that she should be bled. She wished it should be in the foot; M. Esprit preferred the arm, and there at last it was decided that it should be done. Monsieur spoke to Madame, fearing there would be difficulty in persuading her to consent; but she said 'she was willing for them to do anything they desired, for she was sure her recovery was impossible.' Only three hours had elapsed since the commencement of her illness. Guesclin, who had been summoned from Paris, arrived with M. Valot, the King's physician, from Versailles. As soon as Madame saw Guesclin, in whom she had great confidence, she told him 'that she was poisoned, and he must treat her accordingly.' He consulted with M. Valot and M. Esprit, and after a long conference they came to Monsieur and assured him on their lives there was no danger. Monsieur repeated this to Madame. She said 'she knew her case was hopeless.'"

The King had sent several times to inquire after her, and she had always replied that she was dying. Those who had seen her told him that she was very ill. M. de Crequy, who had called at St. Cloud on his way to Versailles, told the King that he considered her in great danger.

The Queen, to whom a hasty statement of the alarming illness of Madame had, at the same time, been communicated, sent one of the gentlemen of her privy chamber to St. Cloud for further tidings. Mademoiselle de Montpensier, from whom we must now quote, as a most important witness, tells us that the Queen's messenger returned very soon. "He said he had seen Madame, and that she had begged him to tell her majesty that she was dying, and if the Queen wished to see her alive, her humble request was that her majesty would hasten.

"The King himself was indisposed, and gone out for an airing. The Maréchal de Bellefonds strongly advised the Queen not to go to Madame. The Queen was undecided, and when I entreated her to allow me to proceed thither, she made some objection," continues Mademoiselle de Montpensier; "but the King arrived at that very moment, and said to her majesty, 'If you wish to go, here is my coach, and we can all go together;' and that decided the matter.

"The Countess of Soissons went with us. The Queen of France compassionated her sister-in-law exceedingly, and spoke in severe terms of the uneasiness her husband had given her. Her majesty declared she was in tears when last they parted, and that she (Madame) seemed to forebode some fatal event."

The royal cortége, on the road to St. Cloud, encountered Dr. Valot

returning from his patient, and drew up to hear his opinion: Mademoiselle de Montpensier is the only person by whom it has been recorded.

"Oh," said Dr. Valot, "Madame will soon be well; it is only *une colique*."

That there were many symptoms indicating *cholera morbus* in the mortal illness that the court physician treated so lightly, no one can deny. Dr. Valot's *dictum* was doubtless the cause of the careless demeanour of the poor sufferer's attendants at St. Cloud, of which those who loved Henrietta bitterly complain.

"When we arrived at St. Cloud," pursues Mademoiselle, "no one appeared distressed; only Monsieur seemed much astonished. We found Madame on a little bed made up for her in a recess. Her hair was hanging loose, for she had not had one moment's respite from agonising pain to permit her attendants arranging it for the night. Her chemise was untied at the neck and arms, her face wan, her nose drawn in, and her whole countenance that of a dying person. She said to us, 'See to what a state I am reduced,' and we all began to weep. Violent but ineffectual fits of retching came on. Monsieur said to her, 'Madame, do your best to vomit, that this bile may not choke you.' She observed with sorrow how indifferent everybody about her was, though her condition was such as ought to have excited great compassion. Madame de Montespan and La Valliere approached her.

"She spoke to the King a few moments in a low voice. I took her hand; she pressed mine affectionately, saying, 'You are losing a friend who had begun to truly know and love you.' I could only reply by my tears.

"After more struggles to vomit, she entreated for emetics to be given to her; but the physicians said they were useless, because *coliques* of this kind continued sometimes for eight or ten hours, but never lasted more than twenty-four. The King tried to reason with them, exclaiming warmly, 'Surely you will not allow a woman to die thus, without assistance?'

"The doctors looked at him, but answered not a word. The attendants showed little feeling; laughing and chattering went on through the room, as if their mistress had nothing the matter with her. These medical men, with the first physician, Dr. Valot, at their head, had pronounced the case trifling.

"I now took Madame d'Epemon on one side, for she at least appeared sensibly afflicted at the sad spectacle before us. I asked if she were not surprised that no one spoke of the consolations of religion to Madame. She replied that Madame herself had called for spiritual aid, but that only the *Curé* of St. Cloud had come, as her own priest was from home. The *Curé* of St. Cloud was a stranger to Madame, and had not spent more than a minute in confessing her. Monsieur then approached, and I asked him 'whether Madame ought not to be permitted to commune with her God?'

"Monsieur answered that 'I was right, but that her own confessor was a Capuchin, good for nothing but to do her honour by appearing publicly in her coach, that people might see that she had one, and that a different sort of man was needed to speak to her of death. Whom could we get,' continued he, 'that would sound well to put in the Gazette as having assisted Madame?' I answered," said Mademoiselle, "'that at such a time the best quality a confessor could have was to be a pious man.' He replied, 'Ah, I have hit upon it—the Abbé Bossuet, who is nominated to the Bishopric of Condom. Madame has talked to him sometimes, so it will do very well.'

"We went to propose it to the King, who told Monsieur he ought to have thought of it sooner, and had the sacraments administered to her before this. He replied, 'I was waiting till you were gone, because if you were here, we should have to go and reconduct the host to the church, and it is a long way off.'

"M. Feuillet, a monk of St. Cloud, a Jansenist celebrated for great piety, was sent for before the arrival of Bossuet.¹ He came to her bedside, and spoke in very strong terms to her as a sinner, asking her if she had confessed. 'Yes,' she replied. 'I suppose, then,' said he, 'that you have confessed having many times violated your baptismal vows?' 'No,' she replied, 'I have never been told that was an offence against God.' 'How, Madame?' said he. 'If you had made an engagement with a private person, and had not kept it in one clause, would you not have thought you had done ill?' 'Alas, I should,' said she. 'Madame, you have never known the Christian religion,' observed he; 'your whole life has been spent in sin. You must employ in repentance the little time you have left.' 'Tell me only what I must do. Confess me, I entreat you,' she said. He assented to her desire, prefacing the rite with these words, 'Humble yourself, Madame; behold all your pompous greatness buried under the powerful hand of God. You are but a miserable sinner, a worm of earth, which shall soon fall and be dashed to atoms, and of all your greatness not a trace will remain.' 'It is true, my God!' she sighed. 'Madame,' resumed Feuillet, 'it is true you have sinned a thousand times, but think of the thousandfold mercies of God. The thief on the cross has risen to heaven.' These words filled her heart with consolation and joy. She received the holy Eucharist, and was much comforted."²

Soon after, Sir Ralph Montague, the British ambassador, who had been summoned to St. Cloud, entered her apartment. As soon as he approached the dying Princess, she said, as recorded by himself in his letter to the King his master:³

"'You see the sad condition I am in—I am going to die. How

¹ *Mort Chrétienne de Madame la Duchesse d'Orleans, par Feuillet.*

² *Ibid*

³ Arlington's letters during his embassy to France. Green's *Princesses*, vol. ii.

I pity the King, my brother, for I am sure he loses the person who loves him the best in the world.” She was then for a few minutes unable to proceed, and he, of course, withdrew. “After a little while,” proceeds his excellency, “she called for me again, bidding me ‘be sure to say all the kind things in the world from her to the King her brother, and thank him for all his kindness and care.’ Then she asked me ‘if I remembered what she had said to me the night before of your majesty’s intention to join France against Holland?’ I told her ‘Yes.’ ‘Tell my brother, then,’ said she, ‘I never persuaded him to it out of my own interest, or to be more considered in this country; but because I thought it to his honour and advantage, for I always loved him above all things in the world, and have no regret to leave it but because I leave him.’”

It is remarkable that no word of her children passed her lips; but it may be that the ambassador did not consider it necessary to repeat her natural maternal tenderness to her royal brother in his narrative of her death.

“I asked her,” continues his excellency, “if she believed herself poisoned. Her confessor, who was by, said, ‘Madame, you must accuse nobody, but offer your death to God as a sacrifice.’ So she would never answer me to that question, though I asked her several times, but would only shrink up her shoulders. I asked her for her casket, where all her letters were, to send them to your majesty. She bade me take it from Madame Desbordes, but she was swooning and dying to see her mistress in that condition, and before she came to herself, Monsieur had seized on them. She recommended you to help all her poor servants as much as you could.”

She sent most tender messages of affection to both her brothers, and drawing off a ring, bade Montague present it to King Charles, as a last memorial of her love. She regretted not having been able to do anything for the ambassador, for whom she professed great regard; but she told him he might have the 6000 pistoles which the King her brother had presented to her when she left England. Montague excused himself from accepting this large gift, lest he should hereafter be accused of bribery. She then begged him to divide it among her personal attendants, whose names she recounted to him.

Bossuet, the celebrated preacher, now entered, and was affectionately welcomed by Madame. He prayed with her, and she appeared to receive much comfort from his ministry. According to his statements, she took a most passionately tender farewell of her consort.

“Call to mind,” exclaims Bossuet, in his *Oraison funebre*, “what she said to Monsieur. What power, what tenderness! Oh, words poured forth from a heart now lifted above all mundane things, will you not live for ever in the hearers’ memory, especially in the heart

of that great Prince whose tears and anguish were so violent and importunate," continues this irreproachable witness of the same, "that she was compelled to entreat him to withdraw before she expired, or she would not be able to fix her thoughts entirely on God and prayer."

"It was in vain" continues Bossuet, "that the husband, and even the King himself, clasped the Princess in their circling arms: they could not preserve her from the approach of death, whose power was far mightier than their royal hands."

The King and Queen of France took their last leave of her at half-past two in the morning of June the 30th, the King assuring her she was not in so much danger as she believed, and spoke to her for a few moments of another world, and said he had been talking to the physicians, who thought it would be necessary to wait with patience for the effect of the last remedy they had tried."

"I suppose," she said, "I must die according to the set forms."

The King burst into tears in bidding her farewell. She "begged him not to weep, as his tears excited her; that he would lose in her the truest servant he ever had; and that the tidings of her death would be the first news that would greet him in the morning."

After the King had left the room, she was put into her large bed. The hiccough seized her, and she told M. Esprit "that it was the death hiccough."¹

Bossuet was kneeling by her bedside, and offering up a fervent prayer on her behalf, into which she entered fervently; but suddenly turning to one of her ladies, she spoke to her in English, which the Bishop did not understand, to tell her, when she should have entered into her rest, to give Bossuet the emerald ring which she had ordered to be made for him as a memorial of her. Perceiving that he had ceased speaking, she told him "she had not ceased to listen, though she had turned away."

Shortly after she felt drowsy, and thought she might sleep. Bossuet rose and went into the garden for a little fresh air, but Feuillet still lingered by her pillow. Suddenly turning to him, she said, "M. Feuillet, it is all over with me."

"Well, Madame," said he, "are you not very fortunate in having accomplished your course in so short a time?"

"At what o'clock did Jesus Christ die?" she asked. "Do not mind that, Madame," he replied; "you must endure life, and wait for death with patience." She asked for the cross her mother-in-law had used on her death-bed. She took it in her hand and kissed it fervently. Bossuet returned into the room, both priests knelt by her bedside, and the prayers for the dying were repeated. She pressed the cross once more

¹ De la Fayette.

to her lips. It fell from her relaxing grasp, and after two or three convulsive movements she expired, about three in the morning of the 30th of June.¹ Although her consort, Monsieur, had wept and shown much tender feeling for her during her agonising sufferings, the breath was scarcely out of her body before he seized all her papers, letters, jewels, and the money she had requested Sir Ralph Montague to divide among her attendants. It was only by the secretary of the British legation assuring him the money was his, having been borrowed by him for her use, that he could succeed in extracting half of it for the use to which it had been bequeathed by the deceased.²

It is recorded by the same member of the English *corps diplomatique*, that the death of Madame, which he witnessed, was most edifying; that she retained her senses to the last, and he never saw so much piety and courage as she displayed on that awful occasion.

"The Queen," says Mademoiselle de Montpensier, "when I bade her good-night (which was on the morning of the fatal 30th of June), bade me prepare for a journey to Paris next morning, and to visit Madame on the way. But, alas! she died at three that morning, of which the news came in to the King at six o'clock."

The melancholy tidings reached Versailles about six in the morning of the 30th of June. The King was ill, and in his *robe de chambre*. He shed tears on receiving the sad, but not unexpected announcement. The Queen and Mademoiselle de Montpensier went to mass that morning. "On our return," says Mademoiselle, "he spoke of the death of Madame. Bossuet now came in with information concerning the particulars of her demise, telling us, that by divine grace, she had departed in a truly Christian manner. Bossuet declared, that for some time past she had often spoken to him with religious feeling, requesting him to come and discuss with her the right way to salvation, which she said she had neglected too long. 'Yet,' added Bossuet, 'I have every reason to be satisfied with the state of mind in which she died.'"

"After the King had dined, he withdrew to the Queen's apartments, where he again wept. When he recovered, he said to me, 'Come with me, *ma cousine*, that we may settle what ought to be done for poor Madame, so that I may give orders to Saintot, who is awaiting them.' This was respecting funeral honours and observances. I next attended the Queen in her usual exercise of walking. Nothing there was spoken of but Madame's death. The suspicion that she had been poisoned prevailed throughout the Queen's household. Whispers as to whether her husband would marry again went through the court, and I saw that every eye was fixed upon me.

"Subsequently there was a meeting of the court physicians, those of the Ambassador of England, and the ablest surgeons in France.

¹ Madame de la Fayette.

² Arlington's *State Papers*.

The body of Madame was opened, and the cause of death pronounced to be an overflow of bile, called, I think, by them, *cholera morbus*.”¹

Greatly troubled by this tragical event, and the positive declarations of the hapless sufferer that she was poisoned, the King could not sleep next night, though he had been up till daylight on the evil 30th of June. At last he rose from his restless pillow, and ordered Brissac, the captain of his guard, to take six trusty men and ride off to St. Cloud, and there arrest the late Madame’s *maitre d’hôtel*, Purnou, and conduct him to his bed-chamber by a private way. Before morning this was done, and the King, giving Brissac and his valet a signal to retire, was left alone with the terrified *maitre d’hôtel* of his late sister. After surveying him sternly from head to foot, the King said, in a voice that made him tremble, “If you confess the truth concerning what I am about to ask you, I will grant you a pardon, whatever you may have done; but if you hide the least thing from me you are a dead man. Was Madame poisoned?”

“Yes, sire,” stammered Purnou.

“By whom was it done? and how was the crime effected?” demanded the King.

“The poison was sent by the Chevalier de Lorraine to the Marquis d’Effiat, sire,” replied Purnou; “and he rubbed it in the goblet from which Madame always drank.”

In deep agitation the King asked, “Was Monsieur aware of the design?” “No, sire,” replied Purnou; “none of us dared to tell him; he never can keep a secret, and would have ruined us all.” Inexpressibly relieved by this contemptuous exoneration of his brother, the King called Brissac and made him liberate the affrighted culprit. He then sat down and wrote the following letter of condolence to Charles II., in which, it will be perceived, he makes no allusion to the manner of Henrietta’s death, unless the convenient term “accident” is meant to convey some idea of its disastrous nature.

“Versailles, the 30th of June, 1670.

“SIR, MY BROTHER,

“The tender friendship I cherished for my sister, is too well known to you, to require from me the pain of expressing the state to which I am reduced by her death. In this overwhelming grief, I can say that the share I take in your sorrow, for the loss of one who was so dear to us both, adds to the excess of my affliction. The only comfort I can receive is the confidence I feel that this accident will not alter our affection for each other, and that you will preserve yours as entire for me as I shall mine for you. I leave the rest to Colbert, my Ambassador.”²

¹ *Memoires de Mademoiselle de Montpensier.*

² *Macpherson’s State Papers.*

The fatal tidings had already been communicated to King Charles II. by Sir Thomas Armstrong, who had visited St. Cloud the same 30th of June. The King received the suspicious train of circumstances with a passionate burst of tears, and an execration against her husband, whom he suspected of being the author of the death of his lovely consort. But after a few minutes he recovered his self-possession, and requested Sir Thomas to say nothing about it.

The following notice of the sad event appears in the Duke of York's Journal:—"The news arrived of the Duehess of Orleans' death. It was suspected that poisons were given her, but when she was opened, in the presence of the English ambassador, the Earl of Ailesbury, and an English physieian and surgeon, there appeared no grounds of suspicion for any foul play. Yet 'Bueks'¹ talked openly that she was poisoned, and was so violent as to propose to make war with France."

Maresehal Bellefonds was sent immediately afterwards to London, with more elaborate letters of condolence from the King of France, to Charles II., the Queen, and the Duke and Duchess of York, with authentic accounts of the *post-mortem* examination of Madame's body. But the Duke of Buckingham, as stated by the Duke of York, was much irritated, and the rabble called "Down with the French," and threatened to attack the French ambassador, and assault his house; but they were pacified by the pains taken by the King to assure the world that his sister's death was from natural causes.

It did not suit Charles to break with France, and soon after Lord Arlington wrote thus to the British ambassador in Paris, on the "sad loss of Madame, which hath infinitely," he says, "afflicted the King, and particularly all those who had the honour to know her at Dover. The embroilments that were in her domestics, and the suddenness of her death, made the opinion easily take place, with us, that she was poisoned, but the knowledge we have had since, of the care taken to examine her body, and the persuasion we understand his most Christian majesty is in, whom it behoves to know this matter to the bottom, that she did not die a violent death, hath taken off the greatest part of our suspicions; and Maresehal de Bellefonds, who I hear is arrived this evening, and is charged with giving the King a more particular account of this unhappy accident, and brings a complete narrative, underwritten by the ablest physicians and surgeons in Paris, of her death, and the dissection of her body, will, we suppose, entirely convince us that we have nothing to lament herein but the loss of this amiable Princess, without any odious circumstances to make our grief more insupportable."²

Mademoiselle de Montpensier says: "On the third day Lauzun assumed the *bâton*, and attended the King and Queen to St. Cloud,

¹ Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

² *Letters of the Earl of Arlington*, vol. i. p. 437.

where they alighted and performed the asperge, by sprinkling the corpse of Madame with holy water, as she lay in state, with her face uncovered, with four-and-twenty wax tapers burning round it, while solemn masses were chanted at altars erected in the apartment. The body had been embalmed, and placed in a coffin covered with black velvet, worked with her arms; it had been removed to the chamber where she died, under a pall of cloth of gold, and placed on a platform covered with black velvet, embroidered with silver, under a canopy of the same. The chamber was hung with black, and the bier surrounded by heralds and officers of state."¹

After the King and Queen had performed the accustomed ceremony, they visited Mademoiselle, the eldest daughter of Monsieur and Madame, a beautiful and precocious child of eight years old, at the time she had been rendered motherless. The terrible shock of this frightful event affected her so much that it was considered necessary to summon medical aid; but she positively refused to swallow the physic prescribed, "lest she too should be poisoned," she said.

She had a little companion, whose name is familiar enough to our readers, even Anne, the daughter of the Duke and Duchess of York, subsequently our Queen Anne, who had been sent over from England to Queen Henrietta Maria, to be treated by the French physicians for a complaint in her eyes. On the death of her royal grandmother, she had been received by her aunt, Madame, Duchess of Orleans, whose death had again deprived the future Queen of Great Britain of her royal protectress, in the foreign realm of France; "and," continues Mademoiselle de Montpensier, "I found the Princess of England with Mademoiselle d'Orleans. They were both very little; the eldest not more than eight years old. Yet Monsieur, who delighted in ceremonial etiquette, had caused them to be dressed in the usual French mourning mantles and veils that trailed upon the ground. When I paid my visit of ceremony to the King and Queen, clad in the same ridiculous mourning trappings, I told his majesty of the visit I had just made at the Palais-Royal, and described the trailing mantles and veils worn by the children, Mademoiselle and the Princess Anne of England."

"Take care," replied Louis XIV.; "if you ridicule his taste in costume, my brother will never forgive you!"²

"The same day," continues Mademoiselle de Montpensier, "I saw Monsieur. He seemed very little afflicted. The day after I paid my visit to Mademoiselle, his eldest daughter, in my mourning veil and mantle. The desolate little Princess had been brought to Paris from St. Cloud; she was then the second lady in the land, the Mademoiselle of France.

¹ *Mémoires de Montpensier. Gazette de France.*

² *Mémoires de Mademoiselle de Montpensier.*

The heart of the deceased Madame, in a rich silver urn, was carried in state to the Val de Grace, by a numerous train of ladies, headed by the Princess de Condé; and her bowels to the Celestines. Her body was removed to St. Denis, on the 4th of July, by a long and stately procession, headed by Mademoiselle de Montpersier, the Princess de Condé, the Duchesses de Longueville, Angoulême, Nemours, Arguïllen, and Mesleraye, all the ladies and officers of the household of the late Madame, and numerous other personages of importance, by moonlight; they proceeded through the avenues of St. Cloud, and passing through the Bois de Boulogne, and the moonlit streets of Paris, arrived at St. Denis about two in the morning. There they solemnly consigned the coffin containing the remains of Henrietta to the care of the monks of St. Denis, by whom it was reverentially received, and placed on a platform covered with black velvet, under a spacious canopy covered and draped with the same; and after the service for the dead had been chanted by the chapter, was left by the mourners, till the day of the grand funeral solemnity, watched by a troop of Monsieur's guards.

It was upwards of seven weeks after the decease of Henrietta before her interment was solemnized in the abbey church of St. Denis, on the 21st of August. Saintot, the grand master of the royal ceremonies of France, on the 19th paraded the streets of Paris, preceded by heralds and followed by twenty criers, bearing on their tabards the escutcheons of the late Madame, marched to the doors of the parliament chamber, the King's palace, and other places of public resort, where, the bells being rung, the criers proclaimed the birth, titles, and marriage of the most excellent Princess, Henrietta Anne, daughter of King Charles I., King of Great Britian, and his Queen, Henrietta Maria, daughter of France, the place of her death, and that the King had ordered her funeral service to be celebrated on the next Wednesday, in the church of St. Denis, and requested them all to pray for the rest of her soul.

The old abbey of St. Denis was, meantime, decorated with unprecedented funereal splendour. The whole interior of the church was festooned with black, fringed with silver, and sprinkled with silver tears, interspersed with escutcheons of Madame's arms. Skeletons of plaster, seven feet in height, imitating white marble, supported the sable draperies in the nave. White wax torches four feet high were placed in the frieze running round the choir only one foot apart. In the centre was the mausoleum on a large scaffold ascended by eight steps, at each corner of which was an octagonal antique altar, surmounted by a large urn burning perfumes: just over it was a silver vase and lamp. At the sides of the two altars, facing the gates of the choir, were four figures in imitation of white marble, six feet high, seated and leaning on the altars, representing Nobility, Youth, Poetry, and Music. Upon the platform was a tomb, in imitation of black marble,

supported by four large leopards in bronze, above which was the coffin containing the body of the late Madame, covered with a magnificent pall of cloth of gold bordered with ermine: her arms were embroidered in bullion in the four corners. On it were placed the ducal crown and mantle, covered with crape. On the steps of this tomb were three hundred torches of white wax. The whole was surmounted by a canopy of black velvet, twelve feet square, on which her arms were embroidered in gold, adorned with scarfs of white drapery in festoons, with silver fringe.¹

The company began to arrive on the 21st of August by ten o'clock in the morning. The Queen was present incognita, with the King of Poland, the Duke of Buckingham, and the British ambassador, seated in one of the tribunes.

The chief mourners and assistants at the solemnity were all placed according to their rank, by the Marquis of Rhodes, grand master of the ceremonies. The chief mourners were the Princesse de Condé, the Duchesse de Longueville, and the Princesse de Carignan, led by the Prince de Condé, the Duc d'Enghien, and the Prince de Conti, preceded by one hundred of the poor, clothed in grey, each bearing a torch of white wax, and followed by all the officers of the late Madame's household. When all the seats were taken, in an instant all the flambeaux and wax tapers were lighted, and the urns, which had hitherto only poured forth clouds of incense, burst forth into flames, rendering the whole of the decorations distinctly visible. The prelates solemnized the mass for the dead, and the Princesses made the offerings, after which Bossuet pronounced the *Oraison Funèbre*.

The following is a very closely abridged abstract of that memorable discourse:—

"I am decreed," he said, "to render this funereal duty to the very high and puissant Princess, Henrietta of England, Duchesse d'Orleans. She whom I saw so devoutly attentive, whilst I performed the like mournful office to the memory of the Queen her mother, to become so soon the subject of a similar discourse! And my sad voice is reserved for this woeful ministry. Oh vanity! Oh nothingness of mortals ignorant of their destiny! Can it be but ten months since you beheld her tears flow so copiously here? Could you have deemed that so short a time would elapse, before you would be reassembled to weep for herself? Oh, Princess! was it not enough that England so lately wept your absence, without having so soon to weep your death? Oh night disastrous! night terrific! when resounded on all sides, like a peal of thunder, the astounding outcries, 'Madame is dying, Madame will die!' At the first burst of this sad announcement, every one ran to St. Cloud, finding there all in consternation except the Princess herself. Grief and despair prevailed with the King, the Queen, Monsieur, and all the court.

¹ *Funérailles de Madame Henriette Anne, Archives du Royaume, Paris.*

But in vain the husband, and even the King himself, clasped and held the Princess in their circling arms. They could not keep her from death. Death, mightier than either, coming on, rent her from their royal hands.

"To most of the human species the change comes on by slow degrees, and death gradually prepares them for his last stroke. But our Princess passed the morning of that fatal day like the flower of the fields. She was blooming, with what grace and loveliness well do ye all know. The eventide saw her withered; and those striking expressions whereby Holy Scripture exemplifies the circumstances of all things human were to her literally fulfilled."

It was no trope of eloquence, therefore, that prompted Bossuet's allusion to the interest taken by Henrietta in the warlike fame of her lord.

"The passion she felt for the glory of her husband was boundless. When this great Prince, following the steps of his royal brother, seconded with such valour and success his grand designs in the last Flanders campaign, the joy of his Princess was overflowing. . . . But when the hour came that was to turn all her hopes for long and brilliant life, into painful yet admirable death, far more eager was she to seek spiritual than medical aid. She asked for the crucifix which she had seen her royal mother-in-law use in the hour of her departure, as if to welcome with it the impressions of piety and constancy which that truly Christian soul had breathed with her last sigh. When the Princess received that cross, look not for any discourse studied and magnificent. A holy simplicity made all the grandeur of her words. 'Oh my God!' she cried, 'why have I not always put my whole trust in thee?' Humbly she confessed, with profound sorrow, that she had never known God as she knew him at that hour. She demanded the last sacraments of the church, and received the Holy Eucharist with awe and trustfulness."

Bossuet declares "that she was quite sensible when she received the rite of extreme unction; that during those fervent prayers for the dying, the pains of death gradually lulled, and she expired calmly."

Monsieur survived his lovely English consort more than thirty years. He married for his second the cousin of his first wife, Elizabeth Charlotte, daughter of Charles Louis, Elector Palatine, the eldest son of Elizabeth Stuart, titular Queen of Bohemia. He recounted to Elizabeth Charlotte the events of the life of his first consort, Henrietta Anne of England, and assured her, "that he was fully persuaded of Henrietta's innocence, for after she had received the last solemn rites of the church she besought his pardon for all the uneasiness she had ever caused him, and protested, by all her hopes of heaven, that she had never violated her nuptial vows."¹

¹ Mademoiselle de Chausseraye, a lady who was in the confidence of Madame de

Maintenon, and assisted her in her cares for the health of the King, relates that one day,

A few days after her marriage with his brother, Louis XIV. took Elizabeth Charlotte on one side, and told her of the suspicious death of her predecessor; but assured her Monsieur was innocent of the crime, and that if he had not had convincing evidence that he was wholly ignorant of it, he would not have permitted him to marry a second time. In one of her letters she uses these emphatic words: "It is too true that the first Madame died of poison, but it was without the slightest participation of Monsieur. One of the accomplices desired the others not to confide their guilty design to him by saying to them, 'No; he would have us hanged were it ten years after.' They made Monsieur believe that the Hollanders had given Madame a slow poison, and that the poison did not operate till she came here: for as to the poison it was impossible to deny it. She had three holes in her stomach."

The Countess de la Fayette, we may here observe, insists on the fact of the poisoning. The English ambassador insinuates his conviction of it. "The wretch who administered it," says La Fayette, "and who had been in mean circumstances, retired to Normandy, where he purchased an estate." La Fayette was a witness of Henrietta's agonizing death.

There is a very fine portrait of Henrietta in the Guildhall, Exeter, by Sir Peter Lely: it was presented to that loyal city by King Charles II., when he visited Exeter, after her death. Her dress is rich white satin; her right hand supports a harp; the left gathers lightly the skirt of her robes. Her hair is parted in the centre of the forehead, and falls in rich ringlets on either side of the face.

Another very beautiful painting of this Princess, by Mignard, with her two little daughters, is in the collection of her majesty the Queen at Windsor Castle. She is seated on a fauteuil, and wears a mantle ornamented with fleurs de lys. Her dress, which is low in front, has a white tucker and white under-sleeves, and is bordered with a chain of pearls. Her hair is in ringlets, parted in the middle of the forehead,

news having arrived of the disastrous events of the Marlborough wars, Madame de Maintenon was forced, as the King was ill, to give some audience, and she was left alone with his majesty. He sighed, and lamented his misfortunes. Mademoiselle de Chausseraye naturally supposed that the King grieved for the sad contrast which his declining age offered to his brilliant youth. She offered words of consolation with that idea. "No," replied the King, "my earlier career was not so exempt from grief and misfortune as you may suppose. It was in the midst of my greatest successes that I proved the most terrible misfortune;" and he cited the dreadful death of his sister-in-law, Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans. "Ah,

Mademoiselle de Chausseraye," continued the King, "it was not so much the death in itself as the frightful circumstances attending it, which I must ever bewail;" and then he remained silent. Soon after Madame de Maintenon re-entered. When some time had elapsed, the King approached Mademoiselle de Chausseraye, and said to her, "I have been indiscreet, for the manner in which I have spoken might give you suspicions of my brother, which would be most unjust. I feel I cannot dissipate them excepting by an entire confidence." His majesty then related the examination of Purnon, who was *maitre d'hôtel* to Madame. — *Recueil de Pièces, Collection de M. Ducloux*, 1781.

and descending on either side the face. A vase of flowers is near her, from which she gathers a spray. A cushion, with a book and sword, lies at her feet. Her eldest daughter stands by her side, and points with her hand to the book and sword; the younger daughter leans playfully on her mother's lap, and is taking up a rose, which has apparently dropped on it. Both the children wear long aprons, elaborately trimmed with lace, and have square bodices and white undersleeves. The dress of the eldest touches the floor. Henrietta wears shoes pointed at the toes and richly embroidered.

After the death of the fair and fascinating mother, the eldest daughter, Maria Louisa, was adopted by the kind consort of Louis XIV. till her father married again. There was so much affection between the Dauphin and Maria Louisa, that it was generally supposed she would be his wife, but it suited the policy of Louis XIV. to marry her to Charles II. of Spain.

When the royal pleasure was announced by her father, Philippe of Orleans, Maria Louisa fainted, and was carried to her bed in a state of insensibility. It was necessary for Bossuet to preach her into submission to her hard fate.

When her uncle, Louis XIV., was enlarging on the magnificent alliance he had provided for her, he summed up all by exclaiming, "What more could I have done for my daughter?"

"Ah, Sire," replied the reluctant bride, "you might have done better for your niece."

The King of Spain was married to the lovely Maria Louisa by proxy, at Fontainebleau, in August, 1679, the Prince of Conti representing the royal bridegroom, and the bridal was carried into effect at the village of Quintinapolla, when the King of Spain was so enchanted at the sight of the beautiful Maria Louisa, that he violated all the formality of Spanish etiquette by catching her in his arms, before she could throw herself at his feet, passionately exclaiming, "My Queen! my Queen!"

The jealousy of some of his favourites persecuted the young and lovely Maria Louisa, and she was finally poisoned in the tenth year of her marriage.

Anna Maria, the second daughter of Henrietta of England and Monsieur Philippe, Duke of Orleans, was too young, at the death of her mother, to be aware of her sad bereavement. She was educated by her step-mother, Elizabeth Charlotte, daughter of the Elector Palatine, and became in 1685 the consort of Victor Amadeus II., Duke of Savoy, by whom she was the mother of Adelaide, Duchess of Burgundy, subsequently Dauphiness of France, and Maria Louisa, consort of Philip V. of Spain. From the male issue of Anna Maria of Orleans descend the legitimate representatives of Charles I. of England, and the line of the royal Stuarts.

THE PRINCESS LOUISA MARY.

CHAPTER I.

THE last Princess of the elder line of the royal house of Stuart was Louisa Mary, the youngest child of King James II. and his consort, Mary Beatrice of Modena.

Early in the year 1692 King James addressed circular letters to his daughter, Queen Mary, and all the peers and peeresses of Great Britain, announcing his expectations of further issue, and inviting them to be present at the birth of the child, promising that the King of France would grant safe-conduct for the voyage and return, to all who chose to come.

Fresh hostilities between the realms broke out before the time named, and James's preparations for landing in England, to contest the crown with William, rendered it impossible for any one to obey the summons. Meanwhile, the French armament at La Hogue was defeated and destroyed by the English fleet under Russell. James, who had been a witness of the extinction of his last hopes, continued to linger in hopeless gloom on the spot, instead of returning to support and cheer his sorrowful and desponding consort with his presence.

At length, roused by her piteous letters, he returned to St. Germain, and the Queen, on the 28th of June, gave birth to a daughter, in the presence of the Chancellor of France, the President of the Parliament of Paris, the Archbishop of Paris, the Danish ambassador's wife, all the French Princesses of the blood, as well as the noble English ladies of the court of St. Germain.

The morbid melancholy which had oppressed King James's mind yielded to paternal rapture at the sight of the infant Princess. He had confidently expected a son, but he received his new-born daughter with the tenderest caresses and a burst of joy. When she was dressed, he presented her to the Queen with these words: "See what Heaven has sent us to be our comforter in the land of exile."

She was baptized with great pomp in the chapel-royal of St. Germain. Louis XIV. returned from the siege of Mons in time to

act in person as her sponsor. He and his sister-in-law, Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans, held her at the baptismal font, and gave her the names of Louisa Mary.

The French ladies were astonished at seeing the little Princess, who was then only a month old, dressed in robes of state, and with shoes and stockings on her tiny feet.

Her brother had only completed his fourth year eighteen days previous to her birth, and they became fondly attached to each other. As soon as they were old enough to understand the sufferings of the Jacobite families, who had sacrificed their lands and livings for the sake of King James, they devoted all their pocket-money to their relief. The Princess paid, from a very tender age, for the education of several of the daughters of the British emigrants, Protestants as well as Catholics. Nothing could induce her to diminish her little funds by the purchase of toys for herself. Her natural vivacity was softened and subdued by the scenes of sorrow and distress amidst which she was reared; and while yet a child in age, she acquired the sensibility and tenderness of womanhood. She had quick talents and ready wit. Her state governess was the Countess of Middleton, to whom she was much attached; but her love for her parents and brother was of the most intense nature. Both in person and disposition, there was great resemblance between her and her mother, but she was of a much more energetic character.

King James, in a letter to the Earl of Perth, the governor to the Prince, his son, dated Fontainebleau, September 28, 1699, says: "This morning I had yours of the 26th, in which you give me a very good account of my son. 'Tis a great satisfaction to me to hear he behaves himself so well. I am sure it would not be your fault should he do otherways. This is the last letter I design to write from hence. The Queen and I wrote, last night, both of us to our children; the Queen to my son, and I to my girl, and now she is writing to my daughter."¹

Here King James, who was doubtless writing in haste, speaks of his darling Louisa in the same sentence both as "my girl" and "my daughter." I do not remember another of his letters in which he mentions her, although so passionately fond of her, and with reason. Her chief ambition, in her early years, was to please him and the Queen, her mother.

Her great natural vivacity was succeeded by a composed and reflective manner, from her fourth year. She was early placed under the care of Father Constable, a very learned ecclesiastic, who united to great talents sweet and polished manners, and a beautiful spirit. He instructed his young royal pupil from Scripture histories, which he made her read, and especially directed her attention to those which were

¹ From the Family Archives of the late Baroness Willoughby d'Ereshy.

types of our blessed Saviour, and made her draw suitable morals to her own state. He taught her Latin and history at the same time, and she acquired simultaneously those of England and France. She made reflections on all she heard and read which astonished her accomplished preceptor.

The following letter, written in her eighth year, to the Queen, her mother, during a temporary absence of her majesty from St. Germain, written in a large text hand between ruled lines, is preserved in the Chaillot collection. It shows precocity of intellect for a child of her age. We gather from it that she had accompanied her royal mother on some journey, probably to Chaillot, and returned alone to St. Germain. King James had taken a farther journey, perhaps to La Trappe, and was still absent.

"MADAME,

"I hope that this letter will find your majesty in as good health, as when I left you. I am at present quite well, but I was very tired after my journey. I am very glad to hear from my brother, that you are well. I desire extremely your majesty's return, which I hope will be to-morrow evening between seven and eight o'clock. M. Caryl begs me to enquire of you, if I ought to sign my letter to the nuncio, Louise Marie P. I am impatient to learn if you have had any tidings of the King.

"I am, Madame,"

"Your majesty's very humble and obedient daughter,

"LOUISE MARIE.

"*St. G., this 20th of May, 1700.*"

CHAPTER II.

THE following year, while King James and his consort were attending vespers, on Friday, March 4th, in the chapel-royal, St. Germain, the anthem from the first and second verses of the last chapter of the Lamentations of Jeremiah, "Remember, O Lord, what is come upon us: consider, and behold our reproach. Our inheritance is turned to strangers, our houses to aliens," was chanted by the choir, and touched too painful a chord in the heart of the fallen monarch.

His enfeebled frame was unable to support the agonising associations these words recalled. A torrent of blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils; he fainted, and was carried out of the chapel. Medical care restored him for a while, and he was ordered to the baths of Bourbon.

He and the Queen bade a tearful farewell to their children, on the 7th of April, and after a short stay at Paris, proceeded on their long journey to Bourbon, where King James, after an attack of rheumatic gout, recovered sufficiently to allow him and the Queen to return to St. Germain's, in June, to his anxious children, who had remained under the care of the Duke of Perth and the Countess of Middleton. Very constant had both the Prince and Princess been in their correspondence with their absent parents during this long separation.

The young Prince completed his thirteenth year on the 10th of that June, and the Princess her ninth on the 28th.

Medical skill, and the tender care and nursing of his fond and faithful consort, appeared to recall King James from the grave. He rallied, and was ordered by the physicians to the baths of Bourbon. Louis XIV. sent his own physician to accompany and attend on his unfortunate kinsman. The King and Queen took a sorrowful leave of their children on the 5th of April, and commenced their long journey. The Princess Louisa and her brother remained at St. Germain's, under the care of the Duke of Perth and the Countess of Middleton, the Princess's governess. The royal children wrote dutifully every day to their absent parents, who from time to time sent messengers to inquire after these precious objects of their love, and affectionately responded to their letters.

The waters and baths of Bourbon were so beneficial to King James that, contrary to all expectation, he was able to commence his journey back to St. Germain's, with the Queen, on the 4th of June. They arrived there in time to be present at the birthday *fêtes* of the Prince and Princess. The Prince completed his thirteenth year on the tenth of June, and the Princess her ninth on the 28th of the same month. A *fête* for the children of the Jacobite exiles took place on each of these anniversaries. The King, though still very weak, was present on both occasions, supported by the arm of the Queen, who began to flatter herself with hopes that he might eventually rally; but on Friday, September 2nd, while he was at mass in the chapel-royal, the same anthem was sung by the choir which had produced so fatal an effect on the preceding 4th of March.

He fainted, and was carried from the chapel in a state of insensibility. Every one thought he was dead; but his teeth being forced open, a frightful hæmorrhage of blood took place, and nature rallied once more. He desired to receive the last rites of the church, and to see his children.

After a most touching interview with his son had taken place, the little Princess Louisa was brought to the bedside of her dying father, bathed in tears, to receive in her turn all that Heaven had left it in the power of the unfortunate James to bestow, his paternal blessing

and advice. It was, perhaps, a harder trial for James to part with his daughter than with his son. She was the child of his old age, the joy of his dark and wintry years. He had named her *La Consolatrice* when he first looked upon her, and she had, even in her nurse's arms, manifested an extraordinary affection for him. She was one of the most beautiful children in the world, and her abilities were of a much higher order than those of her brother. Reflective and intelligent beyond her tender years, her passionate sorrow showed how much she felt the sad state in which she saw her royal father, and that she comprehended, only too well, the calamity that impended over her.

"Adieu, my dear child," said James, after he had embraced and blessed her. "Adieu. Serve your Creator in the days of your youth. Consider virtue as the greatest ornament of your sex. Follow close the great pattern of it, your mother, who has been, no less than myself, overclouded with calumny; but Time, the mother of Truth, will, I hope, at last make her virtues shine as bright as the sun."

King James departed this life at three o'clock in the afternoon of the 16th of September, 1701. His son was the same hour proclaimed at the gates of the royal Chateau de St. Germain, James III., King of England, Scotland, Ireland, and France, and received the homage of the Queen his mother, his sister, the young Princess Louisa, the Duke of Berwick, and all the ministers and council of the deceased King.

The widowed Queen left St. Germain for the convent of Chaillot the same hour. Louisa and her brother were conducted to Passy, where they remained under the cherishing care of the Duke and Duchesse de Lauzun, attended by the Duke of Perth, the governor of the Prince, and the Princess's governess, the Countess of Middleton, till they were summoned to rejoin their afflicted mother, at St. Germain, on her return from Chaillot, September 19th.

Louis XIV., his son, the Dauphin, with the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy, paid a state visit of condolence to the bereaved consort of James II., her son, the titular King of England, and the Princess Louisa on the morrow, and this was returned by James at Versailles, on the following day.

The death of William III. occurred six months after that of James II. His last deed was to pass an act of attainder against the disinherited and exiled Prince of Wales, in which the name of the widowed Queen, his mother, was introduced in parentheses as "Mary, late wife of the late King James." It passed in the House of Lords, but the Commons threw the bill contemptuously under their table, without taking a single vote on the question. The act of abjuration against the young Prince passed, and was stamped by the order of the dying King William in his presence, for he was unable to sign. His death took place the next day, March 8th, 1702.

Louisa's name was not mentioned in any of these proceedings, and had her brother died at that time, she would, undoubtedly, have succeeded her sister Anne as the lawful heiress of the throne of the Britannic Empire. The Queen, her mother, overwhelmed with the difficulties and perplexities of her position, and the feverish excitement of the crisis, was attacked with a dangerous illness, just before the death of William. Her life depended on her being kept quiet, and long before her recovery, Queen Anne was peacefully settled on the throne. But, as Anne was now childless, it was naturally supposed, in consequence of her penitentiary professions, in her letters to her late father, that she would endeavour to make amends to her brother for the injury she had done him.

The health of the Prince continued to be most precarious for five years after the death of King James, and it was confidently expected that he would, ere long, leave his title to his sister, who, in that case, would probably have been recalled to England, with her mother, and treated as presumptive heiress to the crown.

The unexpected recovery of her brother, in the year 1705, prevented the realization of this flattering perspective. The Princess Louisa, who had inherited all her mother's beauty, was now regularly introduced at the French court.

The following particulars of a grand ball at Marli, in July, 1705, at which the royal exiles of St. Germain's were present, will show the respectful consideration with which they were treated by Louis XIV. At the upper end of the long spacious saloon, in which the ball took place, were three fauteuils, occupied by the King of France, the widowed Queen of England, and her son. Mary Beatrice, as in the lifetime of her royal consort, occupied the middle seat. Opposite to them were benches for the dancers. The Princess Louisa sat by the Duchess of Burgundy, above the French Princesses, who were only entitled to folding chairs, called *pliants*.

Louisa's brother, who bore the title of James III., King of England, opened the ball with her. The King of France stood all the time they were dancing. This he would have done every time the young royal pair danced together, if the Queen their mother had not entreated him to be seated; but it was not till he had paid them this mark of respect twice or thrice that he would consent to sit down.¹

The Prince's confessor, Father Saunders, says of Louisa in a letter to his friend, Father Meredith: "The Princess is one of the most complete young ladies of her age, very witty and handsome." That child of exile and adversity, whom heaven had so lavishly endowed with charms of mind and person, as if to fit her for a high and glorious destiny, had grown up to early womanhood under the care of her

¹ *Mémoires de St. Simon*, vol. iv. pp. 395-6.

royal mother, whose beauty, mingled with the touching expression of a true Stuart, she had inherited. She was the admired of every eye in the glittering court of Versailles, where she had just been introduced, the darling of all hearts in the little English world of St. Germain, where tears were succeeded by smiles at her appearance. Her natural vivacity and high spirit had been softened and subdued by her early acquaintance with sorrow, and from her tenderest years she had made it her choice to deprive herself of all personal indulgences, for the purpose of devoting her allowance to the relief and education of the daughters of the British emigrants, and she had always sweet and gracious words to bestow on their sorrowful parents, when she encountered them in her walks.

CHAPTER III.

THE public promenade was always one of the recreations of the court of St. Germain, even in the sorrowful days of King James II.; but it became much more attractive after the decease of that unfortunate King, when his son and daughter, with their youthful attendants and companions, the children of the Jacobite aristocracy, English, Scotch, and Irish, who had followed their majesties into exile, grew up, and the vivacity of French habits and associations in some degree counterbalanced the depression caused by ruined prospects and penury.

The lively letters and doggerel lyrics of Count Anthony Hamilton, the self-appointed and unsalaried poet-laureate of the exiled Stuarts at St. Germain, prove that after time had a little assuaged the grief of the widowed Queen and her children, a good deal of frolic and fun occasionally went on in the old palace and its purlieus.

In one of his letters to his friend the Duke of Berwick, Count Hamilton says:¹ "The King, our young lord, increases every day in wit, and the Princess, his sister, becomes more and more charming. Heaven preserve her being stolen from us, for her lady governess seems to have no other fear than that. These two are always near their august mother, to whom they pay the most tender and dutiful attention. To these precious ones of hers, who are adorned with the virtues of their father, it is her care to inculcate sentiments of gratitude towards the illustrious protector, who in a foreign land, by a thousand friendly cares, mitigates the hard-hips of their adverse destiny. We will now," continues the sprightly old wit, "speak of our beauties, those stars of St. Germain who are always cruel and disdainful. Winter is drawing to an end, and they are beginning to

¹ *Œuvres de Count Hamilton.*

prepare their nets against the spring. They have repaired, washed, and spread out all the delicate laces of which their cornettes are composed, to bleach in your garden. All the bus'cs there are covered with them, like so many spiders' webs. They are putting all their *fallals* in order, and in the mean time, plunged in sweet reveries, they permit the designs to sleep on their tapestry frames."

Hamilton describes the royal brother and sister as possessing great personal attractions. "The figure of our young King," pursues he, "might be chosen by a painter for the model of the god of love, if such a deity dared be represented in the saintly court of St. Germain's. As for the Princess, her hair is very beautiful, and of the loveliest tint of brown. Her complexion reminds us of the most delicate tints of the fairest flowers of spring; she has her brother's features in a softer mould, and her mother's eyes." In another description of her, he says of the Princess: "She has the plumpness one adores in a divinity of sixteen, with the freshness of an Aurora; and if anything more can be said, it is on the roundness and whiteness of her arms."

The portrait of a beautiful nameless Princess, in the costume of the beginning of the eighteenth century, in the guard chamber at Hampton Court, will readily be identified by the glowing descriptions of the honorary poet-laureate of St. Germain's, as that of the youngest daughter of James II. How it came there is the mystery, but there can be little doubt of its having been sent to her sister, Queen Anne, either directly or indirectly, by the proud mother of this exquisite creature.

Notwithstanding the cares and pecuniary difficulties, which at times oppressed the exiled Queen, her family, and faithful followers, they led a pleasant life in summer. Sometimes the Prince and his sister conducted the young court into the depths of the adjacent forest to gather flowers and wild strawberries. Sometimes they embarked on the calm waters of the Seine, in their barge, which, if not very splendidly decorated or of the newest fashion, was large enough to accommodate a joyous party.

Pontalie, the haven to which the voyagers were usually bound, was a rural chateau on the Seine, within less than a league from the palace of St. Germain's. It was the residence of the Countess de Gramont, formerly known among the beauties of the second Charles's court, as La Belle Hamilton. She was now a rich and prosperous lady, able and willing to contribute to the happiness of the young royal Stuarts in many ways; and anxious to prove that her affection had augmented, instead of diminishing, when the cloud of adversity distanced many of the creatures of the late King's bounty. It was her delight to provide banquets and entertainments, of all descriptions, for the royal brother and sister, whom she had seen grow up from infants.¹

She had obtained a lease, or grant, of the old mill-house of St. Germain and its adjoining meadows, for the sake, perhaps, of being near the English colony, and had employed some of her wealth in turning it into a Grecian villa. Her brother, Count Anthony Hamilton, had changed its homely name, Moulineau, into the more euphonious appellation of Pontalie, and there she frequently had the honour of receiving the royal British exiles of St. Germain during the summer.

The Princess Louisa and her brother were perhaps much happier in their free, natural way of life than if established in regal splendour at Windsor or Whitehall. They delighted in performing mimic pilgrimages with their young companions to the churches and chapels within a walk of the palace. On these occasions they carried a light repast of fruit, cakes, and wine with them, and made their repast in some pleasant forest bower on their return. Count Hamilton writes to his friend, the Duke of Berwick, a piquant description, partly in prose and partly in untranslatable doggerel rhyme, of one of these expeditions which was undertaken by the Princess Louisa, with her ladies, attended by some of the officials of the court, and matronized by the Duchess of Berwick and the Countess of Middleton, her governess.

"Towards the centre of the forest," he says, "there is a chapel dedicated to St. Thibaut,¹ and this St. Thibaut cures the ague. Now there is a worthy man at St. Germain, named Dikesson, who has had several fits of the ague. You know our ladies are always charitable to their neighbours, so they all set off in company, to recommend the invalid to Monsieur St. Thibaut. The fair Nanette (the Duchess of Berwick), as she knew the least about him, chose to beguile her pilgrimage by looking for strawberries by the way. I will tell you the names of some of the fair pilgrims who went with her royal highness, to make intercessions for the Lord Dikesson." This gentleman's name, which the Queen does not always spell correctly, though he was one of her private secretaries, and the comptroller of her household, was Dickenson. Hamilton tells his friend, "that the charming Miss Plowden was there, and those two divinities, the ladies Dillon and Mareschal, but none was more agreeable than the Duchess of Berwick, unless it were the Princess. They all went in procession, singing, and saying offices for the sick, in the ritual from early matins, for the sake of their amiable friend Dikesson.

"When they had performed all their charitable devotions at the chapel of St. Thibaut, they sat down to take a sylvan repast, making the green grass their table; but a French gentleman of the household,

¹ *Œuvres de Comte Antoine Hamilton.*

the Chevalier de Salle, was forbidden by the Princess to join the circle,¹ because he had not conducted himself with becoming piety on the occasion. She ordered him, by way of penance, instead of sharing the repast, to go and kneel at the chapel door, and offer up prayers for the recovery of Mr. Dickenson while they dined. The Chevalier very humbly recommended himself to mercy, alleging in excuse, that he had forgotten his breviary, and did not know a single prayer by heart; so the Princess, in consideration of his penitence, gave him something to eat, but made him sit at the foot of a tree, at a respectful distance from her and the rest of the pilgrims, and rinse all their glasses for them, while the forest glades rang with their laughter; for these fair devotees could laugh as heartily as pray on these occasions. In the midst of their mirth, the invalid in whose behalf the pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thibaut had been undertaken, made his appearance unexpectedly before the festive circle. They greeted him with shouts of 'A miracle! a miracle!' and demanded of him the precise hour, and minute, when the fever left him. And, according to his account, it was, as they all agreed, just as they had addressed the last prayer to St. Thibaut in his behalf. The repast did not conclude the more gravely on this account, nor was the homeward walk the less agreeable."

The shepherds, shepherdesses, and wood-cutters came to have a look at the courtly pilgrims, and admired their hilarity and good humour.

Sometimes the royal sister and brother, and their noble attendants, acted the characters of shepherds and shepherdesses themselves, and never allowed the merry month of June to pass without having one day's frolic among the haymakers on the banks of the Seine. The Princess and her governess, Lady Middleton, always boasted that the haycock which they constructed was more worthy of admiration than those raised by the Duchess of Berwick and her compeers.

Winter had its pleasures for the British exiles as well as summer. The widowed Queen then gave her balls and receptions in the royal chateau, and the members of her court and family were always bidden to the Christmas and New Year's festivities at Versailles.

Count Hamilton gives a lively description of the Shrovetide masquerade at St. Germain, to which the whole town was invited; the barriers being thrown open by the orders of the English Queen, in order that English and French, high and low, young and old, might join in the carnival. Etiquette forbade the royal brother and sister from wearing masks, or assuming any characters on these occasions.

In one of his bantering letters to an old veteran in the Court of

¹ *Œuvres de Cunt Antoine Hamilton.*

St. Germain, then absent on diplomatic business, Count Hamilton insinuates that the young Princess was inclined to smile on a handsome black-eyed-youth who had been brought up in the nursery of her royal brother. "I know not," says Hamilton, "whether she has bestowed a single thought on you since your departure, but I know, even if she did, that a certain little son of my Lady Strickland, that widow uppermost, would cut the grass from under your feet at a fine rate. Although he is neither so high in rank, nor so fine in his array as yourself, neither has he won such great renown by military exploits, yet he is very much the fashion in this court, whatever he be. I have two words of advice to give you, in order to enable you to retain her highness's favour. One is that you get rid of your nickname, Brochet, or the pike, for she has no taste for that fish; the other, that immediately you return, you set about learning a dance, which she has composed, called *les quatre faces*. It is a dance which seems to have been made on purpose for you, for you must hold yourself as straight as a pike, make nine pirouettes to the right, and eight to the left, without taking breath, and then you will have to leap fifteen times, five feet only from the ground. This is how I have seen him dance to her royal highness when in the midst of her young nymphs."

Whether Count Hamilton was in jest, or earnest, touching the partiality of the Princess for her early playfellow, it is not easy to decide; but it is certain that the handsome Roger Strickland,¹ was prudently removed soon after, from the perilous honour of being selected by her royal highness for her partner, in practising the steps and movements in the figure dances invented by her for the Shrovetide fêtes.

CHAPTER IV.

THE gay doings at St. Germain were succeeded by anxious days of fear and suspense. Louis XIV. suddenly fitted out a fleet and armament for the purpose of landing the titular King James III. on the coast of Scotland. The premeditated expedition was kept a secret till the Prince was summoned, hastily, to join the expedition at Dunkirk. He had scarcely reached the coast when he was attacked with the measles. He would have embarked at all hazards, but his attendants would not allow him to risk his life by doing so till the crisis turned.

¹ He was appointed page of honour to the Prince of Condé on that Prince endeavouring to be elected King of Poland, and died at Warsaw in the flower of his age.

The wind changed in the mean time, and the English fleet, under Sir George Byng, were on the look-out.

The Princess Louisa and their royal mother were, mean time, in great anxiety, and hastened to the convent of Chaillot, to offer up incessant prayers for his safety and success. It was confidently reported in Paris that the landing in Scotland had been successful, and the Prince had been well received. The next morning, the Queen told the nuns that she dreamed a little old woman came and said to her, "No, he will not land this time." Now although the Queen's nerves had been unbraced by sickness, anxiety, and fasting, the vision of the oracular little old woman made a great impression both on the community and her ladies, and they all began to relate stories of signs and omens.

"I well remember," said the Princess Louisa, "though I was not quite four years old at the time, that when the late King, my father, left St. Germain's, to join the armament at Calais, expecting to embark for England, I dreamed that I saw him return in a blue cloak, instead of the scarlet cloak he wore when he went away; and that he said to me, 'This place must be my England.'"

It was not the first time the dream of the youngest daughter of King James had been related in that circle; for when in her infancy it had been recorded as a solemn revelation that the exiled monarch was to behold his native land no more, but to die at St. Germain's.

It has been said that the unfortunate Chevalier de St. George was captured on board the Salisbury, and that Byng released him, on condition of his returning quietly to France.

After rejoining his mother and sister at St. Germain's, the son of James II. determined to serve as a volunteer in the French army, which he accordingly did, under the title of the Chevalier de St. George, claiming no higher rank than that which the star and ribbon of the Garter, with which he had been invested in his childhood, by the late sovereign of the order, his royal father, gave him. The adoption of a title, so noble in its simplicity, and purely national withal, was a happy thought for a Prince so unfortunately circumstanced, that it was accounted treason in England for his friends to call him by any name that did not imply a pultry libel on his birth. Many there were in England, honest and conscientious gentlemen, who, although they considered it proper to exclude a Roman Catholic Prince from the regal office, would have scorned the baseness of speaking of the representative of their ancient monarchs, in his misfortunes, by an opprobrious epithet. He distinguished himself at the battle of Malplaquet, by charging twelve times at the head of the household troops of France; and though wounded in the right arm, kept the ground manfully, under a continuous fire from the British infantry.

The Queen, his mother, who had been residing for many weeks with her daughter, the Princess Louisa, in complete retirement at Chaillot, came to welcome the Chevalier on his return to St. Germain, where they kept court till May 17th, when he departed to serve a third campaign in the Low Countries.

The poor Queen, mean time, to spare herself the painful attempt of keeping up a court, had withdrawn with her daughter, the Princess Louisa, to her apartments in the convent of Chaillot, where they lived in the deepest retirement.

They were formally invited to the marriage of the Dauphin's third son, the Duke de Berri, with Mademoiselle d'Orleans; but they were too much oppressed with grief to sadden the nuptial rite with their presence. The King of France, knowing how unhappy they were, accepted their excuses and visit of congratulation at Marli the following day.

The mingled French and English education of the Princess Louisa, under the careful superintendence of a mother who considered the love of God and obedience to His commands of more importance than the riches and glories of this transitory life, had given a charm to her mind and manners which enhanced the rare endowments lavished upon her by nature, and rendered her the darling of every heart at St. Germain. Her four months' absence had thrown additional sadness over the unfortunate British colony there, as we gather from Count Hamilton's lively letters, written while she was at Chaillot. The following query he pretends is asked of him by Apollo. "By what strange enchantment is it that the house of old Bassompierre, that man formerly so celebrated for his gallantries, is turned into a convent, which now holds those who are the most worthy and illustrious of this earth? the charming mother of our King, him whom I have seen amidst the perils of the war, calm and undismayed; and also his sister, that new-born star, who will, one day, be the glory of rebellious England."

The Chevalier de St. George had returned from the army at the end of the campaign, ill and out of spirits. He came to his mother and sister Chaillot, by whom he was tenderly welcomed, and all three assisted at the commemorative services of the church on the 16th of September, the anniversary of James II.'s death. The next day the Princess Louisa was escorted back to St. Germain, by her beloved brother. The Queen, their mother, who always passed several days at that mournful season, in fasting, prayer, and absolute retirement, remained at the convent for that purpose. She was also suffering from personal indisposition, as we find from the observation of the Princess Louisa, in the following affectionate billet, which she wrote to her royal mother before she went to bed that night.

"MADAM,

"I cannot refrain from writing to your majesty this evening, not being able to wait till to-morrow, as the groom does not go till after dinner. I am here only in person, for my heart and soul are still at Chaillot, at your feet, too happy if I could flatter myself that your majesty has thought, one moment, this evening, on your poor daughter, who can think of nothing but you.

"We arrived here just as it was striking nine. The King, thank God, is very little fatigued, and has eaten a good supper. You will have the goodness to pardon this sad scrawl, but having only just arrived, my writing-table is in great disorder.

"I hope this will find your majesty much better than we left you, after a good night's rest.

"I am, with more respect than ever, your majesty's

"Most humble and obedient daughter,

"LOUISE MARIE

*"At St. Germain's, this 17th September, in the evening."*¹

The Queen made her daughter very happy by writing to her by the Chevalier's physician, Dr. Wood, and her royal highness responds the next day with all the warmth of a young affectionate heart.

"MADAM,²

"Mr. Wood gave me, yesterday, the letter your majesty has done me the honour of writing to me. I received it with inexpressible joy; for nothing can equal the pleasure I feel in hearing from you when I have the misfortune to be absent from you. I am delighted that you are improved in health, and hope you will be sufficiently recovered to-morrow to undertake the journey with safety. I cannot tell you how impatient I am to kiss your majesty's hand, and tell you by word of mouth that I can see nothing nor attend to anything when I am away from you. The last few days I have passed have been weary, for I care for nothing without you.

"Yesterday and to-day have seemed to me like two ages. Yesterday I had not even the King my brother, for you know he was the whole day at Versailles. I could do nothing but pace up and down the balcony, and I am sorry to say only went to the *récollets*"—one of the short serviees in the Franciscan convent. She, however, goes on to confess to the absent Queen, her mother, that she provided herself with better amusement in the sequel, for in conclusion she says:—

"In the evening, finding a good many of the young people had assembled themselves together below, I sent in quest of a violin,

¹ Chaillot MSS., Hôtel du Royaume.

² Ibid.

and we danced till the King returned, which was not till supper-time."

It is a positive refreshment to meet with such an incident in a royal letter, enough to warm every kindly heart, the retrospect of that unpremeditated evening dance in the bowery park of St. Germain, led by the fair daughter of a British king, a scene of frequent occurrence in the starving British colony at St. Germain. Ever melancholy St. Germain do they call it? Nay, but it must have been merry, in spite of care and poverty—a realisation of Arcadia when such reunions took place among high and low of the exiles from England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the single fiddler came at the requisition of her royal highness, and struck up some ranting Jacobite air which set them all dancing, and made them forget their troubles and the broad lands some of the party had once called their own.

But the Princess Louisa thus proceeds in her letter to her absent mother:

"I could write till to-morrow without being able to express half the veneration and respect I owe to your majesty, and, if I might presume to add, the tenderness I cherish for you, if you will permit that term to the daughter of the best of mothers, and who will venture to add that her inclination—even more than her duty—compels her to respect and honour your majesty more than it is possible either to imagine or express, and which her heart alone can feel."¹

CHAPTER V.

CHARLES XII. of Sweden was proposed for a consort to the Princess Louisa. His romantic inclination for her brother's cause was a recommendation; but the maternal tenderness of Mary Beatrice revolted from sacrificing her accomplished daughter to so formidable a spouse. At all events, the negotiations came to nothing. The difference in their creeds, in all probability, presented an insuperable obstacle.

The passionate love of the Princess Louisa for the Queen her mother rendered her indifferent to forming an establishment.

"While the Queen lives," said she to the old ecclesiastic who enjoyed her confidence, "I am too happy to be near her; I cannot support the thought of our separation."

She was more satisfied with the marks of love she received from the Queen than all the world could offer her of the great and the agreeable.

¹ From the original French of the autograph letter of the youngest daughter of James II. and Mary Beatrice of Modena. Chaillot Collection, Hôtel de Soubise.

Next to the Queen her royal brother held the first place in her heart. She regarded him as her sovereign, and she loved and spoke of him as the best of brothers.¹

In all the trials that befell her and those that were dear to her, she was accustomed to repeat the words of the King her father: "All that God does is well done, and we must submit ourselves to His will." God spake powerfully to her heart, and made her feel that He only was her master.

"My God, Thou art mine; my God, my lot is in Thy hands," she would say. If she won anything at cards or other games she always gave it to the poor.²

The adoring love cherished by Louisa for her royal mother is touchingly expressed in the following pretty letter, which is preserved in the Chaillot collection, and is blistered and almost obliterated by the tears of the bereaved Queen.

"MADAM,

"It would distress me too much to go to bed without writing to your majesty, for it is my only consolation while I have the pain of being away from you; but I am too much pleased to complain, since you have had the goodness to write to me that you have missed me at the recreations and at meals, and that you have thought a little of me during my absence. I cannot think without tears that I am unworthy of all the goodness you have shown me. I will try to render myself more worthy of it, not forgetting ever the good I have learned at Chaillot, and endeavouring to imitate the great example you have given me. I confine my ambition to pleasing you, and I make that my principal study after that of pleasing God, which amounts to much the same thing, for I know well I could not please you unless by endeavouring to please Him.

"We arrived here at half-past eight. They told the King that Madame the Duchess of Orleans had been here this afternoon. I found the Countess of Middleton up and dressed this evening; her indisposition is gone, and she would wait at supper.

"If your majesty has the goodness to reply to my letter, I beg you will employ Madame Catharine as your secretary, for I shall be in despair if I were the cause of fatiguing you for a moment. I am too happy at your receiving my letters with the goodness you do, and also of receiving answers to them. I fear I am tedious, but it must be pardoned, for when once I begin to write to your majesty I know not how to finish.

¹ Chaillot MS.

² Letter from a priest at Chaillot to the

superior of his order, giving some particulars of this Princess.

"I pray God that you may improve in strength, and be in perfect health on Mowday.

"I am, Madame, your majesty's

"Very humble and obedient

"Daughter and servant,

"LOUISE MARIE.

*"From St. Germain's, this 19th of September, 1710."*¹

In the summer of 1711 the widowed Queen Mary Beatrice, to avoid the expense of keeping up her melancholy imitation of queenly state at St. Germain's in the absence of her son, who was then making an incognito tour through some of the French provinces, withdrew with her daughter the Princess Louisa to the convent of Chaillot. They arrived on the 20th of July, and were received by the abbess and nuns with the usual marks of respect.

The next day they received letters from the Chevalier de St. George, giving an account of some of the most interesting objects he had noticed during his travels. Among other things, he mentioned having visited the silk factories at Lyons, and how he had been struck with surprise at seeing two thousand reels worked by one wheel. Observations from which we learn that France was much in advance of England in machinery in the beginning of the last century, and that looms worked by water performed on a small scale at Lyons some of the wonders we see achieved by the power of steam at Manchester and Glasgow in our own days.

Like all the royal Stuarts, the son of James II. took a lively interest in the arts of peaceful life, and the progress of domestic civilisation. His letters to his royal mother, during this tour, abounded with just and lively remarks on these subjects. She expressed great satisfaction to her friends at Chaillot, and her daughter, at the good sense which led him to acquaint himself with matters likely to conduce to the happiness of his people, in case it should be the will of God to call him to the throne of England.¹

The nuns were much more charmed at the Prince telling his royal mother that he had been desirous of purchasing for the Princess, his sister, one of the most beautiful specimens of the silks manufactured at Lyons, for a petticoat; but they had not shown him any that he considered good enough. He had at last, however, summoned female taste to his aid, by begging Madame l'Intendante to make the choice for him; and she had written to him that she believed she had succeeded, so he hoped his sister would have a petticoat, of the richest

¹ Chaillot Collection.

² Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives du Royaume of France.

and most splendid brocade that could be procured, to wear in the winter, when she left off her mourning, which she still wore for the Dauphin.

The genuine affection for his sister, indicated by this little trait, may well atone for its simplicity. The Queen, their mother, having no allowance of any kind for her daughter, was precluded by her poverty from indulging her maternal pride by decking her in rich array.

The Chevalier de St. George, who had enough of the Frenchman in him to attach some importance to the subject of dress, was perhaps aware of the deficiencies in the wardrobe of his fair sister, when he took so much pains to procure for her a dress calculated to give her, on her reappearance at the French court, the *éclat* of a splendid toilette to set off her natural charms.

The pure, unsullied affection which united the disinherited son and daughter of James II. and Mary Beatrice in exile and poverty, affords a remarkable contrast to the jealousies and angry passions which inflamed the sisters, Mary and Anne, against each other when they had succeeded in dethroning their father and supplanting their brother in the regal succession. The widowed consort of James II. always trembled lest her daughter, the Princess Louisa, should be induced to listen to the flattering insinuations of persons in her court, who were accustomed to say that nature had fitted her better for a throne than her brother. The Duke of Perth, when governor to the Prince, had always entreated him to imitate the gracious and popular manners of his sister, telling him that he ought to make it his study to acquire that, which was with her free and spontaneous.

During the sojourn of the Princess and the Queen, her mother, at Chaillot, the Prince, her brother, wrote¹ to inform Louisa, that he had been incognito to Valence, and from Valence to visit the camp in Dauphiny, where the Duke of Berwick was the commander. "We amuse ourselves here very well," says he, "in spite of the rain with which we have been deluged. I have been feasting with Mr. Edeton, an Irish lieutenant-general, and with our general." In a tone of playful irony, he adds, in allusion to the disinclination of the belligerent forces to fight:—"Our cousin, the Duke of Savoy, loves better to take the waters than to come and visit us; and we, for our parts, remain in our own camp out of modesty, where we are so full of glory in our own eyes, that we have no occasion to go in quest of more." He goes on to relate an adventure that had happened in the camp. "An Irishman seeing a guard du corps, who was intoxicated, beating and ill-treating his wife, interfered to take her part, on which the other drew his sword and ran him through the body. When the garde du

¹ Chaillot MSS.

corps came to himself, he was struck with horror at what he had done, and begged the Irishman's pardon, who, with great magnanimity, returned him his sword, saying, 'I pardon thee, and restore thee thy sword, although thou art unworthy of wearing it.'

"The brave Irishman was, however, so dangerously wounded, that he was desirous of making his confession, and receiving the last sacraments of his church, for he was a Roman Catholic; but was in some trouble about it, for he did not understand French, and there was no priest in the camp who could speak English." The Chevalier St. George, regarding this hero in humble life as his natural subject, sent a messenger to St. Germain's to procure a Jesuit priest, with whom he might be able to hold intelligible communication. The Dauphin, hearing of the gallant and generous conduct of the Irishman, sent him pecuniary relief. When he made his confession, he said, "he forgave the man his death with all his heart." Contrary to all expectations, however, he recovered, and wished to be removed to Fontainebleau. Mary Beatrice immediately sent money for his relief, and cheerfully contributed to his support.

Once, when the prospects of the restoration of the royal Stuarts to the throne of Great Britain were discussed, the Princess Louisa said that "she was best pleased to remain in ignorance of the future."

"It is one of the greatest mercies of God that it is hidden from our sight," observed the Queen, her mother. "When I first passed over to France, if any one had told me I should have to remain here two years, I should have been in despair; and I have been upwards of two-and twenty—God, who is the ruler of our destinies, having so decreed."

"It seems to me, Madam," said the Princess, "that persons who, like myself, have been born in adversity, are less to be pitied than those who had suffered a reverse; for never having tasted prosperity, they are not so sensible of their calamities; besides, they have always hope to encourage them. Were it not for that," continued she, "it would be very melancholy to pass the fair season of youth in a life so full of sadness."

Sister Catherine Angelique told her royal highness that her grandmother, Queen Henrietta, was accustomed to thank God that he had made her a Queen, and an unfortunate Queen. "Thus, Madam," continued the old religieuse, "it is, in reality, a great blessing that your royal highness has not found yourself in a position to enjoy the pleasures and distinctions pertaining to your sex and age."

"Truly," said the Queen, turning to her daughter, "I regard it in the same light, and have often been thankful, both on your account and that of my son, that you are both, at present, even as you are. The inclination you both have for pleasure, might otherwise have carried you beyond due bounds."

During one of these conversations, the name of the late Queen-dowager, Catherine of Braganza, was brought up, and the Princess Louisa asked the Queen, her mother, "if there were any grounds for the reported partiality of that Queen for the Earl of Faversham?"¹

"No," replied Mary Beatrice, "not the slightest."

"It is very strange," observed the Princess, thoughtfully, "how such rumours get into circulation; but," continued she, "the prudence of your majesty's conduct has been such as to defy scandal itself, which has never dared to attack your name."

"You are too young to know anything about such matters, my child," replied the Queen, gravely.

"Pardon me, Madam," replied the Princess, "these things are always known; for as one of the ancient poets has said of princes, 'Their faults write themselves in the public records of their times.'"

Refined and feminine as the Princess Louisa was in all other respects, she was a true Stuart in her passion for hunting. One day, when she and her royal brother, with the rest of the young court of St. Germain, were in hot pursuit of a hare, she was thrown from her horse with great violence. Her equerry raised her from the ground in some alarm, for she had bruised her mouth and nose, and her dress was covered with dirt and blood; but instead of uttering any complaints, or even replying to his inquiries if she had received any serious injury, as soon as she could get breath to speak, she cried out, "Is the hare taken?"

"I believe," said she, when she related this anecdote to the nuns of Chaillot, "my equerry was a little surprised that my tumble had not given me a disgust to the sport; but the King, my brother, was shocked when he heard of what had happened, and requested that I would never attempt to follow the chase on horseback again, saying it was not proper for ladies to do so; and, in submission to his judgment, I have not mounted since."

"Nor are you likely to have any temptation of the kind," said the Queen, who was present, "for you have neither a horse fit for you to mount, nor even a suitable riding dress."

Her majesty then related the particulars of her accident in Scotland, and said "she had kept the promise her mother had extorted from her, never to ride on horseback again, though she had been much persuaded by the Duchess of Orleans, when she first came to France, to follow the chase with her and her ladies, in the equestrian fashion, which was then much practised in that court; but she had contented herself with going in a coach, and her example was generally followed."

Not long after these equestrian accidents had been recounted by

¹ Memorials of Mary Beatrice of Modena, in Archives du Royaume, Hôtel de Soubise.

their royal visitors to the nuns of Chaillot, the Queen was surprised, on a rainy day at the close of September, to see one of the pages of the Dauphiness, Adelaide of Savoy, ride into the court of the convent. He came to announce that her royal highness the Dauphiness intended to pay her majesty the Queen, and the Princess of England, a visit after dinner.

The Dauphiness arrived with her retinue at four o'clock, accompanied by her sister-in-law, the Duchess de Berri. The abbess received them at the gate, and the Princess Louisa came to meet them in the cloister leading to the Queen's suite of apartments. As soon as the Dauphiness saw Louisa, who was her cousin, she signified to her trainbearer that she did not require him to attend her farther. She disencumbered herself of her train at the same time, for our circumstantial chronicler says she went to the Princess of England, *en corpo*, which means without the royal manteau of state, which was made to be thrown off or assumed at pleasure.¹

The Princess Louisa conducted the royal guests into the presence of the Queen, her mother, who, being indisposed, was on her bed. She greeted the kind Adelaide in these words: "What has induced you, my dear Dauphiness, to come and dig out the poor old woman in her cell?"² The Dauphiness made an affectionate reply, and conversed with the Queen very tenderly apart, while the Princess entertained the Duchess de Berri. After some time, her majesty told her daughter to show the Duchess de Berri the house, and the Dauphiness remained alone with her.

When the Princess and the Duchess returned, the Dauphiness begged the Queen to allow the Princess to take a walk with her; to which a willing assent having been given, they went out together. The heavy rain having rendered the gardens unfit for the promenade, the royal friends returned into the house, and the Princess took the Dauphiness to see the work, with which she seemed much pleased. They afterwards rejoined the Queen in her apartment. As it was Saturday, and past four o'clock, continues our authority,³ her majesty did not offer a collation to the Dauphiness and her sister-in-law, the Duchess de Berri, but only fish and bread and a flask of Muscat.

The Dauphiness, the same day, gave orders to the Duchess de Lauzun that there should be a party made for the chase in the Bois de Boulogne on purpose for the Princess of England, and a supper prepared for her at the house of the Duchess, at Passy. There were two great obstacles in the way of the Princess enjoying this pleasure—obstacles which the poverty of her royal mother apparently rendered insurmountable. She had neither a horse proper for her to mount, nor a

¹ MS. memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives du Royaume de France.

³ Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Hôtel de Soubise,

² *Ibid.*

riding dress fit for her to appear in before the gay and gallant court of France.

Bitter mortifications these for a youthful beauty, and she the daughter of a king! The Dauphiness, however, who had either guessed or been informed of these deficiencies in her less fortunate cousin's stud and wardrobe, wrote to the widowed Queen, "entreating her to permit the Princess Louisa to join the hunting party at the Bois de Boulogne that day, and that she had sent for her use one of the horses she had been herself accustomed to ride;" adding, "that she hoped her majesty would excuse the liberty she had ventured to take, in presenting also one of her own hunting dresses to her royal highness, the time being too short to allow of her having one made on purpose for the occasion."

The French court being still in mourning for the late Dauphin, the great ladies of France were dressed in black and grey riding habits, with black buttons; but that which the Dauphiness had sent for her royal English cousin, the Princess Louisa, was of fine scarlet cloth, laced and trimmed with gold—a dress well suited to set off the beauty of her complexion and the brilliancy of her lovely dark eyes.

In order to mark her respectful consideration for the royal rank of her unfortunate kinswoman, knowing that the widowed Queen, Mary Beatrice, could not accompany her to the chase, the Dauphiness sent two ladies of the highest rank in her household, the Duchess de Lauzun and De Duras, to attend her to the place of rendezvous.

Meantime the equerry and the groom having brought the beautiful, well-trained palfrey into the convent garden, the Princess mounted there and took a few turns, and though she had not been in the saddle for upwards of two years, felt perfectly fearless and self-possessed.¹

All Paris ran to the Bois de Boulogne to look at the English Princess, whose romantic situation, and singular grace and beauty, rendered her an object of the greatest interest in France. She had not been seen in public for more than a year, and had spent that time in the deep seclusion of a convent; yet she was distinguished above all the French princesses, by the unaffected ease and dignity of her deportment, and won all hearts by the sweetness of her manner. She enjoyed the chase with all her heart, and was in at the death of the stag.

The Duchess de Lauzun gave an evening banquet to the Dauphiness and the royal and distinguished party, in which the Princess Louisa, her governess, the Countess of Middleton, and her ladies of honour, were included. She was in blooming health and gay spirits that day, yet she made a point of leaving the banquet so early with her governess and little train, that she returned to Chaillot, to gladden the heart of her anxious mother, at a quarter to nine o'clock in the evening.²

¹ Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Hôtel de Soubise.

² *Ibid.*

On the Tuesday following, the Queen took her young, bright Louisa to Versailles to pay their compliments to the King, and thank the Dauphiness for the pleasure she had given her daughter. They then paid a round of state visits to all the members of the royal family of France, the Queen in her close widow's mourning, and the Princess in full court costume.

Though Paris was full of the infection of the small-pox, Louisa accompanied the Queen, her mother, with Lady Middleton and the Duchess of Perth, to visit the church of the English Benedictines, where the remains of King James still remained unburied, in the aisle of St. Jacques, under a black velvet canopy, surmounted by the crown of England. To avoid the appearance of display, or attracting public attention, they went in a hired coach. On one or two occasions the coach of the unfortunate Queen of James had been recognised, and followed by crowds of persons of all degrees, who, in their eagerness to gaze on the royal widow and her young lovely daughter, had distressed them by the vehemence of their sympathy. Popular superstition had invested the deceased king with the name of a saint, and attributed to his mortal remains the power of curing diseases. His bier was visited by pilgrims from all parts of France, and on this occasion his faithful widow and daughter, shrouded in their mourning cloaks and veils, passed unnoticed among the less interesting enthusiasts, who came to offer up vows and prayers in the aisle of St. Jacques. Some persons outside asked the coachman whom he had driven there. The man, not being at all aware of the high rank of the party, replied that "he had brought two old gentlewomen, one middle-aged, and a young lady."

This unceremonious description beguiled the fallen Queen of England of a smile, perhaps from the very revulsion of feeling caused by its contrast to the reverential titles with which royal personages are accustomed to hear themselves styled.

Soon after, as the Queen and her daughter were about to enter the choir of the convent, to perform their devotions, a letter from the Duke de Lauzun was delivered to the Queen, informing her that negotiations for a peace between England and France had commenced, which must involve the repudiation of her son's title by Louis XIV.

The Queen read the letter through without betraying the slightest emotion, then showed it to her daughter, who wept passionately. The Queen turned into the aisle of St. Joseph, where, finding one of the nuns, whom she sometimes employed as her private secretary, she requested her to write in her name to the Duke de Lauzun, thanking him for his kind attention in apprizing her of what she had not heard before, and begging him to give her information of any further particulars that might come to his knowledge. She then entered the church and attended the service without allowing any one to read in

her countenance any confirmation of the ill news which the tearful eyes of the Princess showed that letter had communicated. The preliminaries of the Peace of Utrecht were soon circulated in Paris, and filled the hearts of the mother and sister of the Stuart claimant of the throne of Great Britain with grief for the approaching separation, which they found would be inevitable.

"The Princess Louisa," records a nun of Chaillot, "had given us a fine medal of her brother in the summer, and also to the Duchesse de Lauzun, who in return presented her, through sister Louise de l'Orge, a nun in the convent, one of her relations, a miniature of the Queen, magnificently set with diamonds, in a very pretty shagreen case. The Princess testified great joy at this present, but the Queen appeared thoughtful and sad. At last she said, 'I have several times been tempted to send it back. I see I am still very proud, for I cannot bear that any one should make presents to my daughter, when she is not able to make a suitable return.' She was, however, induced to allow the Princess to retain the gift, which had been so kindly presented to her by the wife of her old faithful friend, De Lauzun."

There is a very fine three-quarter-length original portrait of the Princess Louisa Mary Stuart in the collection of Walter Strickland, Esq., at Sizergh Castle, in Westmoreland.¹ Louisa is there represented in the full perfection of her charms, apparently about eighteen or nineteen years of age. Nothing can be more noble than her figure, or more graceful than her attitude. She is gathering orange blossoms in the garden of St. Germain. This occupation, and the royal mantle of scarlet velvet, furred with ermine, which she wears over a white satin dress, trimmed with gold, have caused her to be mistaken for the bride of the Chevalier de St. George, but she is easily identified as his sister, by her likeness to him, and to her other portraits and medals. In fact, the picture may be known at a glance for a royal Stuart, and the daughter of Mary Beatrice d'Esté, although her complexion is much fairer and brighter. Her eyes and hair also are of a lively nut-brown tint, instead of black, which gives her more of the English and less of the Italian character of beauty. She bears a slight family likeness, only with a much greater degree of elegance and delicacy of outline, to the early portraits of her half-sister, Queen Mary II.

¹ The gift of Queen Mary Beatrice to Lady Strickland.

CHAPTER VI.

THE Princess Louisa and the Queen, her mother, lingered at Chaillot till the beginning of November, when they were agreeably surprised by the appearance of the Chevalier de St. George, who had left Grenoble, in consequence of the negotiations for the Peace of Utrecht, and travelling post, slept at Chartres, and arrived at Chaillot by nine in the morning, having travelled on before his attendants.

He entered alone, to greet his royal mother and sister. They both manifested excessive joy at seeing him. He dined with them, in her majesty's apartment, and the abbess waited on them at dinner. After dinner permission was asked of the Queen for the community to have the honour of coming in to see the King, as they called the Chevalier de St. George. Leave being granted, the nuns entered, seated themselves on the ground, and listened with great interest to the Chevalier's conversation, which consisted chiefly of remarks on the places he had visited during his late tour.

The nuns were charmed with his courtesy, and the elegant French in which he spoke, and thought him very handsome. The Queen announced her intention of returning, with her son and daughter, to St. Germain's that evening.

The Princess Louisa, although much delighted at her reunion with her beloved brother, was greatly moved at this sudden separation from the friendly community of nuns, by whom she was almost adored.

When she parted from her favourite friend, Lady Henrietta Douglas, who had taken the veil as a nun at Chaillot, she could not refrain from tears. The Princess returned to St. Germain's with her royal mother, her brother the Chevalier de St. George, and the ladies of honour by whom they had been attended during their sojourn at Chaillot. These were the Duchess of Perth, the Countess of Middleton, and Lady Strickland. The *femmes de chambre* followed in a hired carriage.¹

The distress of the exiled families at St. Germain's was greatly increased that winter by the high price of provisions, while the conditions of the Peace of Utrecht convinced the tenderly united family of the royal Stuarts that the sore trial of separation was at hand. Yet the finessing policy of the Duke of Marlborough, and some others of the trimming politicians of the period, together with the declining health of Queen Anne, flattered the widow and children of James II. with deceitful hopes for the future.

The Dauphin, as much deceived in the aspect of public affairs as

¹ Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives du Royaume.

his luckless English cousins, paid them a visit at St. Germain, to congratulate them on their prospects.

Great reliance was placed by the widowed Queen and her son and daughter on the friendship of this amiable, unworldly Prince, and his consort, but "the arm of flesh" was not to profit them. The Dauphiness was attacked with malignant purple fever on the 6th of February, and expired on the 11th. Her afflicted husband only survived her six days.

The fast-waning sands of Louis XIV. were rudely shaken by this calamity, which was immediately followed by the death of the eldest son of the young royal pair. The Princess Louisa Stuart was deeply touched with these sad events, which she regarded as an impressive lesson on the vanity of earthly grandeur and earthly joys.

The dismal winter of 1711-12 wore away. Louisa accompanied the Queen, her mother, on a last visit to Chaillot, on the 29th of March, to see Angelique Prioli, who was in sinking health.

The Princess bestowed great tokens of regard on her favourite friends among the nuns, and expressed much pleasure at the thought of spending the ensuing summer with the Queen at the convent, for she was aware her brother would be compelled to leave St. Germain. She was then in blooming health and equitable spirits, though she spoke much of her deceased relatives and friends, the Dauphin and Dauphiness, and their little son.

She and her royal mother stayed till the next day. At four o'clock in the afternoon, the Chevalier de St. George, who had been hunting in the Bois de Boulogne, joined his royal mother and sister in the convent. He behaved with much courtesy and respect to the abbess, "thanked her for all the prayers she had made for him, at various times, and for the care she had taken of the Queen, his mother, and the consolation she had been to her." He appeared a little indisposed that day, but returned to St. Germain that evening with the Queen and Louisa.¹

Two days afterwards, he was attacked with the small-pox, to the infinite distress of his royal mother, who knew how fatal that dreadful malady had, in many cases, proved to the royal family of Stuart.

The Princess Louisa was greatly troubled at the thoughts of her brother's danger. She expressed solicitude for him in a letter to her friend, Lady Henrietta Douglas, sister Margaret Henrietta. The Abbess of Chaillot wrote to her, in consequence, to encourage her. It does not appear that Louisa had the slightest fear of taking the infection herself; all her anxiety was on her brother's account. But on the 10th of April, the malady appeared visibly on her, as she was performing her toilette. The symptoms were at first favourable, so that

¹ Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives du Royaume.

hopes were entertained that not only her life, but her beauty, would be spared. Unfortunately, the practice of bleeding in the foot was resorted to in her case, and the effects were fatal.

After the duties of their church for the sick had been performed, the afflicted Queen, Mary Beatrice, came to her dying child, and asked her how she felt.

"Madam," replied the Princess, "you see before you the happiest person in the world. I have just made my general confession, and I have done my best to do it so, that if they were to tell me that I should die now, I should have nothing more to do. I resign myself into the hands of God. I ask not of Him life, but that His will may be accomplished in me."

"My daughter," replied the Queen, "I do not think I can say as much. I declare that I entreat of God to prolong your life, that you may be able to serve Him and to love Him better than you have yet done."

"If I desire to live, it is for that alone," responded the dying Princess, fervently; "and because I think I might be of some comfort to you."

This was on the Sunday night, April 17th. The Princess slept some hours, but awoke in the agonies of death. At five in the morning of Monday, 18th, they informed the Queen of the extremity of her beloved daughter, and prevented her by force from rising and hastening to her.

The Princess expired at nine, and the heavy tidings of this, the greatest affliction that had ever befallen her, were announced to her afflicted mother at ten.

The heart of the Princess Louisa Stuart was enshrined in a silver urn, and presented, with an elegant Latin oration, to the abbess and community of St. Mary de Chaillot. They received it with great solemnity, and placed it, according to the desire of the deceased Princess, in the tribune beside those of her royal father King James II. and her grandmother, Queen Henrietta Maria.

The remains of the Princess were attended to the church of the English Benedictines in the Rue St. Jacques by her governess Catharine, Countess of Middleton, and all her ladies-in-waiting and maids-of-honour. The Duke of Berwick, son of James II. by Arabella Churchill, sister to the Duke of Marlborough, acted as chief mourner, assisted by his son, the Earl of Tynemouth, the Earl of Middleton, the officers of the exiled Queen's household, and all the English residents at St. Germain. The funeral procession was also attended by the French officers of state in the palace and the town of St. Germain.

The remains of the Princess were deposited in the aisle of St. Jacques,

beside those of the King her father, there to remain, like his, unburied, till the restoration of the royal Stuarts to the throne of Great Britain.

The simple nun of Chaillot, to whose quaintly circumstantial diary of the sayings and doings of the consort of James II. during her occasional visits to the convent we have been so much obliged, does not forget to relate the following particulars of the costly brocade petticoat, or court train, which the Chevalier de St. George had presented to his sister. It had never been worn by her for whom it had been purchased, the mourning for the elder Dauphin not having expired when both courts were plunged into grief and gloom by the unexpected deaths of the Duke of Burgundy and his consort, Adelaide of Savoy, and their eldest son, followed only two months afterwards by that of the young, lovely flower of St. Germain. The *belle jupe*, after the decease of the Princess, became the perquisite of her governess, the Countess of Middleton; but the royal mother, regarding it as a memorial of the affection of her son for her beloved daughter, did not wish it to be worn by any other person than her for whom it had been intended, or put to a meaner use than the decoration of the church where her daughter's heart was deposited. On her return to St. Germain, she asked Lady Middleton what she intended to do with it.

"To present it to the conventual church of Chaillot, out of respect to my lamented royal pupil," replied Lady Middleton. The Queen told her that, having a wish to present it herself, she would buy it of her; and Lady Middleton, to humour her royal mistress, consented to receive a small sum for it, that it might be called the Queen of England's gift.

The remains of the last Princess of the royal house of Stuart remained unburied in the aisle of St. Jacques, beside those of the King her father, for upwards of a century.

The storm of the first Revolution had burst over Paris, and the last male heir of the royal house of Stuart had passed away, before she was consigned to the silent grave. Her life has never before been written, but the bitter waves of party animosity have ceased to contend with truth, and now no reason exists to silence the records of this blameless daughter of the elder line of Alfred, whom I have pleasure in uniting to her kindred princesses of the Royal House of Stuart.

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